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## AN ADVENTURE IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

v.

WHEN I awoke the next morning, my eye fell on the mild face of an aged form, clad in the habit of a Benedictine friar. This form sat by the bed of my friend Don Inigo, who was dividing his attention between a cup of chocolate and the reverend gentleman. I was introduced to the Padre Blanco, received his blessing, and, immediately after, the characteristic Spanish assurance that the padre himself, as well as the whole convent, was at my special disposition.

The toilet does not consume much time in those latitudes—a bath, slippers, and pantaloons. The padre himself I suspected of not possessing the latter article at all, hiding the deficiency—not very sensible in this climate—under his long robe. The morning passed in a pleasant and instructive manner. The padre conducted us to the convent-grounds, where, during his long stay on the islands, he had created a kind of botanical garden. With the tender pride of a father he pointed out the strangely formed orchids, the fantastic foliage and the weird shapes of climbing aroids, and all else that its fragrance, wealth of blossoms, or singularity of appearance had made worthy of a place in his plantation. Then he led us to the more unsightly children of Flora, whose qualities as productive plants, as poisons or medicines, had challenged him to closer observation. These latter plants the reverend gentleman had classified with systematic precision, and had named those still undescribed; but the color-glowing, wonderful shapes to which he had first led us were nearly always without specific names.

The surprise which I expressed thereat the padre left unanswered, but an inexpressibly good-natured smile stole over the placid face—it seemed as if he were smiling in the name of his flowers. Don Inigo, however, took the word and said:

"That is just what vexes me with my old friend. He describes the plants, his diagnoses are unexceptional, but, when their virtues for good or evil, or their technical application, do not make its recognition imperatively necessary, he gives no name to his discoveries, and designates the species only by numbers. Your countryman, Meyen, who was here seven years ago with the Prussian expedition, clasped his hands in astonishment, and begged our reverend gentleman, almost on his knees, to add to the technical descriptions a systematic name. To this Padre Blanco made no reply, but went aside. Directly after, he returned with a copy of his work, which, open at the title-page, he delivered to Señor Meyen. On the blank page opposite was written, 'The author presents this book to Professor Meyen, as a souvenir of pleasant and instructive hours passed together, with the authority to name at discretion all plants which are described therein and not named.'"

The book mentioned is at present contained in the library of the university at Berlin. So I asked, with deep interest, "And what did Meyen say?"

"Well, he thanked Padre Blanco, called the book a valuable souvenir, but refused to bestow names where there was already a description. He was a German scientist, he said, and not in the habit of pluming himself with strange feathers."

"But I can not comprehend—" I turned to the padre.

But he waved his hand, as though he knew what I meant to say. Then he bent down to a phalænopsis (an orchid whose flowers have the shape of a butterfly in repose), and, turning its shaft toward me, said:

"Observe this wonderful flower, so delicate and yet magnificent. Does it not resemble a butterfly congealed to a flower, ready at any moment to spread its snowy wings and float

skyward? Say, for yourself, is it not sufficient to enjoy the beauty of such a marvel; is it not almost a wrong to force the symmetry of this splendid form into the hard framework of systematic description? But, to append to all this a pretentious Latin name, together with which we hand down our own to posterity, this always strikes me as being a sin against the master-creations of our Lord. That is"—he corrected himself, with dignity—"it is no sin in itself, and without nomenclature there can be no botany; but there is something within me that warns against this action as an intrusion. And, since it appears a sin to me, it would be a sin; for the essence of sin lies in the intentional disobedience toward—"

"*Animus injuriandi*," Don Inigo interpolated; "but I must remind you, old friend, that we are the guests of Botanica here, not of the old maid Scholastica. The Fathers of our Church are called Sanctus Linnæus, Jussieu, De Candolle, and other saints in the calendar of Botany."

"Well, for once we will let you have your way, you incorrigible heathen," the padre said, smiling. "I only wanted to explain to our young friend here, with the unpronounceable name—But," the reverend gentleman interrupted himself, "my friends must excuse me. This is the hour for court session; my Indians are waiting for me."

These *conventos* are, so far as I know, an institution peculiar to the Philippine Islands. Originally they were probably, as the name and extensive accommodations seem to imply, intended for the reception of some religious fraternity, though at present they serve each as the abode of only one member of some religious order, who represents, at the same time, to the neighboring Indians the first instance in all secular matters of law, justice, administration, and police. This arrangement has its drawbacks and advantages, which we need not here further comment upon; to our narrative belongs only the fact that, when the padre returned from the session, his equanimity was visibly disturbed. His distracted, taciturn manner stood in striking contrast to the sociable serenity of the morning. Don Inigo's jests and raileries were unnoticed by him, while in the morning, down in the garden, he had laughed at them first, and shaken a good-naturedly threatening finger afterward.

After dinner Padre Blanco told us the cause of his absent manner.

"For once you shall be my confessors, and advise me in regard to a matter the treatment of which I can not well decide upon. You know Ramon Isley?" he turned to Don Inigo.

"The *tulisan*? But what have you to do with him?"

"More than I like, as you will hear. Over in San Lorenzo the *gobernadorcillo* has arrested the wife of this robber, because she will not betray the hiding-place of her husband.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Don Inigo, angrily. "Of course, the *tulisan* has threatened to set fire to the village on all four corners at once?"

"Just so," nodded the padre, "and that is the reason the poor woman has been sent to me."

"These Indians are the greatest donkeys in the world!" cried Don Inigo. "And the greatest donkey of them all is this yellow villain of a *gobernadorcillo*. Cursed be the—oh! I forgot; I must not curse in your house. And now, the *tulisan* will not set fire to San Lorenzo, but to San Mateo; and perhaps, to make quite sure, to one as well as the other. But, to reach the main point, under what excuse is the yellow wench—I mean the poor woman—sent to you?"

"You can easily imagine," sighed the padre. "I am to stir up her conscience. The poor woman! I hope and wish that my endeavors may be unavailing."

"Oh, nonsense! Ramon Isley is a rogue, and has made mischief enough."

"But consider, friend, the poor woman is to deliver her own husband into the hands of the executioner. Is it not terrible?"

"She can pick out a better one. An Indian wench—ridiculous!—what does she care? She will not feel it; she has no soul—she—"

"Stop!" cried the padre, raising a warning finger. "Do not fall into sin this day. Remember all that happened twenty years ago to-day!"

On the whole, it was not among Don Inigo's weak points to allow any one else the last word. But in this case he did, and I vainly waited for an elaborate exposition of his pet theory. He looked meditatively before him, and seemed lost in memories which the padre did not disturb, for he was looking out toward the forest-hills, whose ravines were filling with the purple evening shadows.

"There they come," sighed the reverend gentleman. "I believe it will be no wrong if I allow the poor woman to escape. Of course it will bring me a reprimand, but I will lay that away with the rest. One more or less will make no difference to an old man like me."

One sees, or saw at that time, many a bit of the middle ages in the Philippines, but the procession which now came forth from a grove of mango-trees was the most noteworthy I had yet seen in that line. The vanguard was composed of five valiant Tagalos, dressed in a species of bathing-drawers, and armed with a watchman's pike and halberd. After them came a stout Indian woman, her hands tied behind, but walking

proudly erect, her head raised defiantly. A gentleman, clad very decently, according to Tagalo notions—he wore his shirt outside his pantaloons—walked beside her with timid steps; but, gathering himself up for a more gallant bearing at the close of his journey, and striking his white staff on the ground, he cast the look of a general reviewing his troops on his followers, whereupon the pike-bearers came to a halt beneath the balcony.

The “dusky maid,” in her blue-striped, tight-fitting *sarong*, stood motionless as a statue among them, while the man with the white staff made a speech in the Tagalo, and received his orders from the padre.

In compliance, probably, with commands unintelligible to me, the bonds which had held the woman’s hands were loosened, and the prisoner herself turned over to some of the Indians. The band of heroes, however, who had accompanied her, shouldered their spears and proceeded, with a feeling of relief, I thought, to march back home.

The padre requested us to await him on the balcony, and descended to the court-room, while the Indians led away the wife of the *tulisan*.

“Did you notice,” asked Don Inigo, “how glad those fellows with the spears were when they had got rid of their sweet burden and had hung it on my poor friend’s back?”

“I did not notice that so much as the ignominy of tying the poor woman’s hands, while a full dozen of good-for-naughts, armed with long spears, were trotting beside her. Your Tagalos may be very good Christians—soldiers they are none.”

“And still,” Don Inigo insisted, “they make very good soldiers, and will fight the devil himself, if they have only a tolerable leader.”

“But the whole village fears one miserable *tulisan* and his handful of scalawags.”

“It is the fault of the system—the fault of the Government, which, in its ridiculous mistrust, will allow the Indian no fire-arms. The *tulisan*, generally a deserted soldier, takes the liberty, of course, to possess a musket, which he understands handling very well—with which, however, to save his scant stock of ammunition, he only threatens as a general thing. The Pueblo Indians, outside of that, are forced to supply him with powder and lead, and at their own risk, for the Government does not allow them the purchase of those commodities any more than the possession of fire-arms.”

“These are very queer conditions. You disarm the peaceable for the benefit of the cut-throat.”

“Many things with us are queer,” the old gentleman sighed, “and a certain considerate foster-

ing of the cut-throat system seems to be a fundamental feature of our institutions. Wherever our language is spoken this peculiarity thrives right merrily. I believe you understand now, how, under those circumstances, one indulges occasionally a little in high-treason.”

“And travels to the Carolines,” I added, in hopes of hearing more of the adventures of the old gentleman and his fellow-conspirators. But I had miscalculated. The old gentleman answered, short and dry, that he had not got as far as the Carolines.

He looked down before him; his communicative humor had evidently passed. In the meantime the padre entered, also with a long face, seated himself opposite to Don Inigo, and was silent in concert with him.

At last he sighed deeply, and said: “The heaviest burden of priesthood is the secret of the confessional. I see the catastrophe impending, and can not give warning; the evil comes, and I can not avert it.”

“I can easily fancy,” muttered Don Inigo; “it must have been a cheerful confession which Doña Isley had to make.”

Padre Blanco looked down, and Don Inigo rolled himself a cigarette.

“How soft and mild the evening falls!” the padre said meditatively; “not a breath is astir. The long-drawn shadows of the palm lie on the light green of the sugar-fields, and from out among red-gleaming mountain-groups and dark forest-shadows, the eye falls on the purple evening splendors of the sea. Do you remember, friend, twenty years ago to-day, how it roared and stormed? The palms were bent like reeds, and here, on this spot, there stands neither cacao nor areca-tree that is over twenty years old. Night-dark at noon; a black sky. First, driving dust-clouds and whirling leaves, then rain-floods from heaven, and on earth turbid waters and uprooted trees. But out on the ocean, with you, there it must have been terrible indeed.

“When the sun, pale as white-heated metal, sank beneath a chaotic horizon, and howling darkness wrapped the land, the ocean out there flashed and sparkled, not as to-night, in peaceful purple, but it flared in weird, ghostly flames and reared up in angry, red flashes against the foot of the crags. And its voice of thunder sounded in rhythmic rise and fall through the storm which raged and howled in a thousand voices, and then again moaned and wailed as in agony. Then I thought of those far out there, battling with storm and sea, and especially I thought of you, my old friend, and I went down into our church, which was shaking from its foundations, and, amid ruin and destruction, I prayed to our Lord and Saviour that he might

take you into his keeping, and not let you perish in the midst of your sins."

Don Inigo extended his hand to the old priest, and said:

"Many a one prayed that night who is not generally inclined to such occupation—for instance, myself. Of my sins, however, I did not remind the Lord, as I did not consider them any recommendation. But then you attended to that here on shore. There was really no time for long prayers," he added, apologetically, when the reverend gentleman again shook his finger; "events fairly chased each other; and what came after the storm? The storm in our own hearts was worse than the raging of wild, dumb Nature."

"See, young man," Don Inigo turned to me, "it is a serious thing to hear Death on your doorstep, knocking with his giant fist against the planks, and then to look out upon a leaden-colored water-waste and a weirdly black horizon. I do not know whether you are familiar with the sensation; but one repents at such times ever to have left the solid ground. One makes vows, and forms all sorts of pious intentions—among others, never to go to sea again. When, however, one is in a situation like this not of his own free choice, then, guilty or innocent, he will reproach those who have brought him to the strait. But hardest of all it must be when one, who is innocent of wrong, is thrust out into danger, and then learns, from the dying prayers and exclamations of his companions, that a false friend has accused him because he envied him his love; that the judges who convicted him were really guilty of the crime imputed to him; that he is sent to the Carolines in company of real conspirators only because it was necessary to quiet a sycophant whose further disclosures must be silenced by this favor."

"Don Enrico had always been a most amiable fellow, and had little talent for conspiracy, as it proved later. But it seemed as if one of the demons of the tempest had taken possession of him, and now raged within as the others raged without. To most people there is something exciting in the warring of the elements; and we were just in the right state of mind to be carried away by Don Enrico's wrath. And I have never in my life heard any one speak as Don Enrico spoke at that time. The very howling of the storm seemed subdued by his wild, fierce words, and the fury without seemed to quail before the tempest that arose in human hearts. Then, again, the roaring of the ocean swallowed his words, and only the flashing eye was seen, and arms lifted and ready for the fray."

"The storm subsided; but the waves, no longer repressed by the hurricane, reared in un-

fettered strength against the vessel, and came thundering across the deck. The timbers creaked, the halyards strained, and when, for a moment, the noise ceased, then a shrieking moaning and complaining went through the heavily laboring ship, as if it were a live thing, gaspingly wrestling with storm and sea.

"And out of all this terrible din there sounded a cry for revenge, which I very well understood. The others did not understand 'revenge,' but 'liberty'; and 'Liberty!' they shouted when they stormed the deck—'Liberty!' shouted the crew, and 'Liberty!' the soldiers, when they beat the captain down and tied his hands."

"I was not quite so calm then as I am now, and you may imagine that I, too, was carried away by the wild enthusiasm. But I had sense enough left to save the captain's life by interceding for it with Don Enrico. There was no danger threatened the official who came with us, for he was originally one of us. I believe he would rather we had fettered him like the captain."

"As you know, in our waters the typhoon mostly begins in the north, and then travels, always toward the sun, through the entire compass-card till it settles down into the west monsoon, the regular wind of the season. We had, therefore, the most favorable wind for the return voyage to Manila, which we reached safely the next morning, after having proclaimed the republic during the night, and Don Enrico President of the Philippines. Almost the entire population had congregated on the beach to view the devastation of yesterday's storm. The return of the government vessel was considered quite natural under the circumstances, and something to be glad of, for we had almost been given up as lost, and it was thought great good luck that the vessel, so near the coast in such weather, had escaped with but slight damage. This only, as we well knew, was supposed to be the cause of our return. Of what had occurred on board with us no one on shore could have an idea. Besides, every one had enough to do for himself; for in Manila, too, the typhoon had made sad havoc. Houses had fallen, the river had overflowed its banks, and across from San Pedro de Macati shone the lurid light of a conflagration. Homeless people everywhere, and all bonds of law and order loosened. The authorities, called upon from all sides, were confused and helpless, and the Indians, who had lost house and home, and all their belongings, sought consolation, and found it, in deep draughts of palm-wine, which, strangely enough, had escaped, and was flowing in streams amid the general destruction. A better soil for the new republic could not possibly have been found—drunken Indians, headless officials, a desperate mob of those ruined during



the night, and others who believed themselves so, since the whole extent of the calamity could not yet be measured.

"The harbor-guard was surprised and captured; not one escaped to carry the message to the citadel. Don Enrico spoke, often interrupted by cheers and war-cries. To me it seemed as if out on the ocean, where storm and wave had accompanied him, his words had had a mightier spell. Be that as it may, the troops sent out against us crossed over to our side. With the battle-cry of 'Libertad!'—a word which our Indians heard for the first time—we stormed, in the midst of a disorderly, almost weaponless crowd, the same bridge from which your countryman, a few months ago, had plunged the sentinel into the stream, calling forth this whole disastrous concatenation of events by a senseless, frivolous act.

"The fortress, from which the governor with all the officers who did not join us, had already fled, fell, without a sword-stroke, into our hands. Here, in the *Cabildo*, the republic was once more proclaimed, and Don Enrico Velasquez de Almeria declared President.

"It was here that we first missed Don Enrico. Every eye sought the man on whose judgment and energy depended the safety of all. Outside, the mob roared for the President, and inside sat deliberating a *junta*, called together in haste, and not knowing what they wanted any more than the mob outside. I had an idea of where Don Enrico might be found. I went to the house of his betrothed, and there he was. He was dreaming away, in the arms of love, the moments that were priceless for us all; and even now, when it was the highest time, the foolish fellow still lingered. I was to go ahead of him, he would follow. 'Poco tiempo,' he said; and this 'poco tiempo' cost his life and many others.

"In the mean time, amid general confusion, the night set in. The Indians scattered one by one, and only those thoroughly drunk slept off the fumes of the palm-wine on the plaza in front of the *Cabildo*. The troops who had joined us were discouraged by this inactivity; their ranks were ominously thinned, and proportionately to the scattering of the crowd the *junta* lost influence. When the sun sank, came the news that troops were marching up from Binondoc. I saw that all was lost, and went once more to Don Enrico and adjured him to save himself by flight. Now, when it was too late, the mad-cap wanted to give battle.

"Suddenly there sounded from the *Cabildo* a volley of musketry, and the step of advancing troops. Flight was cut off, and safety only in temporary concealment. Unmolested I reached the house of a friend, but had hardly taken

possession of my hiding-place when my friend brought me a note containing the words:

"Your place of concealment can not remain secret. Give yourself up voluntarily, it will make a good impression. Be assured that your friends are watching over you, and your life is not in danger. The captain of the ship, whom you saved from the rebels, tells every one that you saved his life.

*Una amiga.*

"P. S.—Don Luis holds the Puerto del Moro; he will not detain you if you think of flight. But it will be better for you to stay. *Hasta luego.*'

"This time I knew the writer. By the independent style of orthography, and the monumental size of the letters, I recognized the hand of a fair lady, who meant well by me, and, what was of more importance for the present, was well informed, through certain connections, in regard to what was intended by those in high places. Yes, the women," sighed the old gentleman, carried away by his reminiscences, "they are our misfortune, and our greatest happiness! It was fair Helena who destroyed Troy—not the Greeks. Doña Ines, it was really she, poor thing, who was the original cause of the denunciation which drove us, first into exile, and then into revolt; and it was she in whose arms Don Enrico dreamed away the last decisive moment. But they were women who warned me twice; and one, I believe firmly, saved my life. Without women, young man, you have no happiness, the world no history."

After this sage reflection, the old gentleman was silent a few moments, and then continued his narrative:

"I burned the note, and reached the post commanded by Don Luis, without being stopped, allowed myself to be arrested, and lay down to sleep—for you may well think that a tornado, a revolution, and a flight will so exhaust a man that he will forget his own as well as his friends' peril. It seemed to me as if I had only just closed my eyes when Don Luis, a taper in his hand, stood at my bedside. 'Do not be alarmed,' he said—the Lord knows I was too tired out to feel alarmed at anything!—do not be alarmed. Nothing will happen to you; but you will see terrible things! Well for me that duty confines me to this post.'

"I was ready; my escort was waiting by the door, and before two minutes had passed we were on our way to the field between the thicket on the bank and the chapel you saw yesterday. At that time this spot was the parade-ground as well as the place for executions. It was a full hour before sunrise, and the landscape was

wrapped in a heavy fog, through which the clumps of foliage by the roadside glimmered in shadowy distortions, and the clusters of reed-like leaves at the end of the pandanus-branches reached out at me like so many claws.

"As we neared the open spot we heard the regular tramp of soldiery; words of command fell upon my ear, till a 'Halt!' brought my escort to a standstill in the midst of the field, and a form approached me out of the fog, which I recognized as an old acquaintance, Captain Fernandez. 'Don Inigo,' he addressed me, 'I would gladly have spared you the sight that awaits you, but Don Enrico himself desires earnestly to have you accompany him on his last walk, and you know that the wishes of the dying are something very sacred.'

"In front of the forest-chapel—the same which you visited with me yesterday—stood a group of people, in whom I recognized, as it was growing lighter, a number of my ship-companions. On the steps sat a man and a woman, lost in tender embrace. Don Enrico looked up and greeted me. He smiled; but in his eyes I read that he must die. You should know, it is a peculiar look which people have when they must die; who sees it once will never more forget it. Beside Don Enrico sat Doña Ines. She had laid her arms about his neck, and her face was hidden against the breast which the bullet was so soon to pierce.

"'You are to be witness to my marriage,' said Don Enrico; and after these words he bent down again to the face that rested on his breast, and, while his fingers dallied caressingly among the loosened strands of her hair, he said, 'Come, light of my soul, the witness to the ceremony is here.' Doña Ines arose. If I should live to be a hundred years, I shall never forget the indescribably sad look which Doña Ines cast upon me.

"We went inside. The pair, which the blessing of the priest was to unite, and a cruel decree to separate, knelt there before the altar. As you have often told me, we Spaniards do not enjoy the reputation of over-sentimentality with you, but rather the name of being somewhat stoical and indifferent to the sorrows of others as well as our own. But you must know that the only ones who shed no tears at this marriage were Don Enrico and those who went into death with him.

"The ceremony was over. Don Enrico kissed the young wife so soon to be a widow. Then an embrace, a farewell greeting, and through the sobs of all present sounded the words, 'Comrades, I am ready.' I wanted to remain in the chapel; but the commanding officer declared to me that his orders called for my presence at the execution.

"The day broke. Like thin veils the fog hung over the fields, and as we went the sky before us crimsoned with sunrise. The first rays of the sun flashed back from the muskets of the command. 'Fire!'—a volley, a shriek, and a moaning—and when the smoke had cleared away the sun shone on a heap of dead and dying; on broad tracks of blood on the young grass, and red drops that mingled with the pearls of dew.

"So died Don Enrico Velasquez de Almería, and who shall say but what it was best for him? What more could the longest life hold in store for the man who had, in the space of three days, gone through the heights and the depths of passions that stir the human heart—the raptures of love, of revenge, and of triumph?"

Don Inigo ceased. I had quite forgotten the padre, and only a deep sigh reminded me of a third presence. I looked around. There knelt the old priest, hiding his face in his hands. Don Inigo hastily drained his goblet, and, pointing to the padre, said, "He heard his confession."

All was quiet in the room. Different questions arose to my tongue, but I could not well utter them. The reverence I felt for the silence of the others, so full of sad memories, retarded the words. Then Don Inigo, of his own accord, took up the story again.

"The marriage ceremony preceding the execution may have been of vast benefit to the soul of Don Enrico. My friend Padre Blanco must know best about that. But, in regard to the worldly goods of Doña Ines, and the child which lay under her heart since that night of woe, this marriage was really the worst that could happen. The daughter, who received the name María in baptism—you saw her on the Calzada and called her Mimosa—well, she gained the name Velasquez de Almería by this marriage, but was an orphan before her birth, and disinherited. For, according to an old law, existing at that time in all its rigor, the fortune of Doña Ines became that of a traitor through her union with Don Enrico, and as such fell to the crown."

"The lovers had not thought of that," I threw in.

"Yes, they had," exclaimed Padre Blanco, "and I must confess that, although it was not in keeping with my ecclesiastical character, I called the attention of the poor children to the secular disadvantages of the priest's blessing. Whether Doña Ines would become a mother, no one could know at that time; but, this supposition accepted, then secrecy, and later, adoption, could, without attracting attention, secure the inheritance to the child. But the dear girl"—something seemed to rise in the padre's throat—"would not consent that her loved one should enter eternity with mortal sin upon his soul, and,

according to the teachings of our Church, such would have been the case had he not made amends, through the blessing of the Church, for what his passionate blood had sinned. As priest, I could say nothing against this, though I believe that even without this expiation Don Enrico would have found the Lord a merciful judge. So the loving wife sacrificed all her possessions for the good of the soul of the beloved husband, with whom, as I hope and believe, she is now united for ever—for she died a few months after the birth of Doña María, with the loved name on her lips. But, my friends, it is late. Each day has its duties, and it might so be that a very serious one awaited you to-morrow. Sleep well, then, and the Lord guard your repose!"

The occurrences to the relation of which I had listened, more particularly the sudden end of the young captain, occupied my mind a long while before I went to sleep. And thus it happened, probably, that the image of the youth so full of glad life, whose end was so sad, and of the devoted Ines, who was bride and widow in the same hour, wove and worked themselves into my dreams. The dream was singularly vivid, and, naturally enough, excited fancy substituted the familiar features of Doña María, the lovely girl of the Calzada, and of Don Federico, the tall captain, for those of the loving Doña Ines and the unfortunate Don Enrico. Then I myself seemed to take an active part in the affair. Don Enrico's life depended on my reaching the place of execution in time, but I could make no progress, found difficulties everywhere, and, when I reached the ground at last, I discovered to my horror that I had neglected to complete my toilet. On account of this shortcoming the execution was proceeded with in spite of my anxious protest; but, instead of Don Enrico, the body of my old friend, Don Inigo, covered the blood-stained turf; which, however, on closer examination, proved to be neither blood-stained nor turf, but a bed with mosquito-netting, on the rim of which sat our venerable host, rays of light forming a halo around his head. In front of the two, with the back toward me, stood a dark form, that seemed greatly to resemble the Indian woman who had been brought here to my friend's great displeasure, in the character of 'robber's bride.' I now saw that the halo about Padre Blanco's head proceeded from a burning taper which he held in his hand, and began to take in the sense of the group before me.

My friend Don Inigo and the Indian woman alone supported the conversation. Only at intervals, when the woman grew chary of her answers, the gray priest addressed a few words of expostulation to her, which always had the

effect of imparting fresh life to the conversation. I was still busy analyzing the singular group, when the Indian woman advanced several steps toward the padre, and knelt down. The padre held his hand in benediction over the kneeling woman a moment, murmuring a few indistinct words; the Indian woman bowed her head, then raised herself, and went out of the door.

The padre said, in Spanish this time:

"All the saints be praised that she herself told you what my priest's oath forbade me telling you! Trouble enough it has cost me, and a great deal of persuasion; may God reward her and her husband! May he protect the robber in his dangerous calling; deliver him from sudden, unrepentant death, and grant him a late and peaceful departure from this life!"

Don Inigo seemed to consider this pious wish as quite correct; but to me it looked as if the reverend gentleman held very lenient views in regard to the worldly proceedings of his spiritual children. However, there was no time for reflections. Don Inigo was out of bed with one bound, and up from the court-yard sounded the voices of Indian servants and the tramp and prancing of horses that were being led up. The padre raised his taper and lighted us on our way through the dark corridors, first to the refectory, where he presented the parting cup, then to the gate of the convent, where, in the presence of his devout servants, he gave us his benediction, and dismissed us with the whispered words:

"Hasten, my sons, so that it may not be too late!"

"Now, pray tell me," I besought Don Inigo, when we had the village behind us, and a level by-path under our horses' hoofs, "what in the world is going on here? Why is it that we must hasten to the city at midnight, head over heels?"

"Infernal devilry!" broke out the old gentleman; "and let me tell you, the delectable kin of that old traitor, De Sala—whom the devil has long since claimed for his own—are at the bottom of it. There is that Doña Constancia, his daughter—you were right to compare her to that magnificent poison-plant—well, the evil-one takes possession of her, and she must needs fall in love with that youngster, Captain Don Federico. At the same time she keeps up relations of very equivocal nature with your fair countryman—at least what the *tulisan's* wife dribbles about a young Señor Ingles, who fills the office—rather dangerous in this case—of messenger and letter-carrier, and whose hair in substance and color is said to resemble Manila hemp, fits the description of the German, who, from sheer folly, drives into all sorts of adventures. Now listen. It was twenty years ago yesterday that Don Enrico

was proclaimed President of the Republic of the Philippines; and to-day, when the sun rises—well—Doña María is a good daughter and devout Christian. For years she offers prayers in the forest-chapel for the repose of the soul of her parents. Doña Constancia knows this as well as the whole city does. For what object, however, she means to induce, or perhaps has induced, Don Federigo to be present at the same time and place, is not quite clear to me; for Don Federigo is far too considerate to transgress against established custom and good usage. That blonde fool has probably been enticed there by the promise of a rendezvous. Perhaps Doña Constancia means to destroy the fair name of Doña María by such tricks, or degrade her in the eyes of Don Federigo; perhaps she thinks to make him jealous of the German, who meets with fabulous success among the ladies belonging to certain circles of our society. The *tulisan*, of course, knows only what it is strictly necessary for him to know as Doña Constancia's tool. Much more decided is the testimony of the *tulisan's* wife in regard to a matter of graver import. One day, namely, when the *tulisan* had sneaked into the city and was conferring personally with Doña Constancia, her brother, Don José, stepped into the room. In some manner he had got an inkling of what was going on, promised his coöperation, and was initiated into the full details of the plot. When, however, the *tulisan* had reached the last huts of the suburb of San Pedro de Macati, on his way home, Don José came up to him suddenly and promised him a hundred pesos if he would kill Don Federigo—as he knew when and where to meet his victim. First the *tulisan* refused to have anything to do with the matter; these robbers do not really like to shed blood. Don José became more and more persistent, and threatened at last to inform the passers-by who it was walking beside him, and the price which a wise government had set upon this head, so hollow in itself. Then the *tulisan* consented, and repeated the oath which Don José dictated to him. This Don José is the true son of his father, whom despised love had made a villain; treachery runs in his blood. It were terrible should Don Federigo fall by the assassin's hand where twenty years ago the blood of another Almería was spilled. Let us hasten! Onward!"

## VI.

DAY had not yet broken when we reached the forest-chapel. The dew of the night had changed to a drizzling rain, through which forest-edge, bamboo-group, palm-crown, and pandanus-branch, gleamed in fantastic contortions. The space in front of the chapel was deserted,

the morning so still that not a leaf stirred, and the vines of the lianas swam motionless and heavy with dew in the fog-laden atmosphere.

"Just as at that time," said Don Inigo, and descended from his horse. "They will hardly reach here before dawn," he continued. "Pray do me the favor to sing one of your German songs, but good and loud, so that it will frighten away the *tulisan*, and attract your countryman. We can open his eyes easily then, and draw him over to our side. It is much easier to avert calamity than obliterate its traces."

To this sage and (in Spanish) very ingenious maxim I could only answer assentingly. At the same time I complied with the request of the old gentleman, and broke the solemn silence of the tropical morning with the strains of that sublime song—

"What comes from yonder height,  
What comes from yonder height,  
What comes from yonder leathern height,  
Sa—sa—leathern height?"

It might have been the damp morning air, or the excitement, which gave me a feeling as though the heavy tramp of destiny were keeping step to my singing. My throat seemed full of cobwebs, and the song would not come out clear. When I stopped, it seemed to me as if something in the far distance was repeating the last notes of the song. I thought that I must be mistaken, but Don Inigo, who, lost in sad memories, was seated on the threshold of the chapel, said, half absently, and in surprise:

"Surely, there is no echo here!"

Then he fell back into a half-waking dream, whispering to himself, now softly, then more audibly:

"It is all just as it was then; the edge of the forest over yonder, and here, by the steps, the asclepias. How delicious their scent! And this same fragrance they exhaled to the man whom they saw approach the altar first, and then led to his death. How rank the foliage, how luxuriant the vines! A symbol of the happiness which germinates from the blood and the tears of past generations. Much of the happiness of this earth springs up on soil so enriched. Where now are the strong men who crossed those steps that morning? Some have grown old; others did not grow old. Over yonder we do not age. But is there an 'over yonder?' Padre Blanco believes it; but that is his calling, and he must believe it. But it would be grand! How old I would look to all those young people up there! And Doña Ines still as fair as she was on that morning, only so much more happy. I see her before me now, so pale, so grief-stricken, yet so resigned. Her dishevelled tresses hung loose over neck and



bosom; they were wet with dew—the tears of the night. And the night—ah! there was cause that it should weep, for what was hidden under its dark veil could find consolation only in tears, and yet was tearless—strong men, who went to their death, and a woman's broken heart."

The old gentleman covered his face with his hands. I fancied that something was stirring in the foliage along the edge of the forest; and then, from another side again, it sounded like footsteps. I looked out, but there was nothing moving save the waving mist, battling with the light of the young day.

"The sun must soon rise," Don Inigo began again. "Gray, like this, the morning dawned when they were led out there, strong men and fresh youths. Don Enrico looked weary, and well he might. He had lived through in three days what is seldom experienced in a whole long life. He pressed my hand, on the place of execution, and said, 'We meet again.' Don Enrico believed in a hereafter; he was a good Christian—he had been confessed. Padre Blanco had given him absolution, and now stood beside him, praying and weeping, while Don Enrico went tearlessly to his death. They stood over there, where a hillock rises between forest and savanna. Calmly, and with eyes uncovered—"

Don Inigo did not finish the sentence, for across the plain there crashed a shot. Not the volley which twenty years ago congealed in death so many warm-beating hearts, but the sharp report of a single gun.

"*Vamos!*" cried Don Inigo. "Hasten! My God! perhaps it is already too late."

At a speedy run we reached the middle of the open field, and were approaching the opposite edge of the forest when the dark form of the *tulisan*, the discharged gun in his hand, broke from the bushes. He ran directly toward us, but turned off to the left when he saw us, and vanished among the trees which bordered the plain on that side. But soon after he broke cover again, chased by a long, white figure, which sprang out from under the same trees, and compelled the *tulisan* to change his course once more.

"It is Don Carlos!" gasped Don Inigo, while running.

I should have recognized my crazy countryman without these breathless words, as he ran, without hat, and, what was worse, without arms, in long leaps after the outlaw.

"Let him alone," Don Inigo admonished me as I prepared to follow my countryman. "We can not overtake them; the one is running for his life, the other perhaps into his death. Look over that way, rather."

Under the outlying brushwood, where the plain swelled into a hill, the upper part of a man's

body rose slowly in the first rays of the sun, only to sink back directly and vanish among the reeds and creepers of the forest-edge. I was the first to reach the spot. The man who lay there had only just drawn the last breath, for the stream of bright-red, frothy blood running across his breast had not yet coagulated.

Even to one whose calling makes him familiar with death in all shapes, it is a solemn moment to stand beside a something which just before was breathing, striving, pulsating in full life, and now, struck by sudden death, lies a silent, warning mystery at our feet. For this reason, the cry of exultation which Don Inigo uttered on beholding the corpse struck discordantly on my ear.

"God be praised!" he exclaimed; "it is not Don Federigo, it is Don José who was struck by the bullet he had hired to cut down another. The *tulisan* made a mistake. Or was it his intention to kill the man who had driven him, by threats and promises, to commit murder?"

Perhaps an indefinite feeling told the old gentleman that his exultation at this time, and on this spot, was out of place. I am not sure, and do not credit a Spaniard with any sentimentality of that kind. At any rate, Don Inigo was silent after having demonstrated his joy at the *tulisan's* mistake, and stood gravely and quietly by the dead body of the man whose father had been his mortal enemy.

"He has killed the wrong man, and yet it was the right one," he said, musing. "And just at the same morning hour, and here, where, twenty years ago, the victims of his treachery lay weltering in their blood. Just as now, the first rays of the morning's sun fell on a pale face. Who guided the bullet? What will Padre Blanco say?"

Thus, moved by many thoughts and memories, stood the old man beside the corpse—the last act of the tragedy that began twenty years ago. He said nothing more, though his lips were moving. Whether he communed with the spirits of times past, whether he was settling accounts with himself, or whether lost in prayer, he was not long left to his meditations. A hurried step, and approaching, the words, "What is going on here? Don Inigo—you here?" and Don Federigo stood beside us.

"Don José!" he exclaimed, horrified, as his looks fell on the corpse. "But how in the world—"

"It is a judgment of the Lord," was the solemn reply.

"I received a note," Don Federigo continued.

"Do not puzzle your head over it, but pray for a departed soul." With these words Don Inigo turned and preceded us to the forest-chapel, beside which we had left our horses.

In front of the chapel a carriage was stopping, which had arrived during our walk across the field. An elderly gentleman and two ladies alighted, and disappeared inside.

"Do you know the gentleman and the two ladies?" Don Inigo turned to the young captain.

"*Cómo no,*" he answered, in surprise; "that is my betrothed, Doña María, with Don Fernando, her grandfather, and—"

"That will do," nodded the old gentleman. "Now give me the note which an Indian brought you yesterday."

Don Federico drew forth a paper which the old gentleman, without casting a look upon it, tore to pieces, with the words: "I know who sent you this paper, but it is best that you do not learn the name. It is just as well, sometimes, not to know our enemies."

The young captain blushed and lowered his eyes. Don Inigo, however, thought it a proper time for throwing in a few maxims and reflections.

"I know very well that women in general are not worth much; but, on the whole, we live more happily when we do not strive to know everything. Your doubts of Doña María, for instance, came very near costing your life this morning. Let this be a warning to you; and now wait here, and do not disturb the devotions of your betrothed by your uncalled-for presence in this place. But look"—he turned to me—"if I see aright that is your countryman returning from his dangerous race, and gleaming through the bushes in all his white length. In truth, I am ashamed to think that we had altogether forgotten him; and all the more glad I am to see the foolish fellow unharmed. But what is he dragging along with him there? Upon my life, it is a gun-barrel, or a gun with the stock missing. He walks slowly; the *tulisan* has made him tired; it is not easy to catch up with a man running for his life. Well for him he did not overtake him, as it would have cost his blood instead of only sweat-drops, as now. But he must have made it hot for the *tulisan*, too, or he would not have thrown away his gun, for it is not easy for him to find another. But, gentlemen, that is blood; they must have fought hand to hand.—At your service, Don Carlos; what have you there? You are bleeding!"

"The black rascal," gasped the young German, "shot down Don José! Apropos, how is Don José?"

"Dead!" was the reply.

"And my Indian is only half dead, and the wretch stabbed me in the shoulder besides."

"But, my dear friend, one does not run with impunity after a *tulisan*, more particularly when he has just committed a murder."

The young German studied a moment, and

then observed, with a show of reason, that a chase of the murderer before he had committed the crime might have had still worse consequences, as the shot would still have been in the *tulisan's* gun then.

"What nonsense!" Don Inigo muttered to himself; but aloud he said, with true Castilian politeness: "I had not thought of that; in reality, I see that you have acted with a great deal of discretion."

The dagger-thrust which Don Carlos had received was, though painful, not dangerous. It had evidently been dealt by an unsteady hand, after the *tulisan*, according to the young man's statement, had already been thrown and roughly handled. Indeed, the German had first, in his excitement, thought it only a particularly vigorous blow of the fist, after which the copious perspiration streaming down his back had somewhat surprised him. He had cheerfully proceeded with his pommeling, however, until, as he said, he had suddenly grown very soft about the heart. Similar sensations must have taken possession of the *tulisan*, and, under the influence of this conciliatory softening of the heart, they took leave of each other with feelings of unchanged mutual regard. The *tulisan* had crept under the brush to hide himself, while the young German had taken his way back to the city.

"A striking resemblance," Don Inigo whispered to me; "I wonder I did not notice it before." And, turning to Don Carlos, he asked, "Is not your name Esnuto?"

"At your service, Don Carlos Schnute, of the free and Hanseatic city of Bremen, residence, Contrescarpe, No.—. Are you acquainted there?"

"Strange! That was the name of the captain who, twenty years ago— You had a father—"

"At your service."

"—Who was in Manila about twenty years ago?"

"Certainly. He has often told me of it; and even now warns against nocturnal promenades in every letter. But, if I *must* be on the street after ten o'clock at night, I am to remember well the Spanish word without which one is very apt to get into serious trouble."

A look of deep satisfaction spread itself on the benevolent face of Don Inigo, as he remarked to me, "Then, the son got the knife-thrust which the old man deserved."

But to the German he said, "Pray, remember me to your father."

The trial in regard to the murder of Don José came to no result. My countryman did not know the name of the *tulisan* with whom he had exchanged views in the forest. Don Inigo, who knew it, kept it to himself.

Soon after this occurrence I left the island,

and know only from letters that Don Federigo became the happy husband of Doña María, and that Don Carlos Esnuto had retired to his native fields with a handsome fortune.

Don Inigo, however, escorted me, at my departure; and, as he climbed over the gunwale into the boat when it pushed back from the ves-

sel, he pressed my hand once more, and said: "What do you think now of my theory of spiritual inheritance? Remember the forest-chapel and the fates decided there."

And, with the certainty of having the last word this time, he waved his hand to me from the boat.

H. H. BEHR.

## SAINTS AND SINNERS.

(NOIRS ET ROUGES.)

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

IN SIX PARTS.—PART SIXTH.

XXIII.

DURING the following days Monsieur Cantarel was the busiest of men: the municipal councilor whose position he coveted had accepted an office the duties of which were incompatible with those of his councilorship. His seat had been vacant some months; after this long delay, which Monsieur Cantarel stigmatized as indecent and impolite, the electors of the *quartier* were notified to meet on the second Sunday of September. The campaign was about to open, and the proprietor of the Château de la Pompadour was in a fever. He had delivered a number of speeches, both in public and at private reunions, with varied results. Words were not always at his command, and his replies often lacked fire and force.

Questions and sudden interruptions disturbed him greatly, and, truth to tell, the only "impromptu" addresses he made were those he had carefully prepared and written out.

He envied preachers in their pulpits who speak on in one unhindered current, without any one venturing on an interruption. Consequently he was eager for an opportunity when he might give free course to his eloquence by pronouncing a long harangue which no one would interrupt, and which "La Vraie République" would reproduce in full.

This opportunity he fancied he had found. Two weeks before the balloting began, Combard was to celebrate the *fête* of its patron saint. He proposed that this celebration should take place in his grounds, which, he said, he should be charmed to put at the disposal of the commune, and, as his grounds were always hermetically sealed, this was a most liberal offer on his part. It gave rise, however, to many and warm discussions. Combard was one of those few com-

munes in the department which had remained faithful to the recollection and to the worship of the empire. The mayor and the municipal council were almost unanimously as fervent Bonapartists as Golo. They had as little liking for the person as for the opinions of Monsieur Cantarel, but it seemed very impolitic to quarrel with him, and to refuse the offers of a millionaire who would certainly impart to the *fête* most unwonted brilliancy. Policy carried the day—the proposition was accepted. Monsieur Cantarel hastened to invite his guests, his electoral staff, and some fifty influential personages, the most noteworthy in the extremely democratic *quartier*, where he intended to play his great game.

The guests were to arrive at Combard by a special train drawn by an equally special locomotive, all run at his expense.

The day which was destined to impress on the minds of the Combard people certain undying recollections finally arrived. Its beginning was very delightful, the weather was glorious—one of those days in August when everything is resplendent; when the walls, the stones, the very leaves on the trees by turn absorbed and emitted the rays of light. The weathercocks and every grain of sand in the walks glittered and sparkled.

The workmen whom Monsieur Cantarel had sent for from Paris had done wonders; everything was ready. The front of the château was decorated, and at the entrance of certain shaded paths stood well-covered tables. A vast tent, intended for the evening festivities, sheltered an immense table in the shape of a horseshoe. Another tent, with a plank floor, was to serve as a ballroom. In every direction were stands for the illumination set thick with candles, and tall striped poles whence streamed out scarlet flames and floating flags. Everywhere the eye encountered arches of evergreens, inscriptions, and devices.

A great tricolored flag was draped about the bust of Danton and his Phrygian cap.

The inhabitants of the château were already on foot and at their duty. Madame Cantarel was busy at one of the refreshment-tables. She wore her every-day costume and her usual expression of countenance—that is to say, a look of sarcastic indifference; for a long time life had been to her only a spectacle at which she was a mere looker-on: provided she had something to carp at, she was satisfied. Mademoiselle Maulabret superintended the tall lackeys, and reminded them of the especial injunctions which Monsieur Cantarel had confided to them; she was apparently gay, having determined not to dampen the spirits of others. Madame de Moisieux arrived before any one else. With a gay and laughing face she walked about, exhibiting the exquisite elegance of her toilet under the shade of her red parasol, and all the time thinking secretly of the *fêtes* at Fontainebleau and Compiègne. She would gladly have escaped this celebration, but how could she do so without giving offense to Monsieur Cantarel, who regarded her presence as the crowning triumph of his oratory? Besides, he had represented to her that it was for her son's advantage that she should take part in this great democratic demonstration; he would have liked to see her preside at the banquet where the "*gros bonnets*" of Combar and the Parisian deputation would drink the healths of each other.

"We will put it all in '*La Vraie République*,'" he had said to her. She was consoled for this threat, however, for she had had news of a certain visit that had been made at a hospital, from which she inferred the best results. Her manner was enthusiastic to a degree toward Mademoiselle Maulabret, to whom she sent from time to time a kiss from the tips of her fingers, which it must be confessed rarely reached their destination.

As to Monsieur Cantarel, he had for the moment only his "dear Léon," for whom he had sent early in order to give him his last instructions. This dear Léon was one of his reporters, a confidential one, who was deputed to see all and write all—a handsome fellow with a clear, rich complexion, who as he walked moved his hips; he was shamelessly skeptical, and when it was necessary pushed hyperbole to the verge of impudence, laughing at everything, but a finished stenographer. On this occasion this last talent was in a measure superfluous, as Monsieur Cantarel's discourse was written, but he cautioned that gentleman to hesitate occasionally and pretend to be at a loss for a word, affirming with a perfidious smile that the best ideas were long in coming.

At three o'clock the terrace began to be

crowded. Several of the municipal council and some other notabilities had invented excuses not to be there. By the order of his superiors, the curé, although with great regret, remained at home. Monsieur Cantarel was not displeased at this, since a black robe would have spoiled everything. But the mayor was one of the first on the field. He was the Comte de Noisy, former chief in the cabinet of Monsieur de Moisieux, who was much liked by the peasants for the freedom of his speech and for his *bonhomie*. He had been for some time a "gentleman farmer," cultivating his small domain with much philosophy, always in a pleasant humor on the surface, and yet never forgetting his various injuries and wrongs. He appeared in a black frock-coat and white cravat, his mouth being pinched up in a little smile of the greatest suavity. He saluted Monsieur and Madame Cantarel most graciously, but, on approaching the marquise, the pressure of her hand signified, "We two, at least, are of the same *monde*." He walked about with her for some time, and, although they were both too politic to allow one word to drop which was out of place, the looks they exchanged seemed to say: "That which was under is on top, that which was on top is under. When will the next great change come?" And, without speaking, they promised each other to work together.

The peasants flocked in after their mayor, who had led the way. They had asked each other, "Shall we go?" The answer invariably was, "Of course we will." And of course they appeared, of course they looked about with half-open lips, slouching along with dragging feet, with a half-asleep air, their arms, coming out of too short sleeves, either swinging at their sides or crossed behind their backs, and their knotty fingers twisting a straw. They noticed everything without seeming to do so, and kept their remarks studiously to themselves. They admired what they saw, but at the same time making profound calculations in regard to the expense to which Monsieur Cantarel had gone. All were received with great cordiality. Not only did they read the three words, *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, written in green grass, but the master of the house distributed to them all shakes of the hand, and his eyes said to one and all, "We are brothers."

This vast estate, usually so well guarded, was to-day thrown open to every one; the very iron gates seemed to be astonished at the liberty permitted. Every one was free to go and come as he pleased, unrebuked by the proprietor and his stiff lackeys in their maroon livery. There are, however, limits to everything. One of these rustics, less timid than the others, took the liberty



of gathering a flower as he walked along. One of the lackeys pulled him by his sleeve, and said:

"Keep your hands off! You can look here, but you must not touch."

"And how about that?" answered the peasant, pointing to the table spread for the banquet under the tent. "May one touch that?"

The other, who knew his master's plans, replied, with a laugh, "*Parbleu!* you will have what Menelmontant leaves, if that be anything."

Games soon began. A rope was drawn around a square, and a wrestling-match took place. A tall pole stood near a raised platform where the prizes were exhibited. There were two fowling-pieces, a pile of cravats, hobnailed shoes, caps of every imaginable form, fichus and dresses, ear-rings, and work-bags. Several pieces of silver, glittering in their cases, were much admired by about fifty young fellows and as many girls, who were all ready to enter the lists for them. These men were robust and square-shouldered; the heaviness of their step indicated that their daily occupation was to dig the ground.

They soon shook off their momentary embarrassment, and, with the aid of a glass of wine, they began to amuse themselves very heartily. Gayly dressed and bedizened, the girls seemed to be not their sisters and their cousins, but beings of another world. They were frail, delicate, and a little pale, and affected the airs of young ladies. Their hands were white, with a certain roughness on the tips of the forefingers, which indicated that these hands sewed constantly. Some of them wore no caps, but, instead, a bow of ribbon or a flower among their hair. Not a few silk dresses were to be seen.

Paris is not so far from Combard but that from that village the great red light on the horizon, indicating the vicinity of a city, is to be seen. But it was not only its gaslights that spread into the country, it was also its habits, its fashions, and its caprices. Almost all these young Combardaises had served their apprenticeship in the great city, as *blanchisseuses* and *couturières*, and had brought away with them many Parisian ideas. Their skirts were embroidered and of delicate whiteness, as they took care to have noticed. They gave themselves airs of great superiority, airs of princesses who condescended, out of pure benevolence, to partake of the pleasures that had been prepared for them, but which they were not disposed to take *au sérieux*. They looked at no one; they were only anxious to ascertain that people were looking at them, and, as they daintily settled their coiffures with the tips of their fingers, they seemed to say, "All this does not concern us, but we will try and amuse ourselves all the same!" And they amused themselves!

When the pole had been climbed, when the wrestling-match was over, when the race with the feet tied in a sack had been run, then came what was known as the *jeu de baptême*. Each of the participants, armed with a long stick, seated himself in turn in a small car, which rapidly glided down an inclined plane. As they did so they struck with their sticks, at the moment which they considered most propitious, at a bucket of water hanging from a pivot. If they struck too high or too low, the bucket tipped over and deluged them. Most of those who played this game received this baptism, shook themselves like dogs coming out of the water, and shouts of laughter rent the air.

When the young men had finished, they left the inclosed square, and the girls took their places. Their eyes were bandaged, and with an oak stick they were to break an egg lying on the grass, or cut with their scissors the thread that held a doll dangling in the air. Many of these girls tried ten times without succeeding; others, who contrived to raise a corner of the bandages, astonished every one by their clairvoyance. But Mademoiselle Maulabret kept them all in order, and would allow no trickery.

Monsieur Cantarel, who coveted only great rôles, deputed to the mayor the task of distributing the prizes. Monsieur de Noisy accepted with a very good grace, only petitioning that Jetta should aid him, at which the girl was greatly pleased. The mayor called the victors by their names, and she handed them the especial article won by their exploits. The rôles had now changed. The young men, who were confused by so many eyes bent upon them, advanced in an awkward, shamefaced manner. The girls were no longer supercilious. They no longer cared whether they were looked at or not. They thought only of the prizes. Nature had resumed her rights. They were no longer princesses, the fire of covetousness or anger glittered in their eyes.

During all this time, Monsieur Cantarel had been reciting to himself those passages of his discourse which he feared to forget, or he conferred with his dear Léon, telling him what he might or might not put in the paper. The young man listened with an air of deference, but all the time was sneering within himself, judging and gauging him.

Suddenly guns were heard. These guns announced the arrival of the Parisian deputation. Monsieur Cantarel turned to the gate, accompanied by the most important among his guests, and there stood with a radiant smile on his face. The new-comers were in the best of humor, and, jerking off their hats, they waved them in the air and shouted vociferously. The band played the "*Marseillaise*," the summer wind lightly lifted

the flag in which Danton was draped, and also the red banners hanging idly in the sunshine. At this moment Monsieur Cantarel's heart was very light. It seemed to him that this day was a glorious and an eventful one. That his election was entirely settled and secured, he read in the eyes of all about him; he felt that the results would be astonishing, the majority overwhelming. Close beside him stood Mademoiselle Maulabret, he having implored her under these unusual circumstances to assume the position of *bouquetière*. She had suspended to her neck a basket of superb red roses, with which she adorned the constituents from Mont Aventeno. It seemed to her that there were two Jettas—one, who sat with her face buried in her hands, in some lonely corner of the château, meditating on her sad destiny, and this other, in her fluttering laces and ribbons, making up her bouquets.

"Can this be really I?" she asked herself.

Monsieur Cantarel proudly led the deputation through the court-yard into the *salon*, where no other persons had been admitted. There, in the presence of Boucher's Cupids, of Lancret's be-dizened shepherdesses, of Fragonard's nudities, the collation was served. Then he took the Parisians out on the terrace, where they soon mixed among the rustics, giving them patronizing nods and smiles, which, however, elicited no response.

The *mélange* was a curious one. On one side were the peasants, with large, stolid faces, cautious and distrustful, turning a word over a dozen times on their tongues before they allowed it to pass their lips, and their eyes full of that dumb patience caught from the animals with which so much of their time is passed. Among these peasants were small, keen-eyed men, quick and nervous in gesture and movement, gifted with that imperturbable *aplomb* which is one of the greatest gifts with which a human being may be endowed, whom nothing astonishes, whom nothing embarrasses, who asks only twenty-four hours to undo one world and to make another, and who wonders at the Almighty for having taken six days in which to manufacture his. Some among these men had all the agility and grimaces of monkeys, others resembled razors which have been so often ground that only the back remains, for that great whetstone Paris only sharpens blades by wearing them out. All looked as if initiated in the most profound mysteries, all had their heads stuffed full of ideas and caprices, their faces and their pallor expressing the weariness produced by the incessant restlessness of craving desire; but, notwithstanding their weariness, they panted for new events and excitements. The rustics and the men of the Faubourg were two people, two distinct nationalities, as it were, but they were ready to meet each other on the common

ground of a festival. There is no better way to bring varied people together—delicate hands and calloused ones, confused intelligences and quick-brained men; the silent and the loquacious, the audacious and the timid, careless prodigals and close managers, revolutionists and conservatives, those who sacrifice the republic they love, and those who preserve it without loving it. Some spoke without being listened to, wasting their breath on the wind that bore it away; others watched and listened with as much stupefaction as if they had seen an *aérolite* fall from the sky, and were afraid of receiving another on their heads. To see the tranquillity of some, the listlessness of others, it seemed as if some were striking the earth with their feet to make it move more rapidly, and that others would die before they discovered that the earth moved at all.

The solemn moment had arrived. A second discharge of musketry was heard, at which signal everybody crowded toward the Temple of Love, which to-day was condemned to act as tribune; but the god was not astonished—he had, in fact, been amazed at nothing since the statue of the *Enseignement Laïque* had been installed under the shelter of his cupola. The Parisians established themselves on the long benches arranged for them; the country-people stepped into the seats in the rear, or stood about, not knowing just what to do, and with eyes as wide open as children's at a pantomime.

Monsieur Cantarel slowly climbed the rose-colored marble steps by which the temple was reached. He was followed by Madame de Moisieux, by Jetta, and by Monsieur de Noisy, who attached himself closely to these two ladies and their fortunes for the day. Madame Cantarel had disappeared; she was not to be found anywhere. In order to be more at his ease, and also to insure his being seen by every one in the assembly, Monsieur Cantarel had ordered a platform to be erected just in front of the *Enseignement Laïque*. He ascended it and looked around with a contented air, for he regarded this crowd as a happy augury. He turned to see if his dear Léon was at his post, and then, coughing three times, to clear his voice, he began in these terms:

"Citizens, friends, and brothers—"

Then he stopped and looked toward one side. It seemed to him that the platform on which he stood was not altogether steady, and as this thought occurred to him he saw that Lara, who, uninvited, had appeared on the scene, had at that moment passed by. Could it be that the fellow had intentionally shaken the supports on which the platform stood? The look of artless innocence with which he met Monsieur Cantarel's angry eyes reassured that gentleman.

"Citizens, friends, and brothers," he resumed,

"all you whom I rejoice to welcome here, the day so long anxiously looked forward to by me has at last arrived—this *fête* day, to be devoted to relaxation and enjoyment. But we are not forbidden to indulge in serious thoughts, even at a *fête*. Pardon me if I venture to put into words one which has just occurred to me. It does not emanate in my brain, it springs from my heart." (As he uttered these words, the orator struck his breast forcibly.) "Yes," he continued, "I was suddenly struck by the idea that on this *fête* day a great work has been done, a work which is as the consecration and the symbol of a new era. Can I not, citizens—can I not now say to myself that this château, formerly inhabited by the wanton mistress of a voluptuous king, by a libertine king, by a king in short—this château enriched and furnished by this frail woman—that these parterres, trodden by the feet of courtiers as vile as herself—that these lawns, where women equally bad exhibited themselves—that all these things have this day been restored to their true destination?—for in you the people have regained possession of them. I see around me hands stained by noble toil. Yes, citizens, today the château of this woman, whose name I do not care to speak, has been sanctified and purified by being permitted to minister to the enjoyments of the people, which I call on the great Danton, whose august shade now contemplates us, to witness." (He here interrupted himself to study the effect produced by his exordium, which was heartily cheered by the Parisians. As to the country-people, they contented themselves by exchanging glances, fearing to compromise themselves either by applauding or by refraining from applause. But Monsieur de Noisy having decided to clap his hands, they decided to follow his example, and Monsieur Cantarel looked at Léon as if to say, "Hear that, now!")

"Citizens," he continued, "a second thought—"

Then the platform unmistakably moved; Monsieur Cantarel turned quickly. Mademoiselle Maulabret, who divined Lara's little game, shook her head at him, and motioned him back. He dropped his eyes with a contrite look, and retired to some little distance.

"—Citizens, a second thought occurred to me. We celebrate still another thing on this great day. Whom do I see here? Citizens and peasants, inhabitants of the town and inhabitants of the country. Yes; and we celebrate the fusion of the laboring-classes. Too long have those whom we have called the peasantry—and pray, believe me that this epithet has no invidious meaning, coming from my lips—too long have the peasantry passed for the instruments, voluntary or involuntary, of an oppressive *régime*

which has condemned France to eighteen years of servitude."

Here the mayor leaned toward Madame de Moisieux, and said in her ear:

"Marquise, have you felt yourself to be oppressed and corrupted?"

She laid her finger on her lip to impose silence.

"All this," the orator went on, "is the deplorable result of a misunderstanding which should cease for evermore. Should we not comprehend each other now? Instead of complaining of our country brotherhood, should we not do our best to enlighten them? And is it not for this that you are here, you, our brothers from Paris—Paris, that great city which I salute with enthusiasm as the central point of the earth, the headquarters of revolution, the beacon-light for the world?"

With the best intentions in the world, Mademoiselle Maulabret had by this time lost the thread of his discourse. From where she stood she could see one of the gates of the château. Through the gilded bars of this gate she saw a boy from the inn leading a horse all saddled and bridled, with which he had evidently been intrusted to take back to the stable. This horse was a magnificent bay, and was startlingly like one which it had been suggested to Mademoiselle Maulabret should bear her through the wind and the night. She felt a strange thrill from head to foot: the Temple of Love, and Lara, whom she was watching, the upturned faces, all disappeared from her sight.

Monsieur Cantarel went on in a stentorian voice to announce the various methods by which he proposed to conciliate the interests of the laboring-classes. He spoke eloquently of the integration of the exercise of all his natural rights. Mademoiselle Maulabret said to herself: "I am absurd! there are many bay horses in the world." Monsieur Cantarel shouted out an ingenious definition of scientific radicalism; she thought: "Ah me! and what would he be doing here?" Monsieur Cantarel gave to humanity his word of honor that, if he were permitted to do so, he could at once obtain for the people every advantage desired by a rational being; she added: "What can he want? His conscience is at peace, he is contented and happy—the happiness of certain consciences is a very strange thing."

In the mean time Monsieur Noisy, bending again toward Madame de Moisieux, sighed in her ear:

"The advantage which seems to me the most of all is that of being seated near you."

She laid her finger again on her lips.

"One more word, citizens, and this word I

address more particularly to our country brothers. You pass your life, you expend all your strength, in combating weeds, tares, and thistles, all the dangerous parasites which infest our fields and injure our harvests. Well, friends, I assure you in the name of our Parisian brethren who have hurried thither to press your loyal hands—and I repeat to you in the presence of Danton, and in the absence of him who remained in his rectory because the Church which he represents feels ill at ease amid *filles* given by and for the people—yes, I declare to you, my rural friends, that there are other plants more dangerous than thistles! Your device in future should be: 'War on prejudice! war on ignorance! war on superstition and on the Jesuits! war on these black-robed gentry, traitors to the good cause, who wish to persuade us that truth can make terms with error!' Come to us. Throw yourselves into our arms, which are always open to you, and we together will employ our last breath in inaugurating the reign of absolute truth and of true republicanism in La Belle France!"

Again applause rang out, applause which was possibly not as prolonged as before. The mayor did not join in it, and the inhabitants of the rural districts therefore abstained. They were none too well pleased with "the eighteen years of corruption"—like the marquise, they did not feel themselves to have been corrupted.

Notwithstanding this defection, however, Monsieur Cantarel was happy, and proud of his success, and as he wiped his brow with his handkerchief he turned toward Madame de Moisieux, who bowed with an air of approval.

The Parisian deputation had been joined by a pardoned communist who had just returned from New Caledonia. The man had once been a tailor, and was named Fichet. He was small and insignificant in appearance. Nature had given him only enough strength to sit cross-legged on a table and push a needle through. But misfortune elevates even a Fichet. He had brought back from his exile a certain aureole of sorrow which imparted to his haggard countenance a strange light. In his expression there was something almost prophetic. He had come to Combarb apparently because he had been bidden to do so, or it might have been that mere curiosity impelled him. Perhaps he, too, had his own idea. But he did not mix with the gay crowd with whom he had come; he was always alone. In the midst of these jolly dogs, whom he treated as if they had been unworthy of a glance, he was the only one who believed firmly in anything: he believed in the injustice of his judges, he believed in the innocence of Fichet, and in the laurels which should have been his. The contemptuous glances which this little man from

time to time directed toward his comrades, seemed to reproach them for the bread they had eaten when Fichet was hungry, for the wine they had drunk when Fichet was thirsty, for the *filles* they had attended while Fichet suffered death and martyrdom for the sacred cause. His weather-worn complexion, his hollow cheeks, the deep lines on his brow, his long gray beard, his eyes, in which blazed an unearthly fire, his half-open, trembling hands, all spoke of many privations. Occasionally he passed his tongue over his parched lips as if hoping to taste there the blood of his vengeance.

At the first glance he might have seemed ridiculous, but to any one who examined him closely he was very terrible.

Monsieur Cantarel was about to descend from his platform, when this man rose abruptly. In a harsh, loud voice, which was heard at the farthest point, he exclaimed:

"I ask permission to address two or three questions to this honorable candidate."

This unexpected incident seemed to annoy Monsieur Cantarel prodigiously. He had expected, for once in his life, to enjoy the pleasure of speaking without being interrupted or questioned—*nemine contradicente*. In the recesses of his heart he cursed the indiscreet questioner—the disagreeable intruder who came to mar his triumph and destroy all the effect of his eloquence.

"My friend," he answered, riveting his eyes on Fichet, "at any other time I should be charmed to reply to your questions, but we are not now at an electoral meeting. This day is consecrated to Pan, the god of the gardens and the woods, and I already regret having detained these gentlemen so long from their amusement."

He accompanied these words with a friendly little gesture, which he intended to mean, "Call again to-morrow." But, on a sign made by the president of his committee, he understood that the best thing he could do was to submit to his fate, and, in a politely resigned tone, he said:

"Well, my friend, I am at your orders. Speak—I am listening."

Fichet thrust his two hands into his breeches-pockets, and, keeping his elbows well out, he replied in a calm but excessively bitter tone:

"Citizen, your speech was superb, and calculated to please some people. But I want to know one thing: are you a *collectiviste* and an *anarchiste*, or are you not?"

"Ah! my friend," answered Monsieur Cantarel, in a suave voice, "*collectivisme* is a beautiful thing, a great thing, a holy thing—and anarchy is the same. Yes, it has its good qualities provided that you don't abuse it. But, my friend, we must distinguish—yes, we must distinguish."



Fichet suddenly addressed Monsieur Cantarel with the familiar French "thou," crying out: "Distinguish, then, if thou chooseth! Thou art a Jesuit!"

At this crowning insult, Monsieur Cantarel started as if he had been stung, and a whisper ran round among the audience. The Parisians rather enjoyed this scene, they were always eager for discussions and arguments; they considered that a nice little discussion is the best appetizer in the world. It seemed to them that Fichet was a trifle too familiar, and that his tone was a little too lofty, but they approved his intentions. The peasants were delighted, for the scene was more entertaining to them than the integration of the citizen and scientific radicalism.

Monsieur Cantarel was greatly disturbed, all the more so because his stenographer sat just in front of him with his pencil in his hand and his note-book on his knee, writing with immense vigor; the pencil ran over the paper with the velocity of a runaway horse. He was crazy to call out:

"My dear Léon, do not take any more notes; this simpleton must not figure in the journal!"

He contained himself, however, and, putting his head a little on one side, he answered in a melancholy tone:

"You have not understood me, my dear friend, *au fond*. I am a *collectiviste*, and it is hardly worth while to quarrel over words—'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Later on I won't say but that—Ah! my friend, there are omnibus trains, direct trains, and express trains. I, my friend, am for the omnibus trains, for the trains which stop at the stations."

"Not only a Jesuit, but worse—a time-server!" cried Fichet.

"Why will you persist in misunderstanding me? All I mean to say is, that you must not put the cart before the oxen. Ask your good country friends what they think—the first step to be taken is to remodel all the schools."

"Will that feed the people?" asked the man.

Monsieur Cantarel's indignation was almost uncontrollable. To be treated as a time-server was pretty hard; but for Fichet to *tutoyer* him in this unpardonable fashion was more than he could endure. He was as fretted as if he had been stung by a gadfly. Another sign from his chief decided him to curb his temper a little longer:

"I call the spirit of Danton to witness—"

"I don't wish to hear about thy Danton," interrupted Fichet. "Who was thy Danton? An old idiot! Nor do we wish to hear about thy Robespierre, whose cane you possess, and who was only a reactionist with his blue coat and his white vest. When the people told him that they

were thirsty and hungry, he looked up at the sky and orated on the immortality of the soul. His device was '*Là-haut!*' Ours is, '*Ici-bas.*' It is on this earth that our paradise should flourish, and we know very well that rich people shall give up what they have stolen and let us have our share!"

At these words he lifted himself on his toes, and, passing his hand over the mane of a huge marble lion guarding the entrance of the temple—

"This lion is mine!" he said.

A few steps off stood a miller named Loiseau, a good-natured fellow who was fond of his joke. He looked first at the little man and then at the big lion.

"Let him have his lion," he said, "and let him carry it away with him!"

Crowds are weathercocks who turn with every wind: the villagers began to laugh, at first because they were always in the habit of laughing at all that Loiseau said, and then at the idea of seeing little Fichet carry off on his weak shoulders a marble lion. Monsieur Cantarel's face lighted up, and he would gladly have embraced Loiseau. His joy was of brief duration. Fichet by this time had pulled his hands out of his pockets. Like a wild-boar insulted in his lair, he turned his tusks and his foaming jaws toward the crowd and shouted:

"I forbid you to laugh!"

The glare in his eyes fairly terrified Loiseau, who, in spite of himself, bowed his head.

"We are dying of hunger, and you laugh!" Fichet continued; "we are buried in dungeons, and you laugh; we are put to torture, and you still laugh!"

Then, turning toward Monsieur Cantarel again:

"Citizen, where were you, I pray, when we were at Nouméa?"

Monsieur Cantarel felt the immense superiority of Fichet over himself. Fichet had returned from Nouméa. Fichet had been in the galleys; at this moment he would gladly have given his château to be elsewhere. He placed his hand on his heart, and in a sentimental tone he said:

"My friend, my beloved friend, my heart is with you."

"And thy body," answered the pitiless Fichet, "what of that? Is it not nearly tired of strutting round this château? I suppose, by this time, thou thinkest the marquise herself belongs to thee."

He builded better than he knew. Monsieur de Noisy touched Madame de Moisieux on the arm, and said softly:

"Heavens! of what marquise is he speaking?"

"Citizen," continued Fichet, "thou art a

Jesuit, since thou makest such fine distinctions. Thou art a time-server, and thou likest omnibus trains. Thou art a maker of fine phrases, for thou talkest of giving us thy château, and yet thou knowest that in a few hours thou wilt turn us all out-of-doors. Thou, like all the *bourgeois*, takest advantage of the people; but the justice of the people will rise and exterminate thy château and thyself."

In the twinkling of an eye his sweeping gesture wiped the crowd from the terrace, the château was leveled to the ground, the lawns were shorn of every blade of grass, Danton himself was buried six feet underground! A deadly silence reigned everywhere; not a sound was heard except the song of a gold-hammer, that seemed to be celebrating Fichet's victory.

"My dear Léon, don't write another word!" cried Monsieur Cantarel, exasperated at his stenographer, who, with deplorable obstinacy, continued to set down the harangue of the communist. Then, remembering the happy effect produced by Loiseau's joke, he tried to make one himself, and thought he had found one, but hardly had he opened his mouth than the perfidious Lara, taking advantage of Mademoiselle Maulabret's preoccupation, approached the platform and gave it a stealthy kick. The orator lost his balance and fell flat. Parisians and peasants, Loiseau, Monsieur de Noisy, and all, burst out laughing. Then Monsieur Cantarel, feeling that his prestige was imperiled, boiling with rage, and paying no heed to the silent warnings he received from his president, called one of his lackeys, and, pointing to Fichet, said hoarsely:

"Carry off that man!"

A moment later Fichet was struggling in the grasp of the big lackey, who, trained to prompt obedience, dragged him quickly toward the gate.

Fichet was heard to say: "He orders the people seized by his lackeys! All the faubourg shall hear of this to-morrow. Long live anarchy! Down with these rich rascals! Down with everybody!"

The whole assemblage was now greatly excited. Every one had risen, and all were talking. Some of the Parisians thought Fichet to blame; others pleaded extenuating circumstances, and accused Monsieur Cantarel of having been lacking in that respect we owe to our brothers, even to our brothers who have gone astray. Many who took sides with Fichet did not propose to go away with him; they remained for the banquet, and postponed until the next day the expression of their opinions. Everybody was dissatisfied. The peasants pushed each other about roughly, and evinced no further respect for anything. They walked on the grass, and hot-beds were

broken in more than one direction; but the gold-hammer still sang, persisting in celebrating Fichet's victory.

Monsieur de Noisy was enchanted; he whispered in the ear of his fair neighbor: "What a charming *fête*! What a delicious day!"

Then, passing to Monsieur Cantarel, whose two hands he tenderly pressed, he exclaimed: "What an oratorical triumph yours has been! What eloquence! How well you routed him!"

Then, going back to the marquise, he said: "What do you think about it? I begin to believe that we need not trouble ourselves; they will sweep each other away."

And the marquise replied: "You are too compromising. For Heaven's sake, hush!"

#### XXIV.

MADemoiselle MAULABRET thought that she had paid her scot, and that no one would exact more from her. She slipped away into the thickest shadows of the park, which was almost deserted. She needed repose, silence, and solitude. She soon reached the cottage of her late patient, and saw him sitting at his door, with his pipe between his teeth and a flask of brandy at his feet. He was cleaning his gun. She asked him how he was, and then said, "Why were you not at the *fête*?"

"Because they did not think me good-looking enough!" was the sneering reply. "Monsieur Cantarel begged me not to show myself. Great Heavens! What did he suppose I wanted to go there for? I abhor their republic. Long live the Napoleons, I say!"

She went on to the very end of the park, where she seated herself at the foot of an old oak, just where an opening among the trees gave her a full, uninterrupted view of the country beyond. She forgot herself for more than an hour in this tranquil spot, until all at once she realized that the sun was slowly setting in a golden sky, flecked with violet clouds. On one side stretched a great forest, which seemed to have fallen asleep under the heats of the day. In the shadow of a mill, on a grassy bank, a peasant-lad half reclined, playing on his flageolet. Two black dogs, with heads like wolves, kept the sheep together. A cloud of starlings were flying about the sheep. At intervals they would audaciously pick a beakful of their wool.

"Shepherd-dogs, sheep, and starlings, each have their part to play in this world, and they play it well," thought Jetta. "What will mine be?" She scarcely knew.

She turned her face homeward. Suddenly the bay horse came back to her mind, and, at the same moment, as she lifted her eyes she beheld in the middle of the path a man who stood there.

motionless, with folded arms, and who was evidently waiting for her.

She was seized with a nervous trembling; her first thought was to flee; but where? She summoned all her strength, indignation sustaining her rather than courage. She continued to advance, and he came forward to meet her. She stood still now, and, in a voice of intense anger, she cried, "You—you!"

He answered: "Yes, it is I. The gate was thrown open to every one, and I had the audacity to enter."

They stood looking at each other for a moment, both surprised at the changes they beheld. Like herself, he was very pale; his face as well as hers was weary and worn by suffering, and by one fixed idea. He felt his knees tremble under him, and was on the point of exclaiming: "I have betrayed you, but I adore you! I love you more than ever!"

He wanted to fall at her feet and cover them with kisses; but he had discovered a quality in her which intimidated him.

She fanned herself with a handkerchief, mechanically. Then she said, in a tone of contempt, "What are you doing here?"

"Have you, then, never discovered that I come here every day, regularly?" he replied, in a hollow voice. "Everywhere you go, I follow!"

She shook her head. Every feature in her face said, "There is nothing more between us."

"Let me explain," he said.

"It is too late," she interrupted; "you have been silent so long! And silence is so convenient!"

"I give you my oath that you are mistaken, and that you have been deceived. It was despair and rage which reduced me to silence. My happiness was destroyed, and there was a man for me to kill!"

"You are a rigorous judge of the treachery of others!" she said, bitterly.

"I desire, at all events, that you should know—"

"Know what?" she interrupted him again. "I know that, thanks to God's mercy, the man you intended to kill is not dead. As to the other, whose face you cut with a whip, he is close at hand, and has sworn revenge. Go away at once. Believe me, my advice is good."

"You wish me, then, to remain," he said, raising his head.

She answered, in an ironical and bitter tone: "You have, nevertheless, good reasons for wishing to live. You regretted your youth and freedom. They were restored to you—"

"Do not speak to me of that woman!" he cried, kindling as he spoke. "Since you know

all, you of course know that she came to me unasked, and that I have not seen her for weeks."

"You betray every one, then?" she answered with a faint smile. "Weeks without seeing her! How long this time must have seemed!"

This was too much.

"If you would deign to look at me," he said, "my face would tell you how my days have been spent. I have done my best to forget you, and I have not succeeded. My pride owes you this avowal. Perhaps you think I have none, as I have come here to-day. My expiation has been terrible, I assure you. I said to myself, 'Pshaw! I can live without her'; and I did everything that lay in my power to drive you from my memory and my heart; but your image continually reappeared. You see before you a vanquished man. I would rather die than live without you. Have pity on me; I lay my heart at your feet!"

"You have brought me the shattered fragments," she said, proudly. "Keep them; I do not want them."

He uttered a groan of despair. "Jetta! Jetta! Can this be you—can this be I? It is not the woman's pardon I should ask, it is that of the Sister of Charity; and it is as a beggar that I kneel before you."

She pointed to the remains of a fire that had been lighted in the grass, and the bits of half-burned wood lying on a bed of gray ashes.

"It is extinguished," she said, slowly; "it can never burn again."

She made him a sign to rise, and turned away. But he followed her, murmuring entreaties in her ear. This voice, which had once been music in her ear, now jarred on her nerves like an instrument out of tune. She hastened her steps in her efforts to escape; but he became more urgent, even standing in her path and laying his hand on her arm. Her agitation was excessive, and just at this moment a liberator appeared, whom she welcomed with joy.

Could she a few weeks previously have been induced to believe that by any possibility she could ever welcome the Marquis Lésin de Moisieux in order to avoid the embarrassment of a *tête-à-tête* with Albert Valport?

Lésin, who was not fond of long speeches, had waited before making his appearance until they were all over. When he came, his first inquiry was for his friend Golo, and then he went in search of him. His stupefaction on encountering Monsieur Valport was, as may readily be believed, considerable. He began to mutter execrations, however, after a minute; then, approaching Mademoiselle Maulabret, he said:

"My mother is tired of all the noise, and has

gone home, and sent me to find you, as she wishes to see you at once on a matter of importance. But I certainly shall not tell her that I found you in this charming society, from which I scruple to take you."

"I am quite ready to accompany you," answered Jetta, coldly.

And she walked away with him, without once turning her head to look back. The two hurried on in silence, she not daring to speak lest she should betray her emotion by the trembling of her voice; he, because he was absorbed in meditating over an idea worthy of his great genius. They reached the chalet, which was deserted. The cook and Lara were at the *étable*, as well as Madame de Moisieux. Although she had not said as much to her son, she was not displeased with the attentions of Monsieur de Noisy, and she always enjoyed the excitement of a crowd. Lésin ushered Jetta into the *salon*, and drew up a chair.

"It is very strange," he said, "that she has not yet come. Some one must have detained her at the château, but she will be here presently."

Mademoiselle Maulabret seated herself. At this moment she was not thinking of either the marquise or her son; her thoughts were wandering in a park, and meeting ghosts who stood motionless at a cross-road.

As a semblance of occupation, however, she took up a book, and turned over the leaves without in the least knowing that she held it upside down. Lésin did not open his lips; he was literally livid, his pallor denoting the struggle going on within. His natural timidity shrank before the audacity of the plan he had conceived. He rose, and began to pace the room, as restless as a cat hovering around a cage, longing for the bird, and yet dreading the lash. It was now nearly night, and Jetta laid down her book with a start. She glanced uneasily at the young man, and thought his manner very singular.

"Madame de Moisieux is not coming, I fear," said the young lady.

He replied as he went nearer: "Well! what of that? We are very well off as we are."

She rose. "But the illuminations! I must not deprive you of the pleasure of seeing them."

"I prefer the two bright eyes I see before me to all the Roman candles in the world!"

She shrugged her shoulders with a slight gesture of contempt. She could not help it; she was wrong, and she knew it.

This enraged him.

"You two are reconciled, then, are you?" he asked, insolently. "You have certainly a most forgiving nature, for he has behaved toward you like a rascal and a booby."

"Of whom are you speaking?" she asked, haughtily.

"Of the man with whom you were having a delightful *lôte-à-lôte* just now, which I interrupted. But you will soon console yourself, as I dare say you have agreed to meet him again this evening."

She turned away in silence.

He went nearer still.

"Why do you love him instead of me? You would be a marquise. Madame Jetta Valport does not sound so badly, does it, now?"

She began to be a little frightened; but with an air of calm resolution she turned toward the door, but he placed himself against it.

"I adore you," he said; "and you shall not go away until you have given me one kiss. I am determined to have it; so you need make no fuss."

He looked at her with the same expression which she had once before seen in his eyes, and by which she had been so shocked and startled.

"I loathe you!" she cried.

"That is not a nice thing for a pretty little nun to say," he replied, angrily; and he extended his arm to take her by the waist.

But she, with a piercing shriek and a dexterous movement, placed a round table between herself and him.

"You need not scream," he said; "there is not a soul in the house, and no one will come."

And he began to pursue her. He knew very well that never again would he have a similar opportunity, and that he was playing his last card, and for heavy stakes. His mother would only forgive him on condition that he won the game, for success would be his only excuse.

"Yes," he cried, "I shall have the kiss, and also a promise that you will marry me." And he began to run. She was breathless and dizzy, but she still contrived to escape his touch. He was becoming more and more eager, like a wild beast that has sniffed blood. She did not once think of entreating or reasoning with him. Savages are never reasoned with, red-skins are never entreated. He caught his foot in one of the legs of the table and fell. She darted to the door, not having seen that he had taken the precaution of locking it and placing the key in his pocket. She ran to the window, and, opening it, sprang upon the edge. She felt his hands on her waist, his impudent lips on her cheek, and uttered a shriek more piercing than the first.

"Hold your tongue!" he said, roughly.

"You won't escape me now."

Faint and sick her heart sank within her. At this moment she felt his grasp relax, and, looking up, she beheld Albert.

Devoured with grief and jealousy, he had fol-



lowed her at a distance without her suspecting it. He was determined to see her again, and waited at the end of the avenue. He had heard her first scream, and hurried to her rescue. To dash through the window, seize Lésin by the throat, was the affair of an instant. He nearly strangled the fellow.

"Albert, do not kill him!" she cried, in her agitation.

She had called him by his name. The intense joy he felt softened his righteous anger, and he dropped his victim.

"Sir!" roared Lésin, foaming with rage, "you shall answer to me for this insult!"

"For what do you take me?" answered Valport. "I shall certainly never do you that honor."

He went to the door, and tried to open it. Lésin put his hand in his pocket and drew out the key, which he threw with all his strength full at Valport's face. The latter threw his head back, however, and stooped to pick up the key from the floor.

"You are a little brusque, my dear marquis," he said; "but your intention was praiseworthy."

Some minutes later Mademoiselle Maulabret, trembling like a leaf, sank on a bench in the park. Albert, standing before her, respected her silence. He felt that she was struggling for composure, and that she must also control herself before she could trust herself to speak. He awaited that fatal word with feverish anxiety which should decide his whole future life.

By degrees she became calmer.

"Speak!" he said, at last—"speak, will you not? Remember that the question of my existence hangs in the balance, for I will not live without you."

Her lips finally parted.

"Albert," she said, "you have rescued me from insult. You deserve that I should forgive you on this account alone."

He uttered an exclamation of joy.

"Yes, I forgive you," she continued, in a cold, calm voice; "but you need ask no more than that at my hands. You know whether I once loved you or not, whether I believed in you. I remember your once saying to me that love was a species of madness. You were right: I was mad once, but am so no longer. The letters which you returned to me I burned only yesterday. Before putting them in the fire I read them over again, and as I read them it seemed to me that another person than myself must have written them. I said aloud, with a blush, 'Can it be that all this ever happened to me?' You see from this that I am no longer mad. A while ago I uttered some very harsh words to you. I implore you to forget them. Anger is madness, as well as love. You need not regret me so much,

Albert, there are so many women in the world. Let time do its work. In a few years we shall very probably meet like two old friends, and we will laugh together over this strange incident in our lives, and perhaps you will say with me: 'Can this really have ever happened? What a strange, strange story!' And I really do not see why, now that I have forgiven you, we can not part friends to-day. Here is my hand—it is my friendship that I offer."

He did not take her hand. He, on the contrary, drew back, and answered, gloomily:

"Why do you speak of friendship? That word, between you and me, is void of sense. You offer me yours; I will not have it. We may hate each other, if such be your will, but we never can be friends."

She rose, saying as she did so:

"I do not hate you. I shall never hate you. But love died with faith. God alone can again bring it to life, and believe me when I say that he will not perform this miracle."

Then she fled like a shadow, leaving him so overwhelmed that he made not the slightest effort to detain her. He had hoped to disarm her anger, but utter tranquillity reduced him to despair.

She returned to the château through the Bengal lights and Venetian lanterns, rockets shooting up with a loud whiz on every side; and no sooner was she in her room than her aunt, who was locked into her boudoir, sent to ask her to dine *tête-à-tête* with her, and Jetta hastened to join her.

Madame Cantarel examined the girl's face with curious eyes. She could not detect the smallest sign of emotion. Mademoiselle Maulabret had just seen the man who had abandoned her kneeling at her feet; she had granted him her pardon, but she had refused him her heart, and a secret balm was spread upon her wound. However amiable a woman may be, she likes her revenge, and when she has taken it it seems to her that only then are things moving as they ought.

"Where have you been?" asked her aunt. "You disappeared as well as myself. Our presence was not necessary. Madame de Moisieux took our places, and it is she who to-day has done the honors of this mansion. I heard all about it from Monsieur Violet, who is as indiscreet as he is talkative. It seems that the banquet was superb. Each rustic was flanked by two Parisians, one on the right and one on the left. Monsieur Cantarel apparently thinks that opinions are like contagious diseases—taken in through the skin. The marquise presided, with her grand Tuileries air; never was dignity better mingled with grace. What must the poor

emperor have thought if he, from the other world, looked down on this republican Hebe? In short, Monsieur Cantarel is both triumphant and happy at this moment. To all appearance, he has forgotten the Fichet episode. But Monsieur Violet gave me other information still. The truant has come back, it seems; you have seen him, and you have made peace?"

"Yes, madame," answered Jetta, somewhat surprised.

"And you will marry him?"

"Never," answered the girl, with gentle decision.

## XXV.

MEANWHILE Lésin was nursing a new project. Ashamed of his defeat, enraged and furious, with his throat bruised by that iron hand whose firm grasp had nearly cost him his life, he resolved to chastise the man who had refused him satisfaction. He racked his brain to find some way of punishing him, and finally decided that he would wait for him at the corner of the wood. Then he had another idea, which he considered still better: he remembered Golo, with whom he had formed so close an intimacy that they concealed nothing from each other.

He at once rushed off across the park, and tumbled into the cottage of the head keeper like a bomb-shell. The two talked for a long time together, a bottle of old rum made the third in this interview, and it is doubtful if the counsel it gave was the most judicious in the world. Lésin was very eloquent, but Golo had scruples or fears, and had much to say about the police and a trial for murder.

"What stuff you talk!" cried Lésin. "Have you not sworn vengeance against him?"

"But, Monsieur le Marquis, pray consider—"

"Hold your tongue, fool! Who asks you to kill him? I tell you he thinks much more of his face than he does of his life. Now, listen to me. I heard, in America, of a handsome young fellow who was about to be married. His rival fired his gun in his face well loaded with powder. He was so disfigured that the fair lady turned her back on him. That is the sort of thing that women do. I know them well. Tell me, are you not bidden to show no mercy to poachers? You see one and you fire at him—you are not likely to kill a man without any shot in your gun! Besides, do you imagine that he will dare attempt to bring you to justice? He knows very well that you would tell the whole story of the *dansuse* in the court-room, and he is not going to run that risk. You are a chicken-livered fellow, after all, Golo! I don't believe that you are a real Corsican."

During this conversation Albert was walking up and down a secluded avenue of the park.

He had no longer any hope, and yet he could not make up his mind to go away.

Mademoiselle Maulabret had withdrawn to her room, and he could occasionally see her shadow pass her lighted window. The world is very large, and to make one many things are needed—stars and suns, planets and moons, oceans and continents, mountains and plains, lions and gazelles, monarchies, empires, and republics—millions of destinies bound to each other by a fatal chain of effects and causes. And yet at certain hours the entire universe may be comprised in a shadow flitting over a window-curtain, and then disappearing.

Albert could not take his eyes from this curtain: within was paradise, but a paradise lost to him for ever. A man may make up his mind not to be happy, but his heart is broken when he realizes that happiness came to meet him with extended arms, that he behaved like a fool, and that happiness fled never again to return.

The notes of the orchestra playing for the ball under the tent, where all the youth of the village was now dancing, reached his ears; he heard the clarinet, the drum, and the blare of the trumpet; with these sounds were mingled voices and merry laughter, and a buzzing noise like a great beehive; he shuddered at the idea of leaving all this behind him and returning to the silence and solitude of Bois-le-Roi. Supper was over; that and Monsieur Cantarel's cellar had been duly honored by the crowd. One of the Parisians was discoursing to a group of peasants, explaining to them the difference between the false republic and the true one; to all he said the peasants answered, "Yes, of course." Another, who was of Fichet's turn of mind, was giving free vent to some communist doctrines, and his hearers replied, "Perhaps—we must wait and see." As they spoke they were uneasily shifting from one foot to the other, and, scratching their heads, wondered if they might not have forgotten to bolt the great gate of the court-yard and to let the big dog loose.

Young Léon, who had taken a bottle too much, was very friendly toward Loiseau, and half in fun and half in earnest was representing to him that the great point was to abolish marriage and family ties, and that, before men could be really equal, it was necessary that children should not know of what father they were born.

Loiseau pretended to agree, but he whispered to one of his friends: "O the wretches! With their confounded newspapers they have deprived us of the empire, and now they intend to play the same game with the republic."

Monsieur Cantarel, who had nearly disjoined his arm by distributing vehement hand-shakes, and who was so hoarse that he could scarcely

speaking—Monsieur Cantarel, who, this day, in spite of what his wife said, was a disappointed man—Monsieur Cantarel, who remembered and would always remember this sorrowful experience of Fichet and of his cruelly interrupted oratorical triumphs—walked about with an air of fictitious gayety. He smiled on his guests, but his heart was heavy.

Monsieur de Noisy said to him, "We are indebted to you for a most charming day." The marquise added, "Nobody can do such things as well as you."

The hour of departure had finally arrived, and the special train awaited the Parisians. Monsieur Cantarel summoned all his strength of mind and body to keep him up to the last. The terraces were soon empty, though the orchestra still played, for the young people evidently intended to dance until daybreak. In these people he, however, took little interest, but, leaving to his intendant the duty of overlooking and dismissing them, he went off to bed, in search of the repose which he felt he so well deserved.

Albert took one last, lingering look at the curtain which shaded the dim light, and then took his departure, fearing lest the gates should be closed. At the end of the avenue was a tall hedge of laurels. He did not know that behind these laurels, with his finger on the trigger of his gun, a man was standing waiting for him.

## XXVI.

A FEW days after this, Mademoiselle Maulabret received a visit from Monsieur Vaugenis, whom she had not seen for two months. She heard from him that, on the night of the *fête*, an unknown had fired on Monsieur Valport from behind the laurel-hedge, and had then fled. There had been that evening so much noise—so many reports of firearms—that this incident passed unnoticed by the many persons still within the grounds. Jetta at once understood why Golo, who had just received his month's wages, had folded his tent like the Arabs, and silently stolen away that same night.

She asked where the Marquis de Moisieux was, and discovered that he, too, had felt the need of change of air, and had gone to Paris. Jetta concealed her emotion, and listened calmly to the information given by Monsieur Vaugenis, that the gun was loaded only with powder, and that the latest intelligence from Bois-le-Roi was most reassuring, and that Valport would escape with only some trifling scars.

She did not speak for some minutes, and he, impatient at her silence, exclaimed: "You know that I always preserve a neutral position, and I do not infringe on my rules of conduct by representing to you that, after all, Albert's sin does

not belong to the list of irreparable crimes. I blush for my sex, but the truth is, that any man I know would have succumbed under similar circumstances. I dare say Cato and Brutus would have risen above temptation, but there are no Romans in the days in which we live. Moreover, I wish to add of this marriage which I so heartily desire should now take place, that your chances of happiness seem to me far greater than they were before. A young man who has been dissipated is always inclined to believe that he sacrifices much for the woman he marries. Now Albert, without suspecting it, very possibly was none the less conscious of giving up much for you. To-day the rôles are reversed. You have him at your mercy and you have every advantage on your side. It is you who give, it is he who receives."

She replied, with some vehemence, "I am entirely willing to grant him full pardon, and my friendship also, but I have nothing else to offer him."

He, in his turn, paused for some moments before he replied. Then he said, "Do you intend to enter a sisterhood, then?"

"No," she replied. "Many singular things happen in the world, and I begin to believe that things rarely turn out as we think. Mother Amélie counseled all sorts of scruples, but one has come to me which will prevent me from becoming a nun."

"Yes"—and he laughed—"a great philosopher pretends that contraries beget contraries, and that contradiction is the sovereign law of life. On this idea he has built a system which is as good as another."

He did not add that he could state the whole affair in a proverb. When a man is possessed by the demon of proverbs, even Hegel's philosophy can be condensed into one.

"I know nothing of philosophies," she said, "but the other day I found in the 'Imitation' a passage by which I was greatly struck. 'Some persons,' it says, 'are lost through their devotion, because they wished to do more than they could, not making allowance for their weakness, but following the impetuosity of their hearts rather than their judgment and their reason.' This is my own case. I dreamed of becoming another Mother Amélie. I shall always respect the virtues of this holy woman; but the last conversation we had together convinced me that I should make a very poor Augustine, while I hope that, in remaining in the world, I shall always be a good Catholic—as catholic as tolerant, as tolerant as catholic."

"If women could be cured of their inconsistencies, this world would be a sad one. And you will marry?"

"I think not. I have suffered so much that love frightens me. And I am in love now only with my liberty; but you need not fear that I shall make a bad use of it. It is written in the same book, 'Why seek you repose, when you were born to labor?' Yes, I will toil. I will consecrate my fortune to founding that *maison de santé*, so dear to the heart of my beloved uncle. You have all the plans. I will take its head. I shall take no steps just yet, and we shall have ample time to talk the matter over. I must learn many things before I can become the abbess of my lay convent. A useful old maid—is not that a noble career? It seems to me that I already have a little the look of one. Saint Catherine has another waiting-woman."

"So it seems to me, but I did not tell you so." Then he added, more seriously: "This is all very well; but what of him?"

"It is for you, sir, to find him a wife who is both good and reasonable, who will not take matters so tragically as myself. You remember the long conversation I had with you in your cabinet? At that time I looked on love as a kind of sublime devotion, as a wish to give one's self to the loved one entirely and fully. Since then I have discovered that one gives one's self away only with the expectation of being doubly rewarded. No; there is no true love without jealousy. Albert requires a wife who will love him less madly than I, perhaps, but who will be more indulgent. She will make him happy, and he will soon forget."

"Do you think that? He will never forget you."

"A magistrate, and yet romantic," she said, with a smile. "Who ever heard of such a thing? Ah! sir, forgetfulness is the law of this world as much as contradiction."

"It is certain," he replied, "if memory embellishes life, that only forgetfulness renders it possible. Some one has said this, however, before me."

"And I prove it," she said, "since I am still alive, after all that has happened."

He made a little gesture, which signified, "I have fulfilled my mission, I have nothing more to do." Then, rising, he added: "I am going to spend a few days at Bois-le-Roi with our invalid. Have you no message to send to this criminal, who has been too severely punished?"

"Nothing, except to say that I am happy to learn that his accident has had no serious consequences."

Monsieur Vaugenis retired greatly discomfited. This perfect tranquillity, which had struck terror to Albert's soul, he too regarded as boding ill, and argued a desperate case.

"It is all over," he said to himself. "To knit up again what this foolish fellow has un-

raveled would demand a miracle, and we have none in this century."

Monsieur Cantarel did not believe in miracles either, and yet he had performed one without his own knowledge. There had been a good deal of talk about the *fête* at Combard. A number of the "*Vraie République*," of which a hundred thousand copies were printed, had been devoted, from the first line to the last, to a description of its splendors. "Dear Léon" had surpassed himself; and then Monsieur Cantarel took the article in hand, and retouched it. By order of his *chef*, the young man of the future had carefully passed over the Fichet episode, and consecrated his best skill to celebrating the praises of an illustrious convert.

"It was, indeed, an impressive sight," he said, "to see this woman, born among prejudices and nursed in the lap of luxury, suddenly stirred by republican enthusiasm, and extending her white hand to those others hardened by toil; to see that she preferred this *fête* of the people to those magnificent entertainments at the Tuileries with which she had once been so familiar. Now the hearts of the people beat in unison with her own!"

This unfortunate sentence, which dear Léon had much better have left in the bottom of his inkstand, provoked the proprietors of a small radical sheet of large circulation, who took advantage of this opportunity to recommend to popular sympathy "an illustrious exile who had been driven from the park by lackeys and hirelings for having told the truth to these *bourgeois* speculators."

In a very brief space of time this illustrious exile, to whom people had not paid the smallest attention, became a celebrated man, which was an additional proof that there is a great truth concealed in the philosophy of contradictions, and also the malicious pleasure which events take in going contrary to our expectations. Monsieur Cantarel's enemies were thus armed afresh to combat his election. Until then his only opponent had been an obscure little physician, named Souriceau. Fichet entered the lists, and his eloquence was so moving that he soon made wonderful strides.

Monsieur Cantarel was not very much disturbed; he did not take Fichet *au sérieux*. His friends and the president of his committee insisted that his victory was certain; nevertheless, when the eventful day arrived, he was in an agony. He dared not go to Paris; he resembled those dramatic authors who, to use a vulgar expression, have the *trac*, and who can not make up their minds to appear at the first representation of their plays. During the whole of that fatal Sunday he wandered through his park,



conversing with his cane and himself. His especial agony was, moreover, that he could not pour his anguish into the sympathizing ears of the marquise, who, with Jetta, was dining that evening with Monsieur de Noisy.

It was nearly midnight, when a dispatch was brought to him, which he opened with his heart in his mouth. O vicissitudes of Fate! O mysterious winds, which blow on all men alike! O universal suffrage, behold your work! Fichet was elected, Monsieur Cantarel had two thousand less votes than he; and, as the crowning touch to his humiliation, even the contemptible Souriceau had distanced him, and he was lowest on the list. He sat for some time absolutely stunned, and then felt an imperative desire to pour out his soul to some fair friend. But it was not Madame Cantarel's sympathy which he craved. He said to himself that the marquise must be at home from her dinner by this time, and hurried to the chalet, flattering himself that not only would she compassionate his disappointment, but that she might even be induced to offer some practical consolation.

The house had not been closed for the night, and, as was his habit, he at once made his way to the *salon* without waiting to be announced. Was he mad? He saw, or fancied he saw, young Lara kneeling in front of the sofa on which Madame la Marquise was sitting. We must believe that he was dreaming, for hardly had he crossed the threshold than he saw young Lara standing in the center of the *salon*. It seemed to him that this charming lad looked at him with a crafty, impertinent expression, and his face struck him as so unpleasantly saucy and aggressive that he raised his hand to cuff his ears. The little Greek, however, was as lithe as a panther, and darted off.

"Well! what is the matter?" asked the marquise, in a tone of reproach.

"I can't endure that fellow," he replied. "We have more than one old account to settle. You know what he did to me in the Temple d'Amour. Besides, I consider, marquise, that he takes great liberties with you—"

"But, my good neighbor," she interrupted, "it seems to me that it is for me to manage my own household!"

He did not insist—he feared to offend her. Was not she his supreme resource? Then, too, he was struck by her wonderful beauty; never had he seen her eyes so brilliant, nor her complexion more lovely.

"Ah! madame," he said, "if I am a trifle jealous of that fellow, it is because he is happy enough to live near you; happy enough to see you every hour in the day; to breathe the air you breathe. For Heaven's sake, do not let us

two quarrel on this unfortunate day, when I am so much in need of consolation, and when you alone can console me!"

He then went on to narrate his disaster, without suspecting the effect which his words had on her.

A few days before, Mademoiselle Maulabret had written to Mother Amélie a tender, respectful letter, to ask her pardon once more for the pain she had given her, but she said nothing of the still greater sorrow she had in store for her.

Neither Mother Amélie nor Madame de Moisieus, nor yet Monsieur Mongeron, had suspected a double meaning in this letter. They believed this innocent girl to be incapable of dissimulation, and yet they had one and all done their best to teach her to hold her tongue. Encouraged by this epistle, Madame la Marquise believed herself to have fulfilled her engagement, and justified in claiming Mongeron's promise. It was, therefore, agreed that Lésin should be presented almost immediately to the heiress and her family. This point settled, the marquise kept up her intimacy with Monsieur Cantarel only in the hope that through his political influence he might obtain for her troublesome son some desirable position. And now she was checkmated in this way: two thousand less votes than Fichet! Five hundred less than Souriceau! She suddenly discovered that this doll was stuffed with saw-dust, and decided that, when the lemon is squeezed dry, it is best to throw away the skin without delay.

He was sitting on the sofa by her side. "Be kind to me," he said, tenderly; "and that will console me for everything else."

She rose and looked at him haughtily from head to foot, and, taking him by the hand, she led him in front of the long mirror.

"Do yourself justice, my good neighbor," she said. "When a woman of my age decides to have a *faiblesse*, her choice must be her excuse. Now, tell me frankly, is that face you see there a sufficiently powerful one?"

Stupefied at this extraordinary speech, he gasped for breath. As soon as he could speak he gave free course to his rage, which nearly choked him, and, after his usual fashion, he recalled to the marquise the numberless services he had rendered her, the various arrangements he had concluded with her creditors, and many other similar favors.

"Now I know what you are," he continued; "I can only wonder at my own idiocy. While you have been pretending to be so poor, you have invested a nice little million in England; but you may make up your mind to one thing: my ward will never marry your simpleton of a son."

"I am not so sure that my son is a simpleton," she answered; "but I do know this, that

Mademoiselle Maulabret will, before sixteen months, become a nun, and that my adorer will have led her to take this step."

And she pointed to the door with the gesture of an empress.

"Dismissed!" he muttered, as he went out. "Dismissed like a lackey."

"Yes," she said, "dismissed like Fichet."

These words were a second dagger in his heart. The next day, when Mademoiselle Maulabret entered the *salon*, she was surprised to find Monsieur Cantarel there, who greeted her with paternal affection, and said:

"My dear, you must do me a favor. I want you to marry Monsieur Valport. I wish it. I expect it. I insist upon it. He is the nicest fellow in the world, after all, and, in spite of the shabby trick he served us, he will, I am sure, make a most excellent husband. Then, too, this marriage will nearly kill the marquise."

"And do you wish to kill her?" asked Jetta, in some surprise.

"I have been her dupe quite long enough," he answered, in a surly tone, "but I understand her now. She is a terrible woman. I never want to hear of another marquise or a returned exile so long as I live. If you only knew, my dear, what she has done! The immorality of these people is perfectly shocking. Just imagine, my child! I have discovered that her groom, that little Greek Lara—"

"Everybody at Combard but yourself and Jetta knew this long ago," interrupted Madame Cantarel.

"And you did not warn me?"

"I respected your innocence!—Come, Jetta, you must make up your mind to marry Monsieur Valport to avenge Monsieur Cantarel. That is an act of devotion which guardians have a right, of course, to demand of their wards."

"Will it not be sufficient for the annoyance of the marquise," asked the young girl, "that I have refused to marry her son?"

"Well, I don't know about that," answered Monsieur Cantarel. "She announced to me in a tone of great triumph that my dear ward would soon become a nun. I am convinced that she has some interest in your doing so, and I would wager no small sum that she has struck a bargain with our Holy Mother, the Church—a golden bargain, be it understood, for she never does anything for nothing. She is as calculating as she is hypocritical."

"Be at ease, monsieur," answered Mademoiselle Malaubret. "I shall not take the vows, but you must never allude to this marriage again, for I assure you that it is impossible, absolutely impossible. My resolution is irrevocable.—Ask Monsieur Vaugenis," she added, extending her

hand with a smile to that gentleman, who at that moment entered the room.

She noticed that his face was grave and anxious. She felt that he was the bearer of disastrous news.

"A few days ago," he replied, "I was very anxious for this marriage, but it has now become impossible, and I can no longer urge it."

"And why, pray?" asked Monsieur Cantarel, curiously.

"Alas! the poor fellow—"

"Speak! Speak quickly!" cried Jetta, in great agitation.

"He is living," answered Monsieur Vaugenis, quickly. "But there was certainly something mixed with that powder, and we were all mistaken in regard to the gravity of his wounds. He is disfigured for life."

She started.

"Alas!" he continued, "and that is not all!"

She gazed at him anxiously, and her hands, clasped together, trembled visibly.

He shook his head sadly, and said:

"One eye is gone, and the physician has confided to me that he has grave fears for the other."

She uttered a sharp cry, and then, starting to her feet, she murmured:

"Disfigured! Blind! Ah! Good God—blind! Go tell him that I love him, that I am his, and that I wish to be his wife!"

"O Madame la Marquise," murmured Monsieur Vaugenis, "how mistaken you are!"

Madame Cantarel looked at Jetta in amazement. Had an inhabitant of the moon suddenly appeared before her, she could not have been more astonished.

"That resolution is worthy of your great heart," said Monsieur Vaugenis, "but he will not believe me. You must speak to him yourself."

"Let us go at once to Bois-le-Roi," cried Monsieur Cantarel. "We may possibly, too, meet the marquise on the way."

A quarter of an hour later, and a break drawn by four horses was rattling over the roads at break-neck speed. Monsieur Cantarel talked all the time, for he felt that he could no longer hold his tongue. The marquise and Fichet were hopelessly entangled in his tale; he professed a strong desire to wring the necks of both. But, if he had two wrongs to avenge, he consoled himself with the knowledge that one at least was certain and near at hand. Mademoiselle Maulabret never opened her lips; she was once more talking with her dead uncle.

"We have not been of one mind, I know, you and I. Was there nothing, however, but this terrible misfortune which could have smoothed away our differences?" she murmured.

When they arrived, when the break drew up

in the court-yard in the shadow of an old ruined tower covered with ivy—on which were innumerable gray pigeons pluming themselves with gentle, cooing notes—she was absorbed in thinking of the agony to be endured by this man whom she loved, in appearing before her changed as he was by Golo's dastardly hands. All the past rose suddenly before her, and she burst into passionate weeping.

She was soon seated in an arm-chair in the *salon*, and presently heard at the end of a corridor a voice that throbbed through her heart; this voice said:

"I knew her well. I was sure she would come!"

"Do not deceive yourself," answered Monsieur Vaugenis, "it is not she who has come; it is Sister Marie."

"No, no—it is I!" she cried, "it is I!"

Then, involuntarily she closed her eyes, shivering at what she was to see. When she opened them again Albert was kneeling before her, with his face hidden in his hands. She saw only his heavy chestnut locks, which certainly had not been injured by Golo's gun, and his forehead, on which she perceived two small black specks. She waited with sad impatience for him to lift his head.

He did so. With the exception of a tiny scar on the right cheek his face was uninjured. He was handsomer than ever, and he fixed his magnificent eyes on her face, eyes which shone like two stars.

"Ah! you have deceived me!" she cried.

And she tried to escape, but he grasped both her hands and compelled her to seat herself, while he remained on his knees before her. He tried to speak, but he could not.

At last he stammered, "If ever," he said, but his emotion overpowered him. Finally he succeeded in saying, "If ever I cause you a grief, if ever I cost you a tear, if ever I forget the blind man whom you were willing to marry, I should be the most despicable of men!"

She felt that all resistance would be useless, that her imprisoned hands were already accustomed to captivity, that her strong will had deserted her, and that her very heart betrayed her.

And, during all this time, the former President of the Chamber looked on with a half-kind, half-satirical smile. Presently he said aloud, in the clear, resounding tone in which he had formerly uttered his well-rounded periods:

"Joshua was not afraid to lie in order to obtain the promised land, and God, nevertheless, gave it to him!"

## RAMBLES AMONG BOOKS.

### NO. III.—THE ESSAYISTS.

ONE of our national characteristics, we are told, is a love of sermons of all varieties, from sermons in stone to sermons in rhyme. We have no reason, that I can see, to be ashamed of our taste. We make an awkward figure when we disavow or disguise it. The spectacle of a solid John Bull trying to give himself the airs of a graceful, sensitive, pleasure-loving creature, indifferent to the duties of life and content with the spontaneous utterance of emotion, is always ridiculous. We can not do it—whether it be worth doing or not. We try desperately to be æsthetic, but we can't help laughing at ourselves in the very act: and the only result is, that we sometimes substitute painfully immoral for painfully moral sermons. We are just as clumsy as before, and a good deal less natural. I accept the fact without seeking to justify it, and I hold that every Englishman loves a sermon in his heart. We grumble dreadfully, it is true, over

the quality of the sermons provided by the official representatives of the art. In this, as in many previous long vacations, there will probably be a lively discussion in the papers as to the causes of the dullness of modern pulpits. I always wonder, for my part, that our hard-worked clergy can turn out so many entertaining and impressive discourses as they actually do.

At present I have nothing to say to the sermon properly so called. There is another kind of sermon, the demand for which is conclusively established by the exuberance of the supply. Few books, I fancy, have been more popular in modern times than certain lay-sermons, composed, as it seems to scoffers, of the very quintessence of commonplace. If such popularity were an adequate test of merit, we should have to reckon among the highest intellectual qualities the power of pouring forth a gentle and continuous maundering about things in general. We swallow with unfailing appetite a feeble dilution of harmless philanthropy mixed with a little stingless satirizing of anything that inter-

\* The preceding paper of the series appeared in "Appletons' Journal" for June last.

rupts the current of complacent optimism. We like to hear a thoroughly comfortable person purring contentedly in his arm-chair, and declaring that everything must be for the best in a world which has provided him so liberally with buttered rolls and a blazing fire. He hums out a satisfactory little string of platitudes as soothing as the voice of his own kettle singing on the hob. If a man of sterner nature or more daring intellect breaks in with a harsh declaration that there are evils too deep to be remedied by a letter to the "Times," mocks at our ideal of petty domestic comfort, and even swears that some of our heroes are charlatans and our pet nostrums mere quackery, we are inexpressibly shocked, and unite to hoot him down as a malevolent cynic. He professes, in sober earnest, to disbelieve in us. Obviously he must be a disbeliever in all human virtue; and so, having settled his business, we return to our comfortable philosopher, and lap ourselves in his gentle eulogies of our established conventions. I do not know, indeed, that we change very decidedly for the better when we turn up our noses at a diet of mere milk-and-water, and stimulate our jaded palate with an infusion of literary bitters. The cynic and the sentimentalist, who preach to us by turns in the social essay, often differ very slightly in the intrinsic merit or even in the substance of their discourses. Respondent and opponent are really on the same side in these little disputations, though they make a great show of deadly antagonism. I have often felt it to be a melancholy reflection that some of the most famous witticisms ever struck out—the saying about the use of language or the definition of gratitude—have been made by what seems to be almost a mechanical device—the inversion of a truism. Nothing gives a stronger impression of the limited range of the human intellect. In fact, it seems that the essay-writer has to make his choice between the platitude and the paradox. If he wishes for immediate success, he will probably do best by choosing the platitude. One of the great secrets of popularity—though it requires a discreet application—is not to be too much afraid of boring your audience. The most popular of modern writers have acted upon the principle. You may learn from Dickens that you can not make your jokes too obvious or repeat them too often; and from Macaulay that you should grudge no labor spent in proving that two and two make four. The public should be treated as a judicious barrister treats a common jury. It applauds most lustily the archer who is quite certain of hitting a hay-stack at ten paces: not the one who can sometimes split a willow wand at a hundred. Even the hardened essayist feels a little compunction at times. He is con-

scious that he has been anticipated in the remark that life is uncertain, and doubts whether he can season it with wit enough to get rid of the insipidity. "Of all the vices which degrade the human character," said the youthful Osborne in the essay which Amelia produced to Dobbin, "selfishness is the most odious and contemptible. An undue love of self leads to the most monstrous crimes, and occasions the greatest misfortunes both to states and families." Young Osborne succeeded in staggering through two or three sentences more, though he ends, it is true, by dropping into something like tautology. But really, when I consider the difficulty of saying anything, I am half-inclined to agree with his tutor's opinion that there was no office in the bar or the senate to which the lad might not aspire. How many sermons would reduce themselves to repeating this statement over and over again for the prescribed twenty minutes! And yet some skillful essayists have succeeded in giving a great charm to such remarks; and I rather wonder that, among the various selections now so fashionable, some one has not thought of a selection of our best periodical essays. Between the days of Bacon and our own, a sufficient number have been produced to furnish some very interesting volumes.

The essay-writer is the lay-preacher upon that vague mass of doctrine which we dignify by the name of knowledge of life or of human nature. He has to do with the science in which we all graduate as we grow old, when we try to pack our personal observations into a few sententious aphorisms not quite identical with the old formulae. It is a strange experience which happens to some people to grow old in a day, and to find that some good old saying—"vanity of vanities," for example—which you have been repeating ever since you first left college and gave yourself the airs of a man of the world, has suddenly become a vivid and striking impression of a novel truth, and has all the force of a sudden discovery. In one of Poe's stories, a clever man hides an important document by placing it exactly in the most obvious and conspicuous place in the room. That is the principle, it would sometimes seem, which accounts for the preservation of certain important secrets of life. They are hidden from the uninitiated just because the phrases in which they are couched are so familiar. We fancy, in our youth, that our elders must either be humbugs—which is the pleasantest and most obvious theory—or that they must have some little store of esoteric wisdom which they keep carefully to themselves. The initiated become aware that neither hypothesis is true. Experience teaches some real lessons; but they are taught in the old words. The change required is in the mind of



the thinker, not in the symbols of his thought. Worldly wisdom is summed up in the familiar currency which has passed from hand to hand through the centuries; and we find on some catastrophe, or by the gradual process of advancing years, that mystic properties lurk unsuspected in the domestic halfpenny.

The essayist should be able, more or less, to anticipate this change, and make us see what is before our eyes. It is easy enough for the mere hawker of sterile platitudes to imitate his procedure, and to put on airs of superhuman wisdom when retailing the barren *exuvie* of other men's thought. But there are some rare books, in reading which we slowly become aware that we have to do with the man who has done all that can be done in this direction—that is, rediscovered the old discoveries for himself. Chief, beyond rivalry, among all such performances, in our own language at least, is Bacon's "Essays." Like Montaigne, he represents, of course, the mood in which the great aim of the ablest thinkers was precisely to see facts for themselves instead of taking them on trust. And though Bacon has not the delightful egotism or the shrewd humor of his predecessors, and substitutes the tersest method of presenting his thought for the discursive rambling characteristic of the prince of all essayists, the charm of his writing is almost equally due to his unconscious revelation of character. One can imagine a careless reader, indeed, skimming the book in a hurry, and setting down the author as a kind of Polonius—a venerable old person with a plentiful lack of wit and nothing on his tongue but "words, words, words." In spite of the weighty style, surcharged, as it seems, with thought and experience, we might quote maxim after maxim from its pages with a most suspicious air of Polonius wisdom; and though Polonius, doubtless, had been a wise man in his day, Hamlet clearly took him for an old bore, and dealt with him as we could all wish at moments to deal with bores. "He that is plentiful in expense of all kinds will hardly be preserved from decay." Does it require a "large-browed Verulam," one of the first "of those that know," to give us that valuable bit of information? Or—to dip into his pages at random—could we not have guessed for ourselves that, if a man "easily pardons and remits offenses, it shows"—what?—"that his mind is planted above injuries"; or, again, that "good thoughts are little better than good dreams except they be put in act"; or even that a man "should be sure to leave other men their turns to speak." "Here be truths," and set forth as solemnly as if they were calculated to throw a new light upon things in general. But it would be hard to demand even of a Bacon that he should refrain from all

that has been said before. And the impression—if it ever crosses the mind of a perverse critic—that Bacon was a bit of a wind-bag, very rapidly disappears. It would be far less difficult to find pages free from platitude than to find one in which there is not some condensed saying which makes us acknowledge that the mark has been hit, and the definitive form imposed upon some hazy notion which has been vaguely hovering about the mind, and eluding all our attempts to grasp it. We have not thought just that, but something which clearly ought to have been that. Occasionally, of course, this is due to the singular power in which Bacon, whatever his other merits or defects, excels all other philosophic writers; the power which springs from a unique combination of the imaginative and speculative faculties, of finding some vivid concrete image to symbolize abstract truths. It is exhibited again in the perverted but often delightful ingenuity with which he reads philosophical meanings into old mythological legends, entirely innocent, as a matter of fact, of any such matter; which often makes us fancy that he was a new incarnation of Æsop, able to construct the most felicitous parables at a moment's notice, to illustrate any conceivable combination of ideas; a power, too, which is connected with his weakness, and helps to explain how he could be at once an almost inspired prophet of a coming scientific era, and yet curiously wanting in genuine aptitude for scientific inquiry. It is, perhaps, the more one-sided and colorless intellect which is best fitted for achievement, though incapable of clothing its ambition in the resplendent hues of Bacon's imagination.

In the "Essays" the compression of the style keeps this power in subordination. Analogies are suggested in a pregnant sentence, not elaborated and brought forward in the pomp of stately rhetoric. Only, as we become familiar with the book, we become more aware of the richness and versatility of intellect which it implies, and conscious of the extreme difficulty of characterizing it or its author in any compendious phrase. That has hardly been done; or, what is worse, it has been misdone. Readers who do not shrink from Mr. Spedding's\* seven solid volumes may learn to know Bacon; and will admit at least that the picture drawn by that loving hand differs as much from Macaulay's slapdash blacks and whites as a portrait by a master from the audacious caricature of a contemporary satirist. But Mr. Spedding was characteristically anxious that his readers should draw their own conclusions. He left

\* They may learn as much from the admirable "Evenings with a Reviewer," which unfortunately remains a privately-printed book, not easy to get sight of.

it to a successor, who has not hitherto appeared, to sum up the total impressions of the amazingly versatile and complex character, and to show how inadequately it is represented by simply heaping together a mass of contradictions, and calling them a judgment. Perhaps a thorough study of the "Essays" would be enough by itself to make us really intimate with their author. For we see as we read that Bacon is a typical example of one of the two great races between whom our allegiance is generally divided. He would be despised by the Puritan as worldly, and would retort by equal contempt for the narrow bigotry of Puritanism. You can not admire him heartily if the objects of your hero-worship are men of the Cromwell or Luther type. The stern, imperious man of action, who aims straight at the heart, who is efficient in proportion as he is one-sided, to whom the world presents itself as an internecine struggle between the powers of light and darkness, who can see nothing but eternal truths on one side and damnable lies on the other, who would reform by crushing his opponents to the dust, and regards all scruples that might trammel his energies as so much hollow cant, is undoubtedly an impressive phenomenon. But it is also plain that he must have suppressed half his nature; he has lost in breadth what he has gained in immensity; and the merits of a Bacon depend precisely upon the richness of his mind and the width of his culture. He can not help sympathizing with all the contemporary currents of thought. He is tempted to injustice only in regard to the systems which seem to imply the stagnation of thought. He hates bigotry, and bigotry alone, but bigotry in every possible phase, even when it is accidentally upon his own side. His sympathies are so wide that he can not help taking all knowledge for his province. The one lesson which he can not learn is Goethe's lesson of "renouncing." The whole universe is so interesting that every avenue for thought must be kept open. He is at once a philosopher, a statesman, a lawyer, a man of science, and an omnivorous student of literature. The widest theorizing and the minutest experiment are equally welcome; he is as much interested in arranging a mask or laying out a garden as in a political intrigue or a legal reform or a logical speculation. The weakness of such a man in political life is grossly misinterpreted when it is confounded with the baseness of a servile courtier. It is not that he is without aims, and lofty aims; but that they are complex, far-reaching, and too wide for vulgar comprehension. He can not join the party of revolution or the party of obstruction, for he desires the equable development of the whole organization. The danger is not that he will defy reason, but that he will

succeed in finding reasons for any conceivable course. The world's business, as he well knows, has to be carried on with the help of the stupid and the vile; and he naturally errs on the side of indulgence and compliance, hoping to work men to the furtherance of views of which they are unable to grasp the importance. His tolerance is apt to slide into worldliness, and his sensibility to all manner of impulses makes him vulnerable upon many points, and often takes the form of timidity. The time-serving of the profligate means a desire for personal gratification; the time-serving of a Bacon means too great a readiness to take the world as it is, and to use questionable tools in the pursuit of vast and elevated designs.

The "Essays" reflect these characteristics. They are the thoughts of a philosopher who is not content to accept any commonplace without independent examination; but who is as little disposed to reject an opinion summarily because it has a slightly immoral aspect as to reject a scientific experiment because it contradicts an established theory. We must hear what the vicious man has to say for himself, as well as listen to the virtuous. He shows his tendency in the opening essay. The dearest of all virtues to the philosophic mind is truth, and there is no sincerer lover of such truth than Bacon. But he will not overlook the claims of falsehood. "Truth may, perhaps, come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure." That famous sentence is just one of the sayings which the decorous moralist is apt to denounce or to hide away in dexterous verbiage. Bacon's calm recognition of the fact is more impressive, and perhaps not really less moral. The essay upon "Simulation and Dissimulation" may suggest more qualms to the rigorous. Dissimulation, it is true, is condemned as a "faint kind of policy and wisdom"; it is the "weaker sort of politicians that are the great dissemblers." But this denunciation has to be refined and shaded away. For, in the first place, a habit of secrecy is both "moral and politic." But secrecy implies more; for "no man can be secret except he give himself a little scope of dissimulation; which is, as it were, but the skirts or train of secrecy." But if secrecy leads to dissimulation, will not dissimulation imply downright simulation—in plain English, lying? "That," replies Bacon, "I hold more culpable and less politic, except it be in rare and great matters." He enumerates their advantages, and their counterbalancing disadvantages; and the summing up is one of his characteristic sentences: "The best composition and temperance is to love openness in fame and opinion;

secrecy in habit ; dissimulation in seasonable use ; and a power to feign if there be no remedy."

How skillfully the claims of morality and policy are blended ! How delicately we slide from the virtue of holding our tongues to the advisability of occasional lying ! " You old rogue ! " exclaims the severe moralist, " your advice is simply—don't lie, unless you can lie to your advantage, and without loss of credit." And yet it really seems, if we follow Mr. Spedding's elaborate investigations, that Bacon lied remarkably little for a statesman—especially for a timid statesman—in an age of elaborate intrigues. I fancy that the student of recent history would admit that the art of dexterous equivocation had not fallen entirely out of use, and is not judged with great severity when an opponent asks an awkward question in Parliament. A cynic might even declare the chief difference to be that we now disavow the principles upon which we really act, and so lie to ourselves as well as to others ; whereas Bacon was at least true to himself, and, if forced to adopt a theory of expediency, would not blink the fact. It is this kind of sincerity to which the " Essays " owe part of their charm to every thoughtful reader. We must not go to them for lofty or romantic morality—for sayings satisfactory to the purist or the enthusiast. We have a morality, rather, which has been refracted through a mind thoroughly imbued with worldly wisdom, and ready to accept the compromises which a man who mixes with his fellows on equal terms must often make with his conscience. He is no hermit to renounce the world, for the world is, after all, a great fact ; nor to retire to a desert because the air of cities is tainted by the lungs of his fellows. He accepts the code which is workable, not that which is ideally pure. He loves in all things the true *via media*. He objects to atheism, for religion is politically useful ; but he is quite as severe upon superstition, which is apt to generate a more dangerous fanaticism. He considers love to be a kind of excusable weakness, so long as men " sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life " ; but he is eloquent and forcible in exalting friendship, without which a man may as well " quit the stage." In this, indeed, Bacon (we will take Mr. Spedding's view of that little affair about Essex) seems to have spoken from his own experience ; and in spite of the taint of worldliness, the feeling that there is something tepid in their author's nature, a certain want of cordiality in the grasp of his hand—we feel that the " Essays " have a merit beyond that which belongs to them as genuine records of the observation of life at first hand by a man of vast ability and varied and prolonged experience. They show, too, a marvelously rich and sensitive nature, capable of wide sympathies,

with all manner of interests, devoted to a grand and far-reaching ambition, though not sufficiently contemptuous of immediate expediency, and fully appreciative of the really valuable elements in human life. If he has the weaknesses—he has also, in a surpassing degree, the merits—of a true cosmopolitan, or citizen of this world, whose wisdom, if not as childlike as the Christian preacher requires, is most certainly not childish. When we add the literary genius which has coined so many pregnant aphorisms, and stamped even truisms with his own image and superscription, we can understand why the " Essays " have come home to men's business and bosoms.

It is amusing to compare Bacon with the always delightful Fuller, in regard to whom Coleridge declares that his amazing wit has deprived him of the credit due to his soundness of judgment. The statement does not quite cover the ground. Fuller in the " Holy and Profane State " and Bacon in the " Essays " have each given us a short sermon upon the text " Be angry and sin not." Fuller undoubtedly makes the greatest display of intellectual fireworks. In half a dozen short paragraphs, he gets off as many witticisms, good, bad, and inimitable. A man who can't be angry, he says, is like the Caspian Sea, which never ebbs or flows : to be angry on slight cause, is to fire the beacons at the landing of every cockboat : you should beware of doing irrevocable mischief when you are angry, for Samson's hair grew again, but not his eyes : he tells us that manna did not corrupt when left over the Sabbath, whereas anger then corrupts most of all : and then we have that irresistible piece of absurdity which so delighted Charles Lamb ; we are warned not to take too literally the apostle's direction not to let the sun go down upon our wrath, for " then might our wrath lengthen with the days, and men in Greenland, where day lasts above a quarter of the year, might have plentiful scope of revenge." Undoubtedly Fuller's astonishing ingenuity in striking out illustrations of this kind excites, as Coleridge says, our sense of the wonderful. If we read in search of amusement, we are rewarded at every page ; we shall never fail to make a bag in beating his coverts : and beyond a doubt we shall bring back as well a healthy liking for the shrewd, lively simplicity which has provided them. But it is equally undeniable that Fuller never takes the trouble to distinguish between an illustration which really gives light to our feet and a sudden flash of brilliancy which disappears to leave the obscurity unchanged. He can not refrain from a ludicrous analogy, which is often all the more amusing just because it is preposterously inapplicable. Here and there we have a really brilliant stroke and then an audacious pun, not, perhaps, a play

upon words, but a play upon ideas which is quite as superficial. At bottom we feel that the excellent man has expended his energy, not in "chewing and digesting" the formula which serves him for a text, but in overlaying it with quaint conceits. Bacon gives us no such flashes of wit, though certainly not from inability to supply them; but he says a thing which we remember: "Men must beware that they carry their anger rather with scorn than with fear, so that they may seem to be rather above the injury than below it; which is a thing easily done, if a man will give a law to himself in it." The remark is doubtless old enough in substance; but it reveals at once the man who does not allow a truism to run through his mind without weighing or testing it; who has impartially considered the uses of anger and the proper mode of disciplining it; and who can aid us with a judicious hint or two as to the best plan of making others angry, an art of great utility, whatever its morality, in many affairs of life.

The essay, as Bacon understood it, is indeed a trying form of utterance. A man must be very confident of the value of his own meditations upon things in general, and of his capacity for "looking wiser than any man ever really was," before he should venture to adopt his form. I can not remember any English book deserving to be put in the same class, unless it be Sir Henry Taylor's essays, the "Statesman" and "Notes upon Life," which have the resemblance at least of reflecting, in admirably graceful English, the mellowed wisdom of a cultivated and meditative mind, which has tested commonplaces by the realities of the world and its business. But a few men have thoughts which will bear being presented simply and straightforwardly, and which have specific gravity enough to dispense with adventitious aids. A Frenchman can always season his wisdom with epigram, and coins his reflections into the form of detached *penstées*. But our language or our intellect is too blunt for such jewelry in words. We can not match Pascal, or Rochefoucauld, or Vauvenargues, or Chamfort. Our modes of expression are lumbering, and seem to have been developed rather in the pulpit than in the rapid interchange of animated conversation. The essay after Bacon did not crystallize into separate drops of sparkling wit, but became more continuous, less epigrammatic, and easier in its flow. Cowley just tried his hand at the art enough to make us regret that he did not give us more prose and fewer Pindarics. Sir William Temple's essays give an interesting picture of the statesman who has for once realized the dream so often cherished in vain, of a retirement to books and gardens; but the thought is too superficial and the style too

slipshod for enduring popularity; and that sturdy, hot-headed, pugnacious, and rather priggish moralist, Jeremy Collier, poured out some hearty, rugged essays, which make us like the man, but feel that he is too much of the pedagogue, brandishing a birch-rod wherewith to whip our sins out of us. The genuine essayist appeared with Steele and Addison and their countless imitators. Some salvage from the vast mass of periodicals which have sunk into the abysses appears upon our shelves in the shape of forty-odd volumes, duly annotated and expounded by laborious commentators. It is amusing to glance over the row, from "The Tatler" to "The Looker-on," from the days of Steele to those of Cumberland and Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," and reflect upon the simple-mindedness of our great-grandfathers. Nothing brings back to us more vividly the time of the good old British "gentlewoman"; the contemporary of the admirable Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Carter, who even contributed short papers to "The Rambler," and regarded the honor as a patent of immortality; who formed Richardson's court, and made tea for Johnson; who wrote letters about the "improvement of the mind," and at times ventured upon a translation of a classical moralist, but inquired with some anxiety whether a knowledge of Latin was consistent with the delicacy of the female sex; and thought it a piece of delicate flattery when a male author condescended to write down to the level of their comprehension. Lady Mary seems to have been the only woman of the century who really felt herself entitled to a claim of intellectual equality; and the feminine author was regarded much in the same way as a modern lady in the hunting-field. It was a question whether she should be treated with exceptional forbearance, or warned off a pursuit rather too rough for a true womanly occupation. Johnson's famous comparison of the preaching women to the dancing dogs gives the general sentiment. They were not admired for writing well, but for writing at all.

We have changed all this, and there is something pathetic in the tentative and modest approaches of our grandmothers to the pursuits in which their granddaughters have achieved the rights and responsibilities of equal treatment.

But it is necessary to remember, in reading the whole "Spectator" and its successors, that this audience is always in the background. It is literature written by gentlemen for ladies—that is, for persons disposed to sit at gentlemen's feet. Bacon is delivering his thoughts for the guidance of thoughtful aspirants to fame; and Temple is acting the polished statesman in the imagined presence of wits and courtiers. But Steele and Addison make it their express boast that they



write for the good of women, who have hitherto been limited to an intellectual diet of decent devotional works or of plays and romances. "The Spectator" is to lie on the table by the side of the morning dish of chocolate; and every writer in a periodical knows how carefully he must bear in mind the audience for which he is catering. The form once fixed was preserved throughout the century with a persistency characteristic of the sheep-like race of authors. Every successor tried to walk in Addison's footsteps. "The World," as somebody tells us, was the Ulysses's bow in which all the wits of the day tried their strength. The fine gentlemen, like Chesterfield and Walpole, too nice to rub shoulders with the ordinary denizens of Grub Street, ventured into this select arena with the encouragement of some easily dropped mask of anonymity. It is amusing to observe on what easy terms glory was to be won by such achievements. There were the exemplary Mr. Grove, of Taunton, who wrote a paper in "The Spectator," which, according to Johnson, was "one of the finest pieces in the English language," though I suppose but few of my readers can recollect a word of it, and Mr. Ince, of Gray's Inn, who frequented Tom's Coffee House, and was apparently revered by other frequenters on the strength of a compliment from Steele to some contributions never identified. Nay, a certain Mr. Elphinstone, seen in the flesh by Hazlitt, was surrounded for fifty years by a kind of faint halo of literary fame, because he had discharged the humble duty of translating the mottoes to "The Rambler." The fame, indeed, has not been very enduring. We have lost our appetite for this simple food. Very few people, we may suspect, give their days and nights to the study of Addison, any more than a youthful versifier tries to catch the echo of Pope. We are rather disposed to laugh at the classical motto which serves in place of a text, and must have given infinite trouble to some unfortunate scribes. The gentle raillery of feminine foibles in dress or manners requires to be renewed in every generation with the fashions to which it refers. The novelettes are of that kind of literature which are too much like tracts, insipid to tastes accustomed to the full-blown novel developed in later times. A classical allegory or a so-called Eastern tale has become a puerility like the old-fashioned pastoral. We half regret the days when a man with a taste for fossils or butterflies was called a *virtuoso*, and considered an unfailing butt for easy ridicule; but we are too much under the thumb of the scientific world to reveal our sentiments. And as for the criticism, with its elaborate inanities about the unities and the rules of epic poetry, and the authority of Aristotle and M. Bossu, we look down upon it from the

heights of philosophical æsthetics, and rejoice complacently in the infallibility of modern tastes. Were it not for "Sir Roger de Coverley," the old-fashioned essay would be wellnigh forgotten, except by some examiner who wants a bit of pure English to be turned into Latin prose.

Oblivion of this kind is the natural penalty of laboring upon another man's foundations. There is clearly a presumption that the form struck out by Addison would not precisely suit Fielding or Johnson or Goldsmith; and accordingly we read "Tom Jones" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Lives of the Poets" without troubling ourselves to glance at "The Champion" or the "Covent Garden Journal." We make a perfunctory study even of "The Bee" and the "Citizen of the World," and are irreverent about "The Rambler." We may find in them, indeed, abundant traces of Fielding's rough irony and hearty common-sense, and of Goldsmith's delicate humor and felicity of touch; but Goldsmith, when forced to continuous dissertation, has to spin his thread too fine, and Fielding seems to be uncomfortably cramped within the narrow limits of the essay. "The Rambler" should not have a superfluous word said against it; for the very name has become a kind of scarecrow; and yet any one who will skip most of the criticisms and all the amusing passages may suck much profitable and not unpleasing melancholy out of its ponderous pages. It is all the pleasanter for its contrast to the kind of jaunty optimism which most essayists adopt as most congenial to easy-going readers. I like to come upon one of Johnson's solemn utterances of a conviction of the radical wretchedness of life. "The cure for the greatest part of human miseries is not radical but palliative. Infelicity is involved in corporeal nature, and interwoven with our being; all attempts, therefore, to decline it wholly are useless and vain; the armies of pain send their arrows against us on every side; the choice is only between those which are more or less sharp, or tinged with poison of greater or less malignity; and the strongest armor which reason can supply will only blunt their points, but can not repel them." This melancholy monotone of sadness, coming from a brave and much-enduring nature, is impressive, but it must be admitted that it would make rather severe reading at a tea-table—even when presided over by that ornament to her sex, the translator of Epictetus. And poor Johnson, being painfully sensible that he must not deviate too far from his Addison, makes an elephantine gambol or two with a very wry face; and is only comical by his failure.

I take it, in fact, to be established that within his special and narrow province Addison was unique. Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt tried to exalt

Steele above his colleague. We can perfectly understand their affection for the chivalrous, warm-hearted Irishman. When a virtuous person rebukes the extravagance of a thoughtless friend by the broad hint of putting an execution into his house, we naturally take part with the offender. We have a sense that Addison got a little more than his deserts in this world, while Steele got a little less, and we wish to make the balance even. And to some extent this applies in a literary sense. Steele has more warmth and pathos than Addison; he can speak of women without the patronizing tone of his leader, and would hardly, like him, have quoted for their benefit the famous theory of Pericles as to their true glory. And yet it does not want any refined criticism to recognize Addison's superiority. Steele's admirers have tried to vindicate for him a share in Sir Roger; but any one who reads the papers in which that memorable character is described will see that all the really fine touches are contributed by Addison. Steele took one of the most promising incidents, the courtship of the widow, and the paper in which this appears is the farthest below the general level. To have created Sir Roger—the forefather of so many exquisite characters, for surely he is closely related to Parson Adams, and Uncle Toby, and Doctor Primrose, and Colonel Newcome—is Addison's greatest achievement, and the most characteristic of the man. For it is impossible not to feel that some injustice is done to Addison when grave writers like M. Taine, for example, treat him seriously as a novelist or a political theorist, or even as a critic. Judged by any severe standard, his morality and his political dissertations and his critical disquisitions—the immortal papers, for example, upon the Imagination and upon "Paradise Lost"—are puerile enough. With all our love of sermons, we can be almost as much bored as M. Taine himself by some of Addison's prosings. The charm of the man is just in the admirable simplicity of which Sir Roger is only an imaginative projection. Addison, it is true, smiles at the knight's little absurdities from the platform of superior scholarship. He feels himself to be on the highest level of the culture of his time—a scholar, a gentleman—fit to sit in council with Somers, or to interpret the speculations of Locke. But at bottom he is precisely of the same material as the fine old squire with whom he sympathizes. His simplicity is not destroyed by learning to write Latin verses, or even by becoming a Secretary of State. Sir Roger does not accept the teaching of his chaplain with more reverence than Addison feels for Tillotson and the admirable Dr. Scott, whose authority has become very faded for us. The squire accepts Baker's chronicle as

his sole and infallible authority in all matters of history; but Addison's history would pass muster just as little with Mr. Freeman or Dr. Stubbs. We smile at Sir Roger's satisfaction with the progress of the Church of England when a rigid dissenter eats plentifully of his Christmas plum-porridge; but there is something almost equally simple-minded in Addison's conviction that the prosecutors of Sacheverell had spoken the very last words of political wisdom, and even the good Sir Roger's criticisms of the "Distressed Mother" are not much simpler in substance, though less ambitious in form, than Addison's lectures upon similar topics. Time has put us as much beyond the artist as the artist was beyond his model, and, though he is in part the accomplice, he must also be taken as partly the object of some good-humored ridicule. We can not sit at his feet as a political teacher; but we see that his politics really mean the spontaneous sympathy of a kindly and generous nature, which receives a painful jar from the sight of bigotry and oppression. His theology, as M. Taine rather superfluously insists, represents the frigid and prosaic type of contemporary divines; but it is only the external covering of that tender sentiment of natural piety to which we owe some of the most exquisite hymns in the language. In short, the occasional pretentiousness of the man, when he wants to deliver *ex cathedra* judgments upon points of criticism and morality, becomes a very venial and rather amusing bit of affectation. It shows only the docility—perhaps rather excessive—with which a gentle and rather timid intellect accepts, at their own valuation, the accepted teachers of his day; and, having put away all thoughts of judging him by an inapplicable standard, we can enjoy him for what he really is without further qualification; we can delight in the urbanity which is the indication of a childlike nature unspoiled by familiarity with the world; we can admire equally the tenderness, guided by playful fancy, of the Vision of Mirza, and the legend of Marraton and Yaratilda, and the passages in which he amuses himself with some such trifle as ladies' patches, handling his plaything so dexterously as never to be too ponderous, while somehow preserving, by mere unconscious wit, an air as of amiable wisdom relaxing for a moment from severer thought. Addison's imitators flounder awkwardly enough, for the most part, in attempting to repeat a performance which looks so easy after its execution; but, in truth, the secret, though it may be an open one, is not easily appropriated. You have only to acquire Addison's peculiar nature, his delicacy of perception, his tenderness of nature held in check by excessive sensibility, his generosity of feeling which can never hurry him out of the safe in-

trenchment of thorough respectability, his intense appreciation of all that is pure and beautiful so long as it is also of good report—you must have, in short, the fine qualities along with the limitations of his character, and then you will spontaneously express, in this kind of lambent humor, the quiet, sub-sarcastic playfulness, which could gleam out so delightfully when he was alone with a friend, or with his pen, and a bottle of port to give him courage.

Essay-writing, thus understood, is as much one of the lost arts as good letter-writing or good talk. We are too distracted, too hurried. The town about which these essayists are always talking, meant a limited society; it has now become a vast chaos of distracted atoms, whirled into momentary contact, but not coalescing into permanent groups. A sensitive, reserved Addison would go to his club in the days when a club meant a social gathering instead of an oppressive house of call for twelve hundred gentlemen, glaring mutual distrust across their newspaper. He has his recognized corner at the coffee-house, where he could listen undisturbed to the gossip of the regular frequenters. He would retire to his lodgings with a chosen friend, and gradually thaw under the influence of his bottle and his pipe of tobacco, till he poured out his little speculations to his companion, or wrote them down for an audience which he knew as a country parson knows his congregation. He could make little confidential jokes to the public, for the public was only an enlarged circle of friends. At the present day, such a man, for he was a man of taste and reflection, finds society an intolerable bore. He goes into it to be one of a crowd assembled for a moment to be dispersed in a dozen different crowds to-morrow; he is stuck down at a dinner-table between a couple of strangers, and has not time to break the ice or get beyond the conventional twaddle, unless, indeed, he meets some intrepid talker, who asks him between the soup and the fish whether he believes in the equality of the sexes or the existence of a Deity. He is lucky if he can count upon meeting his best friends once in a fortnight. He becomes famous, not to be the cherished companion of the day, but to be mobbed by a crowd. He may become a recluse, nowhere more easily than in London; but then he can hardly write effective essays upon life; or he may throw himself into some of the countless "movements" of the day, and will have to be in too deadly earnest for the pleasant interchange of social persiflage with a skillful blending of lively and severe. The little friendly circle of sympathetic hearers is broken up for good or bad, dissolved into fragments and whirled into mad confusion; and the talker on paper must

change his tone as his audience is dispersed. Undoubtedly in some ways the present day is not merely favorable to essay-writing but a very paradise for essayists. Our magazines and journals are full of excellent performances. But their character is radically changed. They are serious discussions of important questions, where a man puts a whole system of philosophy into a dozen pages. Or else they differ from the old-fashioned essay as the address of a mob-orator differs from a speech to an organized assembly. The writer has not in his eye a little coterie of recognized authority, but is competing with countless rivals to catch the ear of that vague and capricious personage, the general reader. Sometimes the general reader likes slow twaddle, and sometimes a spice of scandal; but he is terribly apt to take irony for a personal insult, and to mistake delicacy for insipidity. It is true, indeed, that one kind of authority has become more imposing than ever. We are greatly exercised in our minds by the claims of the scientific critic; but that only explains why it is so much easier to write about essay-writing than to write an essay one's self.

Some men, indeed, have enough of the humorist or the philosopher to withdraw from the crush and indulge in very admirable speculations. Essays may be mentioned which, though less popular than some downright twaddle, have a better chance of endurance. But, apart from the most modern performances, some of the very best of English essays came from the school which in some sense continued the old traditions. The "cockneys" of the first quarter of the century still talked about the "town" as a distinct entity. Charles Lamb's supper-parties were probably the last representatives of the old-fashioned club. Lamb, indeed, was the pet of a little clique of familiars, standing apart from the great world—not like Addison, the favorite of a society, including the chief political and social leaders of the day. The cockneys formed only a small and a rather despised section of society; but they had not been swamped and overwhelmed in the crowd. London was not a shifting caravansary, a vague aggregate of human beings, from which all traces of organic unity had disappeared. Names like Kensington or Hampstead still suggested real places, with oldest inhabitants and local associations, not confusing paraphrases for arbitrary fragments of S. or N. W. The Temple had its old benchers, men who had lived there under the eyes of neighbors, and whose personal characteristics were known as accurately as in any country village. The theatre of Lamb's day was not one among many places of amusement, with only such claims as may be derived from the star of the moment; but a

body with imposing historical associations, which could trace back its continuity through a dynasty of managers, from Sheridan to Garrick, and so to Cibber and Betterton, and the companies which exulted in the name of the King's servants. When sitting in the pit, he seemed to be taking the very place of Steele, and might still listen to the old "artificial comedy," for which we have become too moral or too squeamish. To read Elia's essays is to breathe that atmosphere again; and to see that, if Lamb did not write for so definite a circle as the old essayists, he is still representing a class with cherished associations and a distinctive character. One should be a bit of a cockney fully to enjoy his writing; to be able to reconstruct the picturesque old London with its quaint and grotesque aspects. For Lamb is nowhere more himself than in the humorous pathos with which he dwells upon the rapidly vanishing peculiarities of the old-fashioned world.

Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt may be taken to represent this last phase of the old town-life before the town had become a wilderness. They have all written admirable essays, though Hunt's pure taste and graceful style scarcely atone for the want of force or idiosyncrasy. No such criticism could be made against his friends. Lamb was not only the pet of his own clique, but the pet of all subsequent critics. To say anything against him would be to provoke indignant remonstrance. An attack upon him would resemble an insult to a child. Yet I will venture to confess that Lamb has some of the faults from which no favorite of a little circle is ever quite free. He is always on the verge of affectation, and sometimes trespasses beyond the verge. There is a self-consciousness about him which in some moods is provoking. There is a certain bigotry about most humorists (as of a spoiled child) which has become a little tiresome. People have come to talk as if a sense of humor were one of the cardinal virtues. To have it is to be free of a privileged class, possessed of an esoteric system of critical wisdom. To be without it is to be a wretched matter-of-fact utilitarian pedant. The professed humorist considers the rest of mankind as though they were deprived of a faculty, incapable of a relish for the finest literary flavors. Lamb was one of the first representatives of this theory, and is always tacitly warning off the profane vulgar, typified by the prosaic Scotchman who pointed out that his wish to see Burns instead of Burns's son was impracticable, inasmuch as the poet himself was dead. The pretension is, of course, put forward by Lamb in the most amiable way, but it remains a pretension. Most people are docile enough to accept at his own valuation, or at that of his admirers,

any man who claims a special privilege, and think it wise to hold their tongues if they do not perceive it to be fully justified by the facts. But I admit that, after a certain quantity of Lamb, I begin to feel a sympathy for the unimaginative Scotchman. I think that he has something to say for himself. Lamb, for example, was a most exquisite critic of the authors in whom he delighted. Nobody has said such admirable things about the old English dramatists, and a little exaggeration may be forgiven to so genuine a worshiper. But he helped to start the nuisance of "appreciative criticism," which proceeds on the assumptive fancy that it necessarily shows equal insight and geniality to pick up pebbles or real jewels from the rubbish-heaps of time. Lamb certainly is not to be blamed for the extravagance of his followers. But this exaltation of the tastes or fancies of a little coterie has always its dangers, and that is what limits one's affection for Lamb. Nobody can delight too much in the essay upon roast pig—the apologue in which contains as much sound philosophy as fine humor—or in Mrs. Battle's opinions upon whist, or the description of Christ's Hospital, or the old benchers of the Temple, or Oxford in the Long Vacation. Only I can not get rid of the feeling which besets me when I am ordered to worship the idol of any small sect. Accept their shibboleths, and everything will go pleasantly. The underlying conceit and dogmatism will only turn its pleasanter side toward you, and show itself in tingeing the admirable sentiments with a slight affectation. Yet, one wants a little more fresh air, and one does not like to admire upon compulsion. Lamb's manner is inimitably graceful; but it reminds one just a little too much of an ancient beau, retailing his exquisite compliments, and putting his hearers on their best behavior. Perhaps it shows the corruption of human nature, but I should be glad if now and then he could drop his falsetto and come out of his little intrenchment of elaborate reserve. I should feel certain that I see the natural man. "I am all over sophisticated," says Lamb, accounting for his imperfect sympathy with Quakers, "with humors, fancies craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, antiquities, and a thousand whimsams which their simpler taste could do without." There are times when the simpler taste is a pleasant relief to the most skillful dandling of whimsams; and it is at those times that one revolts not exactly against Lamb, but against the intolerance of true Lamb-worshippers.

The reader who is tired of Lamb's delicate confections, and wants a bit of genuine nature, a straightforward, uncompromising utterance of antipathy and indignation, need not go far. Haz-



litt will serve his turn; and for that reason I can very often read Hazlitt with admiration when Lamb rather palls upon me. If Hazlitt has the weaknesses of a cockney, they take a very different form. He could hardly have been the ideal of any sect which did not enjoy frequent slaps in the face from the object of its worship. He has acquired, to an irritating degree, the temper characteristic of a narrow provincial sect. He has cherished and brooded over the antipathies with which he started, and, from time to time, has added new dislikes and taken up grudges against his old friends. He has not sufficient culture to understand fully the bearings of his own theories; and quarrels with those who should be his allies. He has another characteristic which, to my mind, is less pardonable. He is not only egotistical, which one may forgive, but there is something rather ungentlemanlike about his egotism. There is a rather offensive tone of self-assertion, thickly masked as self-depreciation. I should be slow to say that he was envious, for that is one of the accusations most easily made and least capable of being proved, against any one who takes an independent view of contemporary celebrities; but he has the tone of a man with a grievance; and the grievances are the shocks which his vanity has received from a want of general appreciation. There is something petty in the spirit which takes the world into its confidence upon such matters; and his want of reticence takes at times a more offensive form. He is one of the earliest "interviewers," and revenges himself upon men who have been more popular than himself by cutting portraits of them as they appeared to him. Altogether he is a man whom it is impossible to regard without a certain distrust; and that, as I fancy, is the true reason for his want of popularity. No literary skill will make average readers take kindly to a man who does not attract by some amiable quality.

In fact, some explanation is needed, for otherwise we could hardly account for the comparative neglect of some of the ablest essays in the language. We may be very fine fellows now, but we can not write like Hazlitt, says a critic who is more likely than any one to falsify his own assertions. And when I take up one of Hazlitt's volumes of essays I am very much inclined at times to agree with the assertion. They are apt, it is true, to leave a rather unpleasant flavor upon the palate. There is a certain acidity, a rather petulant putting forward of little crotchets or personal dislikes, the arrogance belonging to all cliquishness is not softened into tacit assumption, but rather dashed in your face. But, putting this aside, the nervous vigor of the writing, the tone of strong conviction and passion which vibrates through his phrases, the genuine enthusiasm with

which he celebrates the books and pictures which he really loves; the intense enjoyment of the beauties which he really comprehends, has in it something inspiring and contagious. There is, at any rate, nothing finicking or affected; if he is crotchety, he really believes in his crotchets; if he deals in paradoxes, it is not that he wishes to exhibit his skill, or to insinuate a claim to originality, but that he is a vehement and passionate believer in certain prejudices which have sunk into his mind or become ingrained in his nature. If every essayist is bound to be a dealer in commonplace or in the inverse commonplace which we call a paradox, Hazlitt succeeds in giving them an interest, by a new method. It is not that he is a man of ripened meditative wisdom who has thought over them and tested them for himself; nor a man of delicate sensibility from whose lips they come with the freshness of perfect simplicity; nor a man of strong sense, who tears away the conventional illusions by which we work ourselves into complacency; not a gentle humorist, who is playing with absurdities and appeals to us to share his enjoyable consciousness of his own nonsense; it is simply that he is a man of marked idiosyncrasy whose feelings are so strong, though confined within narrow channels, that his utterances have always the emphatic ring of true passion. When he talks about one of his favorites, whether Rousseau or Mrs. Inchbald, he has not perhaps much to add to the established criticisms, but he speaks as one who knows the book by heart, who has pored over it like a lover, come to it again and again, relished the little touches which escape the hasty reader, and in writing about it is reviving the old passionate gush of admiration. He can not make such fine remarks as Lamb, and his judgments are still more personal and dependent upon the accidents of his early studies. But they stimulate still more strongly the illusion that one has only to turn to the original in order to enjoy a similar rapture. Lamb speaks as the epicure, and lets one know that one must be a man of taste to share his fine discrimination. But Hazlitt speaks of his old enjoyments as a traveler might speak of the gush of fresh water which saved him from dying of thirst in the wilderness. The delight seems so spontaneous and natural that we fancy—very erroneously for the most part—that the spring must be as refreshing to our lips as it was to his. We are ashamed after it when we are bored by the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*."

There is the same kind of charm in the non-critical essays. We share for the moment Hazlitt's enthusiasm for the Indian jugglers, or for Cavanagh, the fives-player, whom he celebrates with an enthusiasm astonishing in pre-athletic days, and which could hardly be rivaled by a

boyish idolater of Dr. Grace. We forget all our acquired prejudices to throw ourselves into the sport of the famous prize-fight between the gasman and Bill Neate; and see no incongruity between the pleasure of seeing one side of Mr. Hickman's face dashed into "a red ruin" by a single blow and of taking a volume of Rousseau's sentimentalism in your pocket to solace the necessary hours of waiting.

It is the same, again, when Hazlitt comes to deal with the well-worn topics of commonplace essayists. He preaches upon threadbare texts, but they always have for him a strong personal interest. A commonplace maxim occurs to him, not to be calmly considered or to be ornamented with fresh illustrations, but as if it were incarnated in a flesh-and-blood representative, to be grappled, wrestled with, overthrown, and trampled under foot. He talks about the conduct of life to his son, and begins with the proper aphorisms about industry, civility, and so forth, but, as he warms to his work, he grows passionate and pours out his own prejudices with the energy of personal conviction. He talks about "effeminacy," about the "fear of death," about the "main chance," about "envy," about "egotism," about "success in life," about "depth and superficiality," and a dozen other equally unpromising subjects. We know too well what dreary and edifying meditations they would suggest to some popular essayists, and how prettily others might play with them. But nothing turns to platitude with Hazlitt; he is always idiosyncratic, racy, vigorous, and intensely eager, not so much to convince you, perhaps, as to get the better of you as presumably an antagonist. He does not address himself to the gentle reader of more popular writers, but to an imaginary opponent always ready to take up the gauntlet and to get the worst of it. Most people rather object to assuming that position, and to be pounded as if it were a matter of course that they were priggish adherents of some objectionable theory. But, if you can take him for the nonce on his own terms and enjoy conversation which courts contradiction, you may be sure of a good bout in the intellectual ring. And even his paradoxes are

more than mere wanton desire to dazzle. Read, for example, the characteristic essay upon "The Pleasure of Hating," with its perverse vindication of infidelity to our old friends and old books, and you feel that Hazlitt, though arguing himself for the moment into a conviction which he can not seriously hold, has really given utterance to a genuine sentiment which is more impressive than many a volume of average reflection. A more frequent contrast of general sentiment might, indeed, be agreeable. And yet, in spite of the undertone of rather sullen melancholy, we must be hard to please if we are not charmed with the occasional occurrence of such passages as these: "I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, skirted with willows and flashing ridges, in one of those sequestered valleys on Salisbury plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from my sight; when, all of a sudden, I was startled by the sound of a full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by the rustic voices and the rolling choir of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, like an inhalation of rich distilled perfumes. The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness, the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death; fancy caught the sound and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world."

If the spirit of clique were invariably productive of good essay-writing, we should never be in danger of any deficiency in our supplies. But our modern cliques are so anxious to be cosmopolitan, and on a level with the last new utterance of the accepted prophet, that somehow their disquisitions seem to be wanting in individual flavor. Perhaps we have unknown prophets among us whose works will be valued by our grandchildren. But I will not now venture upon the dangerous ground of contemporary criticism.

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## ARAB HUMOR.

## III.—ABU NUWÂS.

I HAVE spoken so often of Abu Nuwâs, the court poet and jester of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, that it is but fair to introduce him personally to the reader, more especially as he is *facile princeps* of Arab humorists. I made my own acquaintance with him in Cairo, where I heard an Arab story-teller reciting some of the legends which I am about to give in this chapter; which, moreover, I have since found in fuller form in Arabic manuscript works. The scene was a strange one, and made me realize more than almost anything else the life of the strange people to whom the tales refer, and taught me how true a picture they really present of Arab society under the caliphate.

Leaving the Ezbekiyeh and the new hotels and public buildings of modern Europeanized Cairo but a few minutes behind, I found myself in a narrow street lit only by a faint light which shone out of a low arched doorway; from within came a monotonous sound as of one reciting, interrupted by a periodical chorus of "Yâ Allah!" and occasionally by a peal of laughter. This last struck me as peculiar, for I had at first taken it to be an assembly of dervishes performing their *sikr* or services, and, feeling my curiosity piqued, I ventured to enter in. I found myself quite welcome, for the place was a small native coffee-shop, and, having called for a cup of the fragrant beverage and a *narghilé*, I sat down and contemplated the company. They consisted of solemn-looking Egyptians and Arabs, dark-visaged, with imposing turbans and long robes, and were listening intently to a story-teller who stood in their midst, signifying from time to time their appreciation of his efforts in the manner I have mentioned. The *raconteur* had just commenced the tale of "The Forfeits," which I shall tell later on, and as I subsequently learned was treating his audience to a cycle of anecdotes relating to Abu Nuwâs, from whom he jocularly claimed descent. His introduction was something after this wise:

"The ancient genealogic tree,  
Of which I am the ripest fruit,  
Bloomed ages since in Araby,  
With father Adam at the root.

"Suleimân said (though what he meant  
I must confess I can't conceive),  
'If Adam knew I claimed descent  
From him, he'd get divorced from Eve!'

"Mid many a name that I am most  
Reluctantly compelled to pass,

One famous ancestor I boast—  
The courtly wit, Abu Nuwâs.

"He flourished in that glorious time  
Which modern poets have agreed  
To speak of as 'The golden prime'  
Of good King Haroun ar Rashîd.

"Ah, Moslems! few such men as he  
Are found in these degenerate times.  
He drank as much as you or me,  
And then his Arab poetry  
Would almost match my matchless rhymes.

"His prudence and his wisdom clear  
To prove, it need be only said,  
That though the caliph held him dear,  
And drank with him from year to year,  
The poet never lost his head.

"Abu Nuwâs, say once a week,  
Found Haroun in a murderous fit;  
But thanks to what the Franks call 'cheek'  
He usually got out of it.

"Here is his story, gleaned from books  
That tell of many a doughty deed.  
*Yâ weled!* \* bring some fresh *chibouques*,  
And fill our *finjans* † while I read."

His full name was Abu 'Ali Al Hasan, the son of Hâni, and great-grandson of the celebrated poet El Hakaml. He was born at Basrah (Basora), in the year 758 of the Christian era, and when thirty years old removed to Bagdad, where he soon attracted the attention of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, with whom he became a great favorite, as much for the wit and brilliancy of his conversation as for the beauty and originality of his poetry. His family came originally from Yemen, and before entering the service of the caliph he was patronized by a certain Khalaf el Ahmar, who also claimed descent from a noble tribe of that country.

This patron offered him the choice of one out of four names of the ancient kings of Yemen, Zu Jeden, Zu Kelal, Zu Yezen, or Zu Nuwâs, and he chose the last, which means "the man with the side-curls," although, for *Zu*, his contemporaries substituted the more usual *Abu* ("father of"), a word which enters into the composition of nicknames at the present day.

His poetry, which deals chiefly with the themes of love and wine, contains much that is humorous, and sparkles with wit; but I propose to content myself for the present with recounting

\* "Waiter!"

† Coffee-cups.

some of the humorous anecdotes which are recorded of him while he occupied the post of "boon-companion" to Alraschid. Extravagant as many of them may seem, they are probably for the most part authentic; and those which deal with the private life of the caliph and his relations with his wives and other members of his household agree singularly with the more serious records of his habits and temper.

Haroun Alraschid's favorite wife was his cousin Zobeide—the Lady Zobeide of the "Arabian Nights"—a strong-minded dame who appears to have kept her spouse more under control than one would expect from his imperious and irritable temper. The caliph was troubled with frequently recurring fits of melancholy or restlessness, and would, according to the nature of the attack, either wander about *incognito* through the streets of Bagdad in search of nightly adventures, or would sit moping all day alone in his palace. In one of the latter moods he once sent for that most cheery of boon-companions, Abu Nuwās, who, taking in the circumstances at a glance, set himself immediately to the task of amusing his royal patron. "What ails the Prince of the Faithful," he began, "that he sits there in the dumps? I never saw a man in all my life who wronged himself as your Majesty does. Why do you not enjoy the delights of this world and the next, able as you are to gratify your slightest wish? And how, you may ask, can you anticipate the joys of the next world? I will tell you. By kindness to the poor and orphan; by pilgrimage to the holy house of Allah at Mecca, the mother of towns; by endowing mosques and seminaries of sound learning and religious education; by repairing the roads and sowing your charities broadcast around. And if you ask me of the joys of this transient life, I will tell you in what they consist. In delicious foods and heart-expanding wine; in the society of damsels tall and stately, or short and silver-limbed; of maidens blonde or rich brunette, from Medina and Hijaz and Room and far Irāk, with stature like the famed Samhart lance—modest, gentle, clever, and coaxing withal"—and so the artful scamp went on until the caliph had forgotten his melancholy and sent him off with a reward. But when the Lady Zobeide came in a short time afterward she found him dull as ever, and set herself to work to cheer him up. She not only succeeded in this, but cajoled him into telling her all that Abu Nuwās had said, whereupon she asked angrily, "Did you not abuse him for holding such discourse with you?"

"Why should I abuse him," returned the caliph, "when he gave such good advice?"

At this the offended princess rose in high dudgeon, and, leaving the room, ordered her

servants to go to Abu Nuwās's house, seize him, carry him outside, and "satisfy his appetite with beating."

Abu Nuwās was seated in his own home delighted at having pleased the caliph, and making plans for spending the sum he had just received and getting more after it was gone, when Zobeide's slaves entered and fulfilled their mission so well, that Abu Nuwās not only declared that he was quite satisfied, and would, indeed, rather not receive any more, but he was even unable to regain his apartments without the aid of the ladies of his harem, who tenderly carried him indoors. So severe was his punishment that he was obliged to keep his bed for some days, so that Alraschid, wondering at his non-appearance, sent Mesrour to fetch him into the presence. The poor poet was with difficulty induced to rise from his bed and obey the caliph's commands, but he at last consented to make a move, and ultimately found himself in the presence. Casting a glance around the reception-room, he noticed a door with a curtain hanging before it close by the imperial divan, and conjecturing shrewdly that the authoress of his misfortunes was behind it on the watch—particularly as the curtain moved in a suspicious manner—he determined this time to keep a strict guard upon his tongue.

Alraschid began the conversation, "How is it that I have not seen you for so long?"

"I have been ill, Commander of the Faithful, and laid upon a bed of pain."

"May no hurt ensue," said the caliph, kindly; "I have sent for you to repeat to me that amusing discourse of yours concerning women."

"Prince of the Faithful," replied Abu Nuwās, "I remember it well. I told you how the Arabs derive the name of *dharrah*" (rival wife) "from *dharar*" (harm); "that he who takes two wives lives the rest of his life in grief and sorrow; that he who marries three his whole life is made wretched; and that whoso weddeth four is numbered with the dwellers in the tomb while yet he lives. I whispered also in your noble ear that he who contents himself with only one finds in her honor, glory, and renown."

"Why?" cried Alraschid. "May I quit my religion if I heard from you a word of the kind?"

"Your memory is treacherous, Prince of the Faithful," replied Abu Nuwās, humbly; "but I want to remind your Majesty now of something else, and that is that the proverb says, 'The Beni Makhzūm are the flower of the Koreish,'\* and you have in your household your cousin, the

\* The Koreish were a noble Arab tribe at Mecca from which the Prophet Mohammed sprung. The Beni Makhzūm, to whom Zobeide belonged, were a branch of the Koreish.



Lady Zobeide, the flower of flowers, and the joy of the beholders; and, since I noticed from your discourse that you had turned a hankering eye on other damsels, I wished to warn you that such conduct was unseemly in your Highness."

"Curse you!" shouted Haroun; "would you make me out to be a liar?"

"Confound it!" retorted Abu Nuwâs, with a wink, "do you want to kill me this time, or would you have me spend another month on a sick-bed?"

On this a laugh was heard from behind the curtain, and Zobeide's voice was heard saying; "You have spoken the truth, Abu Nuwâs. It was only his own morbid imagination that made him talk as he did."

The wit made the best of his way home, and waited in fear and trembling lest he should get into trouble with the caliph this time, but to his great satisfaction he found a substantial present from the lady herself awaiting him, and an assurance that the caliph had forgiven him.

So delighted was he with the end of the affair, that he made a solemn promise never to satirize or annoy the princess again, and, strange to say, he kept his word.

The following anecdote also shows that the Lord of the World, as the caliph's courtiers loved to call him, could not emancipate himself entirely from human weakness in the matter of his wife.

Abu Nuwâs had once so much amused the caliph with his merry jests and clever sayings that Haroun bade him ask what boon he chose. Abu Nuwâs begged for an order empowering him to go about the country and take an ass from every man whom he might find afraid of his wife. The order was given, and after a short absence the commissioner returned with quite a large drove of asses, and was at once conducted into the caliph's presence.

"Now," said the latter, "tell me what adventures you have met with during your travels."

"Prince of the Faithful," was the reply, "I found many men who feared their wives, and took an ass from each in accordance with your order. But in a certain tribe I saw a woman so lovely that words fail to describe her:

"The gentle gazelle she resembles  
In grace, and in coming not nigh,  
In the soft neck that quivers and trembles,  
In the lustrous dark gaze of her eye.

"Her stature erect is as handsome  
And slim as the branch of a tree  
—All the branches that are a ransom  
For one such as she:

"A lovely and lovable maiden,  
Soft-bodied and luscious of mouth,

Who sways like a tree that is laden  
With fruits of the south!  
Who—"

"Stay!" said the caliph; "for Heaven's sake speak lower, or the queen will hear you!"

"Your Majesty should give me *two* asses," said Abu Nuwâs, sententiously, "for you can not disobey your own order, and you ought to give something more than your subjects."

Another story which points to the same conclusion is a great favorite with Arab writers, and, as it is one of the set which I heard my Cairo story-telling friend recite, I will paraphrase his words:

"I've studied all the learned works  
Of Persians, Arabs, Greeks, and Turks,  
I've gone into theology,  
Koranic exegesis, ju-  
Risprudence, mathematics too,  
And logic and astrology.

"There's scarce a book on any art  
Or science I've not learned by heart,  
Or taken at least a peep in it.  
But that which fascinated me  
The most of all was repartee—  
I've dived extremely deep in it.

"I may say that the art is one  
For which there in our line has run  
A wonderful facility;  
My ancestor, Abu Nuwâs,  
Oft found it in an awkward pass  
Of practical utility.

"One day as he with Haroun sat,  
And talked away of this or that,  
The conversation turned upon  
The various sins that men commit  
When in a mad or drunken fit,  
A subject he was learned upon.

"Said he: 'Your Majesty is wrong—  
I've argument both sound and strong  
To prove the thing conclusively;  
Excuse is very often worse  
Than crime.' The caliph with a curse  
(He argued so abusively),

"Said: 'Dare you disagree with me?  
I say the thing can never be,  
But, as you seem so sure of it,  
I'll make you prove that you are right—  
Or off your head shall go to-night!—  
You're drunk, and that's the cure of it!'

"The caliph rose, and left the place;  
The other, with a smiling face,  
Just nodded at him pleasantly;  
But Mesrour, always prone to scoff,  
Said, 'We shall wag that head-piece off  
Between us two, sir, presently.'

"That evening Ar Rashid the Good  
Was going home in pensive mood,  
His temper an uncertain one;  
For fair Zobeide gave her lord  
Long lectures, and with drink on board  
He often got a curtain one.

"But scarcely did his footsteps fall  
Upon the pavement of the hall,  
Lit dimly and religiously,  
When some one on a sudden ran  
Up to him, and at once began  
To kiss him most prodigiously.

"The caliph felt a scrubby chin  
That rasped and razed his tender skin,  
Excessively annoying him,  
And called for Mesrou and a light,  
And shouted out in rage and fright,  
That some one was destroying him.

"And when, responding to his call,  
The eunuchs and the pages all  
Came in a body rushing there,  
Lo and behold! Abu Nuwâs,  
With countenance as bold as brass,  
Stood fearless and unblushing there.

"'You dog!' the wrathful caliph said,  
'Before Mesrou strikes off your head,  
Say what the deuce you mean by it.'  
'I thought it was your wife,' replied  
The wag; 'don't say I ever lied  
Myself to try and screen by it!'

"'Why!' said, with his accustomed curse,  
The caliph, 'your excuse is worse  
Than is the fault committed, sir!'  
'I'm glad your Highness owns I'm right;  
You bade me prove to you to-night  
The point you've just admitted, sir!'"

Haroun Alraschid had two sons—one by a Persian mother, and named Mamoun; the other was the son of the Lady Zobeide herself, and was the pride and hope of the Arabian, or conservative party, as opposed to the Persian radical faction: his name was Emln. These two young gentlemen regarded each other with jealous rivalry from their youth upward, and at their imperial father's death, immediately fell together by the ears, and in a short time Mamoun, to use an expressive transatlantic phrase, "gobbled" his weaker brother. Emln, who was of a frivolous disposition and rather stupid, devoted himself, like many noble Arabs, to the cultivation of poetry, and once, when quite a child, brought a copy of verses to his admiring mother, who sent for her now most dutiful servant, Abu Nuwâs, to hear the composition of the infant prodigy. Young Emln drew forth his scroll, cleared his throat so as to give proper emphasis to his *'ains* and *kdfs* (letters which resemble in sound respec-

tively a sheep's bleat and a stick being suddenly pulled out of the mud), and began:

'We who 'Abbâs for father own  
Sit down on our ancestral throne:  
Our foemen ruthlessly we slay  
With cimeters and lances long. . . ."

"Stop, young sir!" cried Abu Nuwâs, "that rhyme won't do at all."

At this the little prince burst into tears of rage, and ordered the too critical poet off to prison. The guards looked to the princess for instruction, but she only clasped her insulted darling to her breast, and Abu Nuwâs was marched off to durance vile. When the caliph heard of this he was furious, and, sending for Abu Nuwâs and Emln, said to the latter:

"He would not have found fault with your poetry unless there had been some grave fault in it. Let me hear you recite something, that I may judge for myself."

Emln was only too glad to comply with the demand, and spoke his piece; whereupon Abu Nuwâs rose up, beckoned to his guards, and was leaving the room without a word.

"Where are you going, sirrah?" shouted the caliph.

"Back again to prison, sire!" was the reply.

Haroun Alraschid once went out to hunt, and Abu Nuwâs was of the party, but preferred staying in camp to sharing in the actual fatigues of the chase. An attendant named Farhât was in charge of the provisions, and to him the poet, feeling rather hungry in the course of the day, came in quest of something to eat. But Farhât refused to give anybody a morsel till the caliph came back.

"If you do not," said Abu Nuwâs, "I shall do something to annoy you."

But the caterer was obdurate, and the wag remained unfed.

Now, hunger is said to sharpen the wits, and certainly sharpens the temper; so, when Abu Nuwâs left the camp and endeavored to think out some trick by which he might revenge himself, it is not to be wondered at that his meditations presently took the form of a mischievous practical joke. Close at hand were a party of Arabs. Toward these he made his way, and, opening a conversation with his usual persuasive eloquence, offered to sell them a slave that he had—a fellow who was so impertinent and untruthful that he could make nothing of him in the city, although he had good capacities for work, and would no doubt do well in the desert with masters who, less weak-minded than himself, would stand no nonsense. He was prepared to sell him for a mere trifle—indeed, he should con-

sider one of the Arab's camels a fair, if not exorbitant, price. The bait took, and the purchase was completed.

"But there is one thing," said honest Abu Nuwās, "of which I should warn you: the fellow is such a liar that I dare say he will declare that he is a free man and can't be sold. Now, there is only one answer to that—a sound thrashing—you understand me?"

They did understand him; and poor Farhāt, in spite of his protestations and appeals for help, was soon led off in triumph by the Arabs with a rope round his neck.

At this juncture the caliph came up, and, an explanation ensuing, Abu Nuwās was severely asked what he meant by such conduct. "What could have induced you to do such a thing?" said Alraschid.

"Hunger Prince of the Faithful," replied the other, and made a clean breast of the whole story, adding: "I told him I would do something to annoy him; ask him whether I have done so, for if not I will try again, as I always keep my word."

The caliph "laughed until he rolled over upon the nape of his neck," to quote the *ipsissima verba* of my authority, and distributed large sums of money to all the parties concerned. This was his invariable mode of showing appreciation either of a great military service or a witty repartee. Had he possessed the blessings of modern civilization, he might have done the thing much cheaper by distributing orders or silver medals.

His impudence and effrontery, which no fear of Mesroun and the beheading tray could repress, were Abu Nuwās's most striking characteristics; but his wit was so ready, and his fun, if coarse, was so genial, that it always disarmed the stern and fickle caliph in the end.

On one occasion he was in personal attendance on Haroun, and, while he was handing a dish to his master, contrived to spill a little gravy on the royal robes. Haroun, furious at the other's carelessness, ordered him off to prison; whereupon Abu Nuwās threw the whole contents of the dish over Alraschid's head; remarking as he did so, "Pray do not be offended, Commander of the Faithful, I do this out of consideration for your justice, so that you should have at least some excuse for punishing me." The caliph laughed, etc., etc.—the end of all these anecdotes is the same.

When he ventured to interfere with the more domestic arrangements of the palace, and mix himself up with the intrigues of the harem, his position was a much more ticklish one, for Haroun Alraschid would order the execution of all his friends and relations rather than risk a frown from a mistress, or the disturbance of his

hours of repose or amusement. Among others of his favorites was a girl named Khālisa, who had taken a dislike to Abu Nuwās, and the wit was consequently out of favor at court for a time. Hearing once that the caliph had made the young lady a present of a very valuable necklace, he wrote upon the door, at which he had in vain danced attendance, the following couplet:

"My verse is lost upon thy door  
Like necklaces on Khālisa."

When Khālisa saw this she was in a frightful rage, and, suspecting the author, hurried to the caliph, told him what had happened, and declared that unless he had Abu Nuwās beheaded at once she would commit suicide; at the same time she tore the necklace from her neck, threw it upon the ground with the remark that "if it was lost upon her she did not want it any more," and as a last resource "went into hysterics." Arab ladies of the caliphate were quite as prone to these little subterfuges as English ones at the present day, and I can assure my readers that I am only literally translating my original in these details.

Alraschid begged her to accompany him to the spot, and kindly assured her that if the verses were as she represented them, Abu Nuwās should lose his head this time without fail. But the wily wag had been there beforehand, and with a touch of his finger had wiped away the curve of the letter *'ain* (which means "eye"), and the lines now read:

"My verses shine upon thy door  
Like necklaces on Khālisa."

"Why," said the Commander of the Faithful, "that's a compliment."

"Yes," answered the lady, smiling in spite of herself, "I see how it is. The scamp has taken out the *eyes* of the verse, but it *looks* all the better for it."

And the caliph laughed at her words. Chorus as before.

Indeed, Abu Nuwās was never at a loss for a resource when in a scrape, and the caliph was no match for him in a contest of wits, as witness the story of "The Forfeits," to which I have before alluded. This is so good that I must tell it in verse, again assuming for the nonce the character of the merry Cairo story-teller:

"In the name of that God who has not an associate or partner—of One  
Who begets not and is not begotten—has neither  
a wife nor a son!

"And peace on Mohammed, his Prophet."—This sort of thing grows rather stale,  
And we Mussulmans get too much of it. Light  
up! We'll pass on to the tale.

- "On a *musnud* of state was reclining the caliph, the mighty Haroun;  
His brow like the sun it was shining, his face it was like the full moon;
- "And his courtiers around him were standing, like stars in an indigo sky,  
And the *saki*\* the wine-cup was handing—for the monarch, though pious, was dry.
- "And the poets their works were reciting in Arabic numbers divine,  
The hearts of all hearers delighting with verses like Afdhal's † or mine.
- "Then the caliph glared round the assembly, as a lion glares round on the herd,  
And the knees of the courtiers grew trembly, and their hearts fluttered e'en as a bird;
- "And cold drops were distilled from each forehead, and each tongue to its palate did cling,  
For their fear of the caliph was horrid—he was such a passionate king!
- "At length, in a voice that with passion was shaking, it pleased him to speak:  
'Does he know whom he treats in this fashion? Did ye e'er behold aught like his cheek?
- "This poet, this jester, this chaffer, this pig's son, this bullock, this ass,  
This black-hearted, black-visaged Kafir, this infidel, ABU NUWÁS!
- "I bade him come hither to meet us, in this serious council of state;  
And this is the way he dares treat us. Ye dogs! he is five minutes late!
- "Then the heart of his Highness relented; Rashid was of changeable mood:  
'Maybe he's been somehow prevented; to get in a rage does no good.
- "His jests, too, are always so pleasant, one somehow his impudence stands;  
Besides, poor Mesrour ‡ just at present has plenty of work on his hands.
- "But although I can't perfectly tame him till he goes to the Nita' § to school,  
At least I can thoroughly shame him, and make him appear like a fool!
- "Slaves! fetch me some eggs—not new laid—you can find some stale ones that will do.  
Now execute quick what I bade you, or else I will execute you!"
- "They brought him the eggs in a charger all studded with many a pearl,  
The same pattern—though just a bit larger—as that of Herodias's girl,
- "And the caliph took one egg, and hid it away in his cushion; which done,  
He bade them all do so. They did it; and sat down awaiting the fun.
- "With an air that was saucy and braggish, with a step that was jaunty and spruce,  
With a smile that was merry and waggish, with a mien that was reckless and loose,
- "With a 'How is your high disposition to-morrow, if God should so will?'  
With a 'Here, in our ancient position, your Majesty seeth us still!'
- "With a face all be-chalked and be-painted, with a bound through the portal doth pass  
One with whom we're already acquainted, the world-renowned Abu Nuwás!
- "Right welcome! Right welcome! my brother, his Majesty smilingly spake,  
'We were just now in want of another, a nice game at forfeits to make.
- "Whatever I do you must watch it, and each do precisely the same—  
If I catch you chaps laughing you'll catch it! sit still and attend to the game.
- "If you do just as I do, precisely, a *dindar* apiece shall ye gain;  
If you don't, won't I give it you nicely!—Mesrour! you stand by with the cane!"
- "He spake: and the smile on his features was mischievous, cunning, and grim,  
And the courtiers, poor awe-stricken creatures, smiled feebly and gazed upon him.
- "Cluck, cluck, cluck aroo!" representing the note of a jubilant hen,  
The caliph uprises, presenting an egg to the sight of all men.
- "Cluck, cluck, cluck aroo!" and the rabble are all at once up on their legs,  
And with ornithological gabble display their mysterious eggs.
- "Then without in the least hesitating steps Abu Nuwás before all,  
'Cock-a-doodle doo doo!' imitating a rooster's hilarious call.
- "Now I know why it is that you cackle," said he, 'when you're trying to talk!  
And you find me a hard one to tackle, because I am COCK OF THE WALK!"

Abu Nuwás had once, according to his habit, gone too far, and seriously offended the caliph by some impertinent answer. Jaafer, "the Barmecide," Haroun's vizier and inseparable companion, did his best to make peace, and, finding the monarch one day in a good humor while at the bath, induced him to send for the culprit. Jaafer good-naturedly met the wag before he went into his

\* The butler.

† A celebrated poet.

‡ The headsman; he was a negro.

§ A leathern bag, opening like a tray to receive the head and blood in decapitations.



master's presence, and warned him to make the most of this opportunity for reconciliation and to be upon his very best behavior. After prostrating himself on the ground, and suing for pardon, he took his seat immediately opposite the caliph, the "trough," or marble water-basin, being between them. Haroun was the first to speak:

"Abu Nuwās," said he, "I used to think you a wit; what made you give such witless answers? Are you an ass?"

"Oh, no, Prince of the Faithful," was the reply, "there is a trough between the ass and me!"

The monarch could scarcely believe his own ears; but started up, and left the place without completing his bath. This time Abu Nuwās's head was very insecurely attached to his neck, and even Jaafer's eloquent appeals on behalf of the graceless wag were for some time unavailing; nor was the latter's own ingenious explanation, that he meant nothing more than "that asses ate out of a trough, while he himself used a dish," of any use at all. All the concession which the prime minister could ultimately obtain was that the offender should be thrown into a pit where a very savage bear was kept, and left there for twenty-four hours. The order was executed, but as Abu Nuwās had induced Jaafer to allow him to take a store of wine, provisions, and candles with him, he contrived to stave off the too pressing advances of his companion, and, when the caliph came to gaze upon the corpse of his peccant jester, he found him drunk, and playing upon a tambourine, and endeavoring to induce the beast to dance.

His peccadilloes, as might be expected, often made him acquainted with the inside of a prison, and it was his wont during these temporary periods of seclusion to solace himself with singing to the accompaniment of his lute. On one occasion, a fellow-prisoner regarded his performances with so much interest and emotion that the poet said to him:

"My brother, art thou a connoisseur in music, or haply a poet thyself? or art thou merely a lover separated from his love, that thou dost listen so mournfully, but feelingly withal?"

"Nothing of the kind," answered the unfortunate prisoner, "but you wagged your beard just like an old goat of mine at home."

On this Abu Nuwās began to scream and thump upon the dungeon door, and behave in so mad and boisterous a manner that the jailer came to see what was amiss. Jaafer was sent for, and the poet brought before the caliph, to whom he related the incident.

"I do not mind," said he, "keeping company with your Majesty's bear, who, by-the-by, was so loath to part with me that he retained part of my garments in his teeth, as the servants hauled me

up; but to lodge with such a boor will be the death of me."

For another gross fault the caliph once ordered him to be mounted on an ass with his face to the tail, tricked out in the animal's trappings, and ridden round the town. To Jaafer, who met him and asked what had brought him to this plight, he answered:

"I have presented the caliph with my best verses, and his Highness has clad me in his own best clothes."

Abu Nuwās does not appear to have been remarkable for courage, unlike most of the old Arab minstrels, who often combined the professions of the sword and the lyre.

It is told of him that he accompanied Haroun Alraschid in one of his numerous raids against the Byzantine emperor. But, when he found himself in action for the first time, he acted upon the proverb that "discretion is the better part of valor," put spurs to his horse, and rode off to a neighboring hillock whence he could watch the fight in safety. As evening came on the battle ended, the two armies returned to their respective camps, and Abu Nuwās also sought his tent. The next morning there issued from the ranks of the enemy a doughty champion, who challenged the best man among the Moslems to single combat, and either killed or took prisoner every one who accepted his challenge. At length the caliph, who had been informed of Abu Nuwās's cowardice on the previous day, ordered him to go forth and rid them of the Grecian warrior. The poor jester, in extreme terror, endeavored in vain to excuse himself, but obtained permission to enter the commissariat tent and make a good meal before he fought. Instead, however, of eating then and there, he packed up and took with him a good supply of edibles and a flask of wine, and rode out toward the fierce champion who had overcome the caliph's bravest soldiers. While still at a safe distance he cried out:

"O bravest of the warriors of the age! I have a proposition to make to thee, which will profit thee much."

"Out with it, then," said the other.

"First let me ask thee, hast thou a blood-feud against me?"

"No," said the Greek.

"Do I owe thee aught?" continued Abu Nuwās.

"Surely not," said the Greek.

"Then what is the use of our fighting and killing each other? Let us come behind yonder hillock and breakfast off some capital roast fowls which I have brought with me. Then we will go back, each to his tent; you especially must require rest, and I am sure you have killed and taken captive knights enough for one day!"

Half amused, the champion consented, and, after an amicable meal together, they parted and rode off to their respective camps.

"Your Majesty bade me rid you of him," said he to the caliph in explanation, "and I have done so most effectually. Let the next guard when it turns out follow my example."

As might have been expected, and as a story I have already told shows, our hero was very lax in his observances of the duties of his religion.

Smitten, however, once with conscientious scruples, Abu Nuwâs determined upon making the pilgrimage to Mecca, and, presenting himself before Alraschid, said:

"Prince of the Faithful! You know that I am a Moslem."

"I suppose so," said the caliph; "what do you want?"

"I wish to make the pilgrimage to Mecca."

"Well, the way is open to you."

"But I have not money enough to go," pleaded the poet.

"Then you are excused from the duty, by the canons of our holy law," said the caliph.

"Confound you!" said Abu Nuwâs, "I came a-begging, not to ask for a legal decision!"

A number of witty sayings are of course attributed to him, but a few will be sufficient to indicate their nature and the sort of thing which an Arab considers smart and amusing.

"I should like to see the devil face to face," said a very ugly man to him one day.

"Then look in a looking-glass," was the reply.

Again, seeing another ugly man praying in a mosque, he politely asked:

"Why do you grudge Gehenna such a face?"

"When do you think you will die?" asked an acquaintance one day, "because I should like to send a letter by you to my deceased father."

"Very sorry," said Abu Nuwâs; "I shall not be passing his way; I'm going up aloft!"

A very long-nosed man was quarreling with his wife, and reproached her, saying, "You know how good-natured I am, and how much I have put up with."

"Allah is witness that you speak the truth," said Abu Nuwâs, who was standing by, "or you would never have put up all these years with such a nose as that."

Once while seated in a friend's house an ominous noise was heard, and a crack appeared suddenly in one of the walls.

"What ails the house?" asked Abu Nuwâs.

"It is but celebrating Allah's praises," replied his host.

"Then I am off," remarked the poet, "for it might proceed with its religious exercises and take to prostration next!"

The tales and jests related of Abu Nuwâs are indeed innumerable, but many of them turn on some verbal quibble, while more are scarcely in accordance with modern taste. They exhibit him as a clever and witty but unscrupulous rogue, with brilliant talents and an irrepressible tendency to mischief. He was just the man to please the "good Haroun Alraschid" in his cheerier moods, and no greater praise of his tact and ready wit can be written than the simple fact that he served such a master and yet died in his bed.

*Temple Bar.*

### "SUIT THE ACTION TO THE WORD."

WHEN Hamlet told the tragedians of the city that they should suit the action to the word, the word to the action, he seemed to be affording them advice that was at once both sound and simple; yet to effectively combine speech with movement or gesture so that they may "go hand in hand, not one before another," constitutes one of the greatest difficulties of histrionic art. What kind of action is suited to particular words? How much or how little action is permissible? What words are to be accompanied or illustrated by action, and what words may be left to run alone, as it were, and take care of themselves? These are the questions the performer is required to answer for himself. Hamlet can but proffer counsel of a

general sort. The modesty of nature is not to be overstepped; the actors are not to mouth their speeches, nor to saw the air too much with their hands; in the very torrent, tempest, and even whirlwind of their passion, they are to acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Yet they are not to be too tame; their own discretion is to be their tutor; the purpose and end of playing being to hold the mirror up to nature, etc. There is danger alike in overdoing and in coming tardy off; in either case the unskillful may be made to laugh, but the judicious will be made to grieve, the "censure of which one" is in the allowance of the players to "overweigh a whole theatre of others."

It is probable that the judicious have been

more often made to grieve by overdoing and redundancy of action than by tameness and tardiness of histrionic method. In one of his letters Macready has narrated how his own early manner was marred by excess and exaggeration, and how he became sensible of his errors of this kind. His observation of actual life suggested misgivings; he noted how sparingly and therefore how effectively Mrs. Siddons had recourse to gesticulation; a line in Dante taught him the value and dignity of repose; and a theory took form in his mind, presently to obtain practical demonstration of its correctness when he saw Talma act, "whose every movement was a change of subject for the sculptor's or the painter's study." Macready had been taught to imitate in gesture the action he might be relating, or "to figure out some idea of the images of his speech." A chapter in "Peregrine Pickle," descriptive of Quin's acting as Zanga in "The Revenge," convinced him of the absurdity of accompanying narration by elaborate gesticulation; he applied the criticism to himself in various situations which might have tempted him to like extravagance. Peregrine is supposed to complain of Quin's Zanga as out-Heroding Herod, especially in the scene of the Moor's relating to Isabella how Alonzo's jealousy had been inflamed by the discovery of a letter designedly placed in his path. It seemed to Peregrine that Mr. Quin's action intimately resembled the ridiculous grimacing of a monkey when he delivered Zanga's speech regarding the letter:

" . . . He took it up;  
But scarce was it unfolded to his sight  
When he, as if an arrow pierced his eye,  
Started, and trembling dropped it on the ground."

In pronouncing the first two words the actor was said to stoop down and seem to take up something from the stage; he then mimicked the manner of unfolding a letter, and, arriving at the simile of an arrow piercing the eye, he darted his forefinger toward that organ. At the word "started" he recoiled with great violence, and, when he came to "trembling dropped it on the ground," he threw all his limbs into a tremulous emotion and shook the imaginary paper from his hand. The same system of minute gesticulation accompanied further portions of the speech. At the words—

"Pale and aghast awhile my victim stood,  
Disguised a sigh or two and puffed them from him;  
Then rubbed his brow and took it up again"—

the player's countenance assumed a wild stare, he sighed thrice most piteously as though he were on the point of suffocation, he scrubbed his forehead, and, bending his body, aped the

action of snatching an object from the floor. He continued:

"At first he looked as if he meant to read it;  
But, checked by rising fears, he crushed it thus,  
And thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom."

Here the performer imitated the confusion and concern of Alonzo, seemed to cast his eyes upon something from which they were immediately withdrawn with horror and precipitation; then, "shutting his fist with a violent squeeze, as if he intended to make immediate application to Isabella's nose," he rammed it into his own bosom with all the horror and agitation of a thief taken in the act. Mr. Pickle in his character of dramatic critic concludes: "Were the player debarred the use of speech and obliged to act to the eyes only of the audience, this mimicry might be a necessary conveyance of his meaning; but when he is at liberty to signify his ideas by language, nothing can be more trivial, forced, unnatural, and antic than his superfluous mummery. Not that I would exclude from the representation the graces of action, without which the choicest sentiments clothed in the most exquisite expression would appear unanimated and insipid; but these are as different from this ridiculous burlesque as is the demeanor of a Tully in the rostrum from the tricks of a Jack-pudding on a mountebank's stage."

Convinced that his method was founded upon wrong principles, Macready describes the means he adopted to coerce his limbs to perfect stillness while he exhibited "the wildest emotions of passion." He would lie on the floor or stand straight against a wall or tie bandages about his arms, and while so pinioned or restricted, he would recite the most violent passages of Othello, Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, or whatever would require most energy and emotion; he would speak the most passionate bursts of rage "under the supposed constraint of whispering them in the ear of him or her to whom they were addressed," thus keeping both voice and gesture in subjection to the real impulse of the feeling. "I was obliged also," he writes, "to have frequent recourse to the looking-glass, and had two or three large ones in my room to reflect to myself each view of the posture I might have fallen into, besides being under the necessity of acting the passion close to a glass to restrain the tendency to exaggerate its expression, which was the most difficult of all, to repress the ready frown, and keep the features, perhaps I should say the muscles of the face, undisturbed, while intense passion should speak from the eye alone. The easier an actor makes his art appear, the greater must have been the pains it cost him."

Amateurs and young actors almost invariably incline to exaggeration; they permit themselves excess of movement and gesture; their discretion is insufficiently cultivated to be their tutor, and they overact strangely; they pace the stage wildly and incessantly, they rant, their arms and legs are employed with a sort of graceless and vehement diffuseness. As Mr. G. H. Lewes writes: "All but very great actors are redundant in gesticulation; not simply overdoing the significant, but unable to repress insignificant movements. . . . If actors will study fine models, they will learn that gestures to be effective must be significant, and to be significant they must be rare. To stand still on the stage and not appear 'a guy' is one of the elementary difficulties of the art, and one which is rarely mastered." Voltaire preparing a young actress to appear in one of his tragedies, tied her hands to her sides with packthread, so as to check her tendency toward exuberance of gesticulation. Under this condition of compulsory immobility, she commenced to rehearse, and for some time she bore herself calmly enough; but at last, completely carried away by her feelings, she burst her bonds and flung up her arms. In some alarm at her seeming neglect of his instructions she began to apologize to the poet; he smilingly reassured her, however; the gesticulation was *then* admirable, because it was irrepressible.

Of the elder tragedians variety or abundance of gesture seems not to have been required. The great Mr. Betterton indulged in little movement upon the stage. He had short, fat arms, we are told, "which he rarely lifted higher than his stomach." His left hand frequently lodged in his breast, between his coat and his waistcoat, while with his right he "prepared his speech." His actions were few but just. He was incapable of dancing, even in a country-dance; but an actor possessed of "a corpulent body and thick legs with large feet" could hardly be expected to dance. The comedians were allowed to be more mercurial; liveliness of manner and movement almost necessarily accompanied drollery of speech. But to the introduction of pantomimes was ascribed the employment of "a set of mechanical motions, the caricatures of gestures." Theophilus Cibber charged Garrick with a "pantomimical manner of acting every word in a sentence"; the very accusation Peregrine Pickle brought against Mr. Quin. Cibber credited himself with perception of the actor's merits when he condescended to pursue simple nature. "Yet," the critic continued, "I am not therefore to be blind to his studied tricks, his over-fondness for extravagant attitudes, frequent affected starts, convulsions, twitchings, jerkings of the body, sprawling of the fingers, slapping the breast

and pockets, etc." Garrick had been a diligent student of the pantomimical feats, the wonderful mimicry of Rich. "That Garrick," writes Cibber, "before his taste was mature should think the expressive dumb-show of Rich might be introduced with effect in stage dialogue, is not surprising." Macklin's acrimonious account of Garrick's histrionic method ascribes to him excessive movement and gesticulation. "His art in acting consisted in incessantly pawing and hauling the characters about with whom he was concerned in the scene; and, where he did not paw or haul the characters, he stalked between them and the audience; and that generally when they were speaking the most important and interesting passage in the scene, which demanded, in propriety, a strict attention. When he spoke himself, he pulled about the character he spoke to and squeezed his hat, hung forward, and stood almost upon one foot, with no part of the other to the ground but the toe of it. His whole action when he made love in tragedy or in comedy, when he was familiar with his friend, when he was in anger, sorrow, rage, consisted in squeezing his hat, thumping his breast, strutting up and down the stage, and pawing the characters that he acted with." This criticism must be accepted with some allowance for the spirit of detraction which largely animated the author.

It was said of the comedian Woodward that he was Harlequin in every part he played; his great pantomimic experience affected his every impersonation. He was reputed to be, after Rich, "the best teller of a story in dumb-show the English stage had ever seen." He acquired in this way an extraordinary habit of suiting the action to the word and the word to the action, of illustrating speech with gesture. If he was required to mention an undertaker, he flapped his hat, pursed his brow, clasped his hands, and with a burlesque solemnity strode across the stage before he spoke; he would mimic the wiping of a glass or the drawing of a cork at the word "waiter," and could not say "mercier" till he had measured off several yards of cloth on the flap of his coat. It is added, however, that he "did these things with such strength of imitation and of humor that, although it was flagrantly wrong, criticism itself could not forbear to laugh."

Goldsmith, observing that the English used very little gesture in ordinary conversation, found as a consequence that our players were stiff and formal of deportment, that their action sat uneasily upon them, and that they were obliged to supply stage gestures by their imagination alone. A French comedian might discover proper models of action in every company and in every coffee-house he entered. But an Englishman could only take his models from the stage itself;



he could only imitate nature from an imitation of nature. "I know of no set of men more likely to be improved by traveling than those of the theatrical profession," wrote the Doctor. "The inhabitants of the Continent are less reserved than here; they may be seen through upon a first acquaintance; such are the proper models to draw from; they are at once striking and they are found in great abundance." It would be inexcusable in a comedian to add everything of his own to the poet's dialogue, yet as to action he was entirely at liberty. In this way it was open to him to show the fertility of his genius, the poignancy of his humor, and the exactness of his judgment. Goldsmith describes a French actor, while exhibiting an ungovernable rage as the hero of the comedy "L'Avare," betraying the avariciousness of Harpagon's disposition by stooping suddenly to pick up a pin and quilting it in the flap of his coat-pocket with great assiduity. "Two candles are lighted up for his wedding; he flies and extinguishes one; it is, however, lighted up again; he then steals to it and privately crams it into his pocket." A representation of "The Mock Doctor" was also commended. "Here again the comedian had an opportunity of heightening the ridicule by action. The French player sits in a chair with a high back, and then begins to show away by talking nonsense which he would have thought Latin by those who do not understand a syllable of the matter. At last he grows enthusiastic, enjoys the admiration of the company, tosses his legs and arms about, and, in the midst of his raptures and vociferation, he and the chair fall back together." If this should be thought dull in the recital, it is urged that "the gravity of Cato could not stand it in the representation," and that there hardly existed a character in comedy to which a player of real humor could not add strokes of vivacity such as would secure great applause. Instead of this, however, the fine gentlemen of the theatre were wont through a whole part to do nothing but strut and open their snuff-boxes; while the pretty fellows sat with their legs crossed, and the clowns pulled up their breeches. These proceedings, the critic concludes, if once or even twice repeated, might do well enough; "but to see them served up in every scene argues the actor almost as barren as the character he would expose."

Goldsmith accounted Mademoiselle Clairon the most perfect female figure he had ever seen upon the stage; not that nature had bestowed more personal beauty upon her than upon certain English actresses—there were many, indeed, who possessed as much "statuary grace," by which was meant "elegance unconnected with motion," as she did; but they all fell infinitely short of her when the soul came "to give expression to the

limb and animate every feature." Her entrance upon the scene was pronounced to be "excessively engaging." She did not come in glancing round and staring at the audience as though she was reckoning the receipts, or intended to see as well as to be seen. Her eyes were first fixed upon the other persons in the play, then gradually turned "with enchanting diffidence" upon the spectators. Her first words were delivered with scarcely any motion of the arm; "her hands and her tongue never set out together; the one prepared us for the other." She sometimes began with a mute, eloquent attitude; but she never advanced all at once with hands, eyes, head, and voice." By a simple beginning she gave herself "the power of rising in the passion of the scene." As she proceeded, her every gesture, every look, acquired new violence, till at last transported she filled "the whole vehemence of the part and all the idea of the poet." Her hands were not alternately stretched out and then drawn in again "as with the singing women at Sadler's Wells," but employed with graceful variety; every moment they pleased with new and unexpected eloquence. And further, she did not flourish her hands while the upper part of her arm was motionless, nor had she the ridiculous appearance "as if her elbows were pinned to her hips."

Goldsmith particularly recommends "our rising actresses," of all the cautions to be given them, never to take notice of the audience upon any occasion whatsoever: he could not pardon a lady upon the stage who, when she attracted the admiration of the spectators, turned about to make them a low courtesy for their applause. "Such a figure no longer continues Belvidera, but at once drops into Mrs. Cibber." Let the audience applaud ever so loudly, their praises should pass, "except at the end of the epilogue," with seeming inattention. But the while the critic advised "skillful attention to gestures," he deprecated study of it in the looking-glass. This, without some precaution, would render their action formal, stiff, and affected. People seldom improved when they had no other model but themselves to copy from. And he records his remembrance of a notable actor "who made great use of his flattering monitor, and yet was one of the stiffest figures ever seen." His apartment was hung round with looking-glasses, that he might see his person twenty times reflected upon entering the room; "and I will make bold to say he saw twenty very ugly fellows when he did so."

No doubt the harlequin of the present time, if a less valued and important personage than his exemplar, has preserved certain of the traditions of Rich's harlequin, while various of Rich's post-

ures and gestures which Garrick was said to have imported into stage dialogue may still linger in the theatre. The manners, even the mannerisms, of a popular actor become popular in their turn, and are imitated and adopted by his successors. The admired comedian Robert Wilks had, we are informed, a certain peculiar custom of pulling down his ruffles and rolling his stockings; assuredly a later generation of actors pulled down their ruffles and rolled their stockings precisely after Mr. Wilks's manner, just as there are players of to-day who retain the late Charles Mathews's lively habit of adjusting his side-locks, his cravat, and his wristbands, of putting on and off his gloves, etc.—resembling him in those respects, if in none other. Leigh Hunt writes of Lewis, the favorite comedian of eighty or ninety years since, that "he drew on his gloves like a gentleman, and then darted his fingers at the ribs of the character he was talking with in a way that carried with it whatever was suggestive and sparkling and amusing." The stage has known since Lewis's time very much darting of fingers at the ribs of the characters. The elder Mathews's method of expressing the irritability of Sir Fretful Plagiary by taking furious pinches of snuff and by frequent buttoning and unbuttoning of his double-breasted coat is not yet lost to the theatre. Concerning Munden's variety and significance of grimace and gesture Leigh Hunt grows eloquent. The actor was said to make something out of nothing by his singular "intensity of contemplation." He would play the part of a vagabond loiterer about inn-doors, would look at and for ten minutes together gradually approach from a distance a pot of ale on a table, the while he kept the house in roars of laughter by the intense idea which he dumbly conveyed of its contents and the not less intense manifestation of his cautious but inflexible resolution to drink it. Hunt further applauds Munden's personation of a credulous old antiquary upon whom a battered beaver has been imposed as "the hat of William Tell," and records how the comedian reverently put the hat on his head, and then solemnly walked to and fro with such an excessive sense of the glory with which he was crowned and the weight of reflected heroism he sustained, elegantly halting now and then to assume the attitude of one drawing a bow, "that the spectators could hardly have been astonished had they seen his hair stand on end and carry the hat aloft with it."

Stage gestures acquire, no doubt, a rather stereotyped character, and those who profess to teach acting are apt to inculcate very conventional forms of histrionic expression. The action that is to accompany the word is subject to many rules and limitations. Charles Dickens, who

wrote disrespectfully of the Théâtre Français as an establishment devoted to a dreary classicity—"a kind of tomb where you went as the Eastern people did in the stories to think of your unsuccessful loves and dead relations"—especially condemned the gestures employed even by its leading performers. "Between ourselves, even one's best friends there"—he was thinking of Regnier, perhaps—"are at times very aggravating. One tires of seeing a man, through any number of acts, remembering everything by patting his forehead with the flat of his hand, jerking out sentences by shaking himself and piling them up in pyramids over his head with his right forefinger. And they have a general small comedy piece," he continues, "where you see two sofas and three little tables, to which a man enters with his hat on, to talk to another man—and in respect of which you know exactly when he will get up from one sofa to sit on the other, and take his hat off one table to put his hat upon the other—which strikes one quite as ludicrously as a good farce."

It is clear that a certain forfeiture of dignity must result from too literal a system of illustrative gesture. Cibber's personation of Wolsey was much applauded, yet he was strongly censured for the vulgarity of the action with which he embellished the words—

"This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it.  
Then out it goes."

It seems that with his thumb and forefinger, or with his first and second fingers, he imitated the manner of extinguishing a candle by means of a pair of snuffers. Genest writes: "One must lament that Shakespeare should have used a metaphor so unworthy of him, but surely the actor should rather endeavor to sink the thing than to bring it peculiarly into notice"; and he proceeds to record that when Young played Wolsey he folded his arms the while he delivered the passage and slurred the metaphor completely, evincing in this respect better judgment than Kemble, who, although he did not, like Cibber, pretend to ply the snuffers, yet elevated and wrinkled his grand nose and assumed a disgusted expression, as though the departed candle had left behind it an unpleasant odor. Much discussion arose concerning Kemble's action as Hamlet when, denouncing the slanders he was reading, he tore the page from the book to demonstrate his bad opinion of the satirical rogue, the author; and Macready's waving aloft of a cambric handkerchief by way of expressing Hamlet's intention to be "idle" may almost be viewed as "the direful spring of woes unnumbered." Edwin Forrest derided the proceeding, described it as a *pas de mouchoir*, even hissed it: and a feeling of enmi-

ty was engendered between the two tragedians which so spread and strengthened as to acquire almost the importance of a national conflict, and terminated in the great New York riot of 1849.

"Look you whether he has not turned his color and has tears in his eyes," remarks Polonius of the First Player and his recitation; and Hamlet also comments upon the wanned visage of the actor, the tears in his eyes, his distracted aspect, broken voice, etc. Tears do not rarely visit the eyes of the players, who are moved to sympathy by their own simulations and are able to force their souls so to their own conceits. It is not so much that they are convinced by the familiar Horatian counsel, *Si vis me flere*, etc.; a proneness to tears is rather a constitutional faculty or failing which players share with playgoers, novel-readers, auditors of poetry, sermons, speeches, etc. But can the actor discharge the color from his countenance otherwise than prosaically by rubbing the rouge off? There is extant a description of Betterton's performance of Hamlet which describes the actor, although naturally of a ruddy and sanguine complexion, as turning pale as his own neckcloth instantly upon the appearance of the ghost. "His whole body seemed to be affected with a tremor inexpressible, so that had his father's ghost actually risen before him he could not have been seized with more real agonies. And this was felt so strongly by the audience that the blood seemed to curdle in their veins likewise," etc. An American critic has left a curious account of the "unique and inimitable method" of the late Junius Brutus Booth, and his extraordinary "control over the vital and involuntary functions." We are informed that the actor could "tremble from head to foot, or tremble in one outstretched arm to the finger-tips while holding it in the firm grasp of the other hand. . . . The veins of his corded and magnificent neck would swell, and the whole throat and face become suffused with crimson in a moment, in the crisis of passion, to be succeeded on the ebb of feeling by an ashy paleness. To throw the blood into the face is a comparatively easy feat for a sanguine man by simply holding the breath; but for a man of pale complexion to speak passionate and thrilling words pending the suffusion is quite another thing. On the other hand, it must be observed that no amount of merely physical exertion or exercise of voice could bring color into that pale, proud, intellectual face. . . . In a word, he commanded his own pulses, as well as the pulses of his auditors, with most despotic ease."

From his early practice in pantomime Edmund Kean derived, no doubt, much of the ease and grace of attitude and gesture he displayed as a tragedian. Hazlitt specially commends the

actor's impressive and Titanesque postures, yet objects to the gesture he employed as Iago in the last scene of "Othello," when he malignantly pointed to the corpses of the Moor's victims. "It is not in the character of the part, which consists in the love of mischief, not as an end, but as a means. . . . Besides, it is not in the text of Shakespeare." When Kean as Richard, in his familiar colloquy with Buckingham, crossed his hands behind his back, certain critics held the action to be "too natural"; while his pugilistic gestures in the concluding scene, though censured by some, were much applauded by others. Hazlitt wrote of him: "He fought like one drunk with wounds, and the attitude in which he stands with his hands stretched out, after his sword is taken from him, had a preternatural and terrific grandeur, as if his will could not be disarmed, and the very phantoms of his despair had a withering power." Dr. Doran has noted certain of the actor's "grand moments," when, at the close of his career, he appeared a pitiable sight: "Genius was not traceable in that bloated face; intellect was all but quenched in those once matchless eyes; . . . he moved only with difficulty, using his sword as a stick." Yet there arose a murmur of approbation at the pause and action of his extended arm when he said—as though consigning all the lowering clouds to the sea—"in the deep bosom of the ocean, *buried!*" The words, "The dogs bark at me as I halt by them," were so suited with action as to elicit a round of applause.

Mr. Gould's essays upon the histrionic genius of Junius Brutus Booth make frequent mention of the "manual eloquence," the appropriate "hand-play" of the tragedian, and his inventiveness in that respect. When as Shylock, replying to Salarino's question touching Antonio's flesh, "What's that good for?" he said, "To bait fish withal," he was wont, in his tamer moods, to employ "a gesture as if holding a fishing-rod." When as Cassius he said of Cæsar, "His coward lips did from their color fly," Booth illustrated the text by a momentary action, as though he were carrying a standard. "The movement was fine as giving edge to the sarcasm," but, the essayist admits, "pointed to a redundancy of action which sometimes appeared in this great actor's personations, marking the excess in him, however, of those high histrionic powers: keen feeling and shaping imagination." Further, Booth's Cassius was "signalized by one action of characteristic excellence and originality." After the murder of Cæsar, Booth "strode right across the dead body and out of the scene in silent and disdainful triumph." As Iago, when saying—

" . . . such a handkerchief  
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with"—

Booth, while pretending to lay his hand on his heart "to enforce asseveration," tucked away more securely in his doublet the very handkerchief which "with fiendish purpose he intended Cassio *should* wipe his beard with." When he exclaimed, "The Moor; I know his trumpet," he seemed to imitate the very sound of the instrument; "tossed it from his lips with the careless grace of an accomplished musician." When as Othello he declared, "I know not where is that *Promethean* heat," it was as though the adjective had but just occurred to him, and the passage was "accompanied by a wandering and questioning gesture." At the words, "It is the very error of the moon; she comes more near the earth than she was wont," etc., his gesture "seemed to figure the faith of the Chaldean and to bring the moon more near." He slew himself

by means of a dagger he had worn concealed in his turban.

The value of action as the ally of words will be very freely admitted by those who remember Mr. Irving as Philip, in the Laureate's tragedy of "Queen Mary," toying with his poniard, and with peculiar significance turning its point toward his interlocutor, the Count de Feria, at the words—

"And if you be not secret in this matter—  
You understand me there, too?"

Feria answers, "Sir, I do." For the action was as intelligible as though the words had been spoken and sentence of death had been passed upon the count for his failure to be secret in the matter.

DUTTON COOK (*Belgravia Magazine*).

## OVER-PRODUCTION.

THE question which it is proposed to discuss in this paper, namely, whether over-production is possible, may appear at first sight to savour of paradox. If there is one condition of modern industry which more than another makes itself apparent, it is surely the frequent production of commodities in excess of the demand for them. Using the term over-production to denote that more commodities are produced at a given time and place than can be taken off in the existing state of the market, the thing is constantly occurring. A familiar illustration is afforded by the recent state of the iron-trade of this country, when the demand fell off to such an extent that a large accumulation of manufactured iron took place, which could not be sold at a remunerative price; that is, at a price which covered the cost of production, including a reasonable return on the manufacturer's capital; and many of the iron-works were in consequence closed for a time, and large numbers of workmen were thrown out of employment. Another example of not uncommon occurrence which will at once occur to the recollection is that of a glut in the Manchester cotton-trade. These are special and isolated cases of over-production. They are temporary in character; the glut finally disappears, after causing more or less suffering, to be succeeded by an active demand for the goods in question. But, arising out of the frequency of such cases, there may often be noticed the prevalence of an uneasy apprehension, which finds utterance in a good deal that is said and written at

the present day, lest there may come a time of general over-production, when the world will produce more than it can consume; when there will be more workmen than there is work for them to do; and when the distress which is now occasional and exceptional will become the normal condition of the majority. The sentiment finds still more forcible utterance in the fear so often expressed that the commercial supremacy of England may pass over to some rival, and her prosperity suffer a decline in consequence. The assumption implied in these gloomy forecasts is obviously that there is some definite quantity of commodities, and no more, which the world can consume; and that if one country produces so much of this, there is only the balance left to be produced by the others. If America should become a great producing country—I am here speaking of manufactured goods, not of food or raw commodities—the demand for English goods, it is assumed, must fall off; hence the decline of English commerce and general decadence of the country are in store for us.

There are thus two cases to be considered—temporary over-production of a single commodity, or class of commodities; and general over-production as a final and permanent condition. And first, as regards the more simple case, the over-production of a single class of things, say Manchester piece-goods. In ordinary times the out-turn of these goods goes on increasing year by year in a geometrical ratio; the trade is ever expanding; then suddenly there comes a time



when the demand ceases to increase, or may even decline; and the result which ensues is said to be due to over-production. Now, unfortunately, there is no room for doubt about the reality of the suffering and distress in such cases; but what is the real cause which has brought it about? Some country or countries which have been regularly taking this increasing supply stop doing so, or take only a smaller quantity. There is said to be a falling off in the demand. But this is, of course, merely the technical way of expressing the fact; the demand has not really fallen off in the sense that the people of these countries would not be quite ready to go on taking the goods if they could get them. What has really happened is that they have not been able themselves to produce commodities which they might offer in exchange for our goods. For example, a famine occurs in India; the crops which would in ordinary course be exported from that country are not raised, or are all required for home consumption; hence the glut of goods at Manchester. But clearly what has happened is not over-production at Manchester, but under-production or non-production in India. The late war in Eastern Europe furnished another instance of the same sort. A considerable part of the population of that part of the world was diverted from its normal employment of producing exchangeable commodities to doing what, in an economical point of view, was worse than doing nothing—the work of destruction. One result was a glut in our markets. So with regard to the assumed over-production in the iron-trade. The people of the United States had for a time diverted an undue proportion of their available labor and capital from the production of food to the construction of railroads, which left them for a time with no stock of surplus exchangeable commodities, so that our manufactured iron could not be taken off at its usual rate. In all these cases it was the stoppage in production in some other part of the world which brought about the appearance of over-production here. This is no doubt well understood by those who have given attention to the subject; but it is very far from being a mere truism, especially when we come to consider the more general question of the prospects of the world as regards production in the future. People may have a clear view of each special and isolated case, who yet but dimly perceive what is to be the final solution of the general problem, or what are the conditions involved in it. Men will speak of the revival of trade, when it is depressed, as a thing to be confidently expected some day or other, just as in a season of bad weather they look for a change to fine, who yet in the same breath express their apprehension lest the time may come when trade will have

reached its limit, and will decline finally never again to revive, and when there will be everywhere a redundancy of workmen seeking for employment. I am not speaking here of fears lest any particular branch of industry should be extinguished—not through failure of demand, but through failure of the means of carrying it on; fears lest our supply of coal, for example, should be exhausted, when the industries dependent on it must perforce come to an end; but of the vague apprehension that the supply of labor will eventually overtake demand. Of the widespread existence of this feeling there is hardly room for doubt. It finds expression among other ways in the constantly heard complaint of the overcrowded state of all the professions and the difficulty of finding an opening for young men; an apprehension founded on the belief that we are approaching to a condition of general over-production—over-production of mental as well as material products.

How far is this fear of ultimate over-production justified? Even if, as will be conceded by those who take the most gloomy view of the case, the expansion of trade has so far been attended on the whole with an advancement of the material well-being of those engaged in it, although the social condition of the masses may still lag far behind the rate of progress that might be accomplished under a better distribution of the remuneration of the different kinds of labor, yet is it reasonable to expect that this improvement will continue, even at its present rate and with its attendant train of poverty and want, or will the condition of the majority become still less happy in the future? And in place of vague forecasts, hopeful or otherwise, is it possible to find any underlying principle by which to test the matter, or must we go on watching the variations in the markets as we do the changes in the weather, with as little insight into the causes of the one as of the other?

The proper answer to the question embodied in these fears about the world's future will, I believe, be found in the answer to another question, Where does all the wealth of the world come from? The reply may be made, It comes from saving. It is the surplus of production over consumption. No doubt that is one way of answering the question. If every one consumed as much as he produced, there could be no accumulation of anything. Savings are the origin of wealth. But whose savings? Or, to put the thing in another way, whence comes the wealth found among the different classes who enjoy it? The merchants, and manufacturers, and ship-owners, and traders, and the professional classes, who are constantly getting to be both more numerous and more prosperous—these are not the creators

of wealth, although a large part of the wealth created finds its way into their pockets. Whence comes the constantly increasing stock of wealth in which they share? Is there any limit to the increase of that stock? And, if so, when will it be attained? Or will the process of general enrichment now going on before our eyes continue indefinitely?

A valid answer to this question may, I venture to think, be found by means of an illustration. We might take the favorite one of a number of persons set down in an island by themselves, and cut off from the rest of the world, and work out the economical consequences, although on a different method from that which has hitherto been employed. But a still more appropriate illustration is afforded by an actually existing case—that of an Indian village community, which, at any rate until modern times, was practically almost as isolated and self-contained as the ideal settlement in a desert island. In the typical Indian village community perhaps ninety per cent. of the inhabitants are engaged in the production of food—in tilling the village lands, in the produce of which all share jointly. Only a very small minority is engaged in trade, which is represented by the leather-worker, who supplies the community with shoes, and the village smith, who repairs the plows; there is also the accountant to keep the records, the watchman to guard, and a priest to perform sacrifices; while the æsthetic element is represented by the village minstrel and dancing-girl. All these worthies are paid in kind by a share of the harvest reaped. The women grind the corn and weave the clothes from the home-grown cotton. The only non-productive classes are the old folks past work and the children. But, although the whole community are engaged in labor, the production of commodities is limited to replacing wear and tear; for as the surplus food raised goes to the king as rent, and is spent by him in feeding his useless retainers, there is in effect no accumulation of any sort; nothing goes out from the village and nothing comes into it—the condition of the community is a stagnant one. This is because, while the mass of the community find employment in the production of food and the raw material for clothing, the numbers so employed are far in excess of the requirements of the work. Now, this stagnant condition may be converted into one of progress, first, by improved agriculture, enabling more food to be produced from the village lands, and a surplus to become available for export in exchange for other things; or, secondly, the laborer's work may become more effective; the tillage may be carried on by a smaller number of hands, and a part of the community may be

set free for other occupations. Let us suppose that sixty out of the ninety persons heretofore employed on tillage are thus set free, and that, still taking their share of the village crops, they apply themselves to working for the comfort of the community—building better houses, making household utensils, furniture, and so on. As they get more skilled the variety of their employment is more extended; some work at one thing, some at another, till finally a state of society might be reached in which the sixty non-agriculturists were working each at a separate occupation, some of these being of a non-material nature, or, by a combination of efforts of a part of the number, commodities might be produced of a more elaborate kind, while the collective village property of all kinds and the means of enjoyment might be continually increasing.

Here, then, we have a civilized and progressive community. Now, what has rendered the change possible? Simply this, that, whereas before almost the whole of the community were engaged in raising the food required for their own sustenance, a part of them now suffice for this purpose, and set the remainder free for other pursuits—manufacture, art, literature, etc. In other words, those engaged in raising food produce a surplus of food after supplying their own wants, which surplus maintains the rest of the community who are engaged in other occupations, and constitutes the foundation upon which rests the production of all other commodities.

Now, what happens in this typical case of a village community holds true for all communities, and for the whole world. The existence, not only of manufacturers and merchants, but of all the professional classes, and those who live by furnishing amusement or instruction to others—their existence is possible only because that portion of the world's population which is engaged in the production of food produces more than it consumes. And, further, the profits and incomes of all these classes are not made in trade or business in the sense of being produced by these operations. In the case of the village community, if we suppose it to consist of one hundred persons, each member receives for his remuneration the one-hundredth part of the produce raised by the agricultural portion of the community, whatever be the nature of his occupation; and just so the ultimate source of the remuneration which all classes of society—however they may be employed—obtain for their labors is a share of the surplus food grown by that part of the world's population which is engaged in raising food. The nature of the remuneration may be disguised by the multiplicity of channels through which the wealth of the world is filtered before each man gets his share,

and by the still further complication that payments are deferred and earnings accumulated, and by the interposition of money as a representative of value; but this is the ultimate mode of payment in every case as truly as if all services were paid in kind; and just as the payment of the seventy non-agricultural members of the village community—whether their occupation be simple or complex, rude or refined—is the surplus food produced by the thirty agriculturists, so the surplus food produced by that part of the world's population which is engaged in agriculture is the measure of the profits and incomes of all other classes of society taken together.

If this view of the case be admitted to be the correct one, we are now in a position to find the proper answer to the question, Whether the condition of general over-production can ever be attained to? In the typical case brought forward by way of illustration, we have supposed that thirty per cent. of the population are engaged in the production of food, and that the other seventy per cent. are set free for employment in other occupations. Among these latter the division of employments may go on extending until every man is engaged on a separate one, or by a combination of efforts a considerable degree of manufacturing skill might be attained to, and the civilization and material comfort of the community might advance accordingly. But the advance is subject to this condition, that the number of people to be employed is strictly limited by the amount of food raised. The village lands, in their existing state of culture, are supposed to be capable of supporting only one hundred persons; and, if this number be exceeded, the manufacture of products conducive to comfort and enjoyment might increase, but there would not be enough food for everybody to eat. Whereas, before, each member of the community obtained the one-hundredth part of the produce of the land in return for his labor, he would now be entitled only to something less than this amount, which would be insufficient for his support. And if, instead of each person receiving a ratable share of the village produce, irrespective of his mode of employment, the distribution was left to be a matter of barter, which is the actual condition of society in general, then, while those whose productions were best suited to the tastes and wants of the community might succeed in obtaining more than a ratable share of the available food, others would obtain still less; the things which these last produced would not find a market. The result would be an apparent over-production of commodities, but in reality a deficiency of food.

Here, then, we approach to a solution of the

problem. The conditions of modern society involve the need of provision for a constantly increasing population—that is, a constant increase of the supply of food. In the hypothetical case assumed, the population could only increase and everybody have still enough to eat, either by the village obtaining more land, which alternative is excluded by the hypothesis, or by improved agriculture furnishing more food from the same extent of land. In the case of the whole world the result is obtained partly in this way, but in a far larger degree by the opening up of new countries and bringing new soils under cultivation; although it may be observed that using the term, improvement in agriculture, in its widest sense—to include improvements in the means of bringing agricultural produce to market—this opening up of new lands is really one form of improved agriculture. At any rate, the result is the same whether an acre is made to produce as much as two acres did before, or whether a fresh acre which was before beyond reach be brought under cultivation. Now, the analogy here suggested of the village community, or the self-contained island community, holds good, as I conceive, to the fullest extent for society in general; the process here described as taking place in a limited community is precisely what is taking place over the whole world. The progressive development in the production of all other things than food, including non-material as well as material productions, is due to the division of employments, the combination of efforts, and improvements in labor-saving appliances which result from the better organization of industry; but it is not the production of wealth in the strict sense. Whereas in an earlier stage of civilization ten men were employed in making a commodity which can now be made by one man, the remaining nine being set free to do other things—herein lies the secret of the increase of commodities and the advance of material civilization. The result is, that things which were scarce now become common, and that new things are invented and brought into use; but the value of the aggregate productions of the community, using the word in the widest sense, and whether those productions be few or many, rude or refined, is in every state of society the food of the persons engaged in producing them, which again is the surplus food raised by the cultivators of the soil. This is the important fact to bear in mind, that the earnings of all classes of society—the so-called productive classes as well as the non-productive; the wages of the sailor, and the income of the ship-owner, and the profits of the merchant; the money turned over by the manufacturer who works up the raw material, and the wages of the artisans employed by him; the profits retained by the tradesmen

or distributing agents; the incomes of the professional classes, who get their living out of the savings of the rest of the community, the doctors, and lawyers, and schoolmasters, and authors, and artists; all the earnings—transmitted from one to the other in the form of representative counters—which find their way into the pockets of these people, are not made in business in the sense of being produced there. The production took place at an earlier stage; the subsequent operations are merely of the transfer of wealth previously created, the surplus food, namely, produced by that section of the community which is engaged in agriculture. And just as in the hypothetical village community of one hundred persons each man's remuneration would be the one-hundredth part of the produce of the village-land, whether he was engaged in grinding corn or writing a tragedy, so the equation between the surplus food produced in the world and all other commodities taken together remains unaffected by the greater or less complexity of the organization of society, or the advance of refinement and mechanical skill. The surplus food produced by that part of the world's population which is engaged in agriculture, and which it exchanges for other things, is the measure of the value of all the other commodities—material and non-material—produced by all the other classes of society taken together. This is the ultimate source of all wealth, not saving merely, but saving of food. It is this surplus which the rest of the world enjoy, struggling for among themselves, and obtaining in very unequal proportions; but the so-called profits of that portion of the community are simply cases of the transfer of wealth previously created by another class, just as much as the so-called profits made on the Stock Exchange are not profits in the real sense of the term, but merely a transfer of property from one man's pocket to another.

One important qualification must here be noted, which will no doubt have been already anticipated by the reader. Man is not sustained by food alone; he needs also to be clothed and warmed and protected from the weather. All the food which a man produces after he has fed himself is therefore strictly not surplus; he must apply a part to satisfy his other needs by exchanging it for raiment and fuel and means of shelter. Further, the implements for agriculture have to be provided. If these are made by the agriculturists themselves, they have so much less time for their proper occupation, and less food will be raised in consequence. If, as is more likely to be the case, these things are made for them by another class of the community, then the food consumed by the latter must be placed in the same category as the food consumed by

the tillers of the soil themselves. It is therefore only the available surplus of food, after all these wants are provided for, which constitutes the effective surplus. If the supply of surplus food over and above what the agriculturists themselves consume is no more than sufficient to feed the classes engaged in ministering to their wants, then the condition of the community will be non-progressive, as was that of the hypothetical village community, which grows only enough surplus food to supply the small section of their numbers—village artisans and servants, watchman, priest, etc.—engaged wholly in ministering to the wants of the remainder. It is only when the surplus food raised is sufficient to maintain other members of the community who produce more commodities than are required by the tillers of the soil for actual subsistence, and are able to exchange these commodities among each other, that the progressive stage of civilization is reached.

The term "food," therefore, used here for the sake of brevity, must be taken to include whatever is necessary for sustenance. Returning now to the main point at issue, and reserving for future notice another important qualification, which will probably have been suggested by what has just been said, we are now in a position to see distinctly the conditions under which over-production may occur. The problem evidently turns on the equilibrium necessary to be maintained between the increase of population and the increase in the supply of food. So long as the production of food goes on increasing—that is, so long as new soils continue to be brought under cultivation, and old soils to be rendered more productive—the population engaged in the production of all other things may go on increasing too. If exact equilibrium between the two things is maintained, the condition of society will be in effect the same as that of a stationary population, and there can be no over-production. On the contrary, by the development of labor-saving appliances, the production of commodities of all sorts may go on increasing indefinitely, the result being that the value of all other things measured in food will be reduced, and a larger share of them will on the average be available for everybody. The condition of the community will become more and more prosperous; every one will have enough to eat, and all other things will be cheaper and more abundant. By cheapness is meant, of course, that a larger quantity of them will exchange for the same amount of food, all question of money value or price being foreign to the point, as money prices depend merely on the less or greater abundance of the precious metals. But if this equilibrium between food-supply and increase of population is not maintained, then over-production will occur, or rather



the result will take the apparent form of over-production, although what would really occur is a deficiency of food. This might be disguised under the complexity of modern civilization. In the struggle for the available supply of food, the more industrious and intelligent, and those who displayed most intelligence in administering to the wants and desires of mankind, would get a sufficiency; the less fortunate and active would be the first sufferers; and the phenomena most prominently apparent would be the production of commodities which could be soonest dispensed with by mankind—in short, over-production and the increase of pauperism, disguising what had really happened, a deficiency of food. But, subject to the condition that the population engaged on the production of other things does not increase faster than the supply of surplus food, the notion that there can be such a thing as over-production, or that there can be more things produced than the demand can be found for, is from the nature of the case untenable. The wants of man are illimitable, and can never be fully satisfied. The only thing of which there can be over-production is man himself. There may be too many men in the world; there can not be too many things produced by man.

A pertinent illustration bearing on this subject is afforded by the enormous class of persons, now non-productive and withdrawn from useful labor, serving in the collective armies of Europe. Suppose these armies to be disbanded, and the men composing them return to civil life. The probable effect, it may be said, would be a glut in the labor-market; and so there might be in one sense, and as a temporary condition, before new occupations were found for these men. But clearly the community would not really be the poorer, because, while the supply of food would remain undiminished, its consumption would not be increased by the transfer of the soldiers to civil employment; and as soon as new fields of labor were discovered everybody would be better off than before; there would be as much to eat, and people would be better housed and clothed and more fully supplied with comforts and amusements. Still further, if, as would probably happen, a part of the available labor thus set free were to transfer itself to new countries, and engage in farming, there would be a sudden change in the ratio of the supply of food to population, with a corresponding stimulus to all other industries. There would be room for population to increase without a reduction in the food-values of other products—a result which, strange though it may appear when the thing is stated nakedly, is the true test of material prosperity. Thus it might well happen that all classes of English society, as well as the people of other countries,

might enjoy a sudden accession of prosperity from the disbandment or reduction of the gigantic armies of Europe.

These considerations serve to show that an overstocked labor-market is an impossibility as a permanent condition, except so far as it arises from the population being in excess of the available food-supply. When men compete with one another, it is not in the production of commodities, which can never be in excess of the demand, but for the available supply of surplus food for which these goods are offered in exchange. These considerations also serve to explain the enormous benefit conferred on society by emigration. It is not merely that labor is diverted from an old country to a new; it is because emigration almost always means the transfer of labor from the production of other things to the production of food, thereby disturbing in a favorable sense the equilibrium between the relative proportions of the two classes of workers into which the world's population is divided, that it gives such a stimulus to all other industries. The additional surplus food created by emigration increases the aggregate wealth available for the rest of the community. Had America not been discovered, the population of Europe would probably have long ago overtaken the means of subsistence, and the struggle for the available supply of food, which is always going on in a greater or less degree, would have become vastly intensified, taking the apparent form of over-production of other commodities. The peopling of the great unoccupied territories of the Western World has averted this calamity. There are marked indications at the present time that the production of food in North America is now about to undergo a rapid and enormous expansion, far exceeding for the time what is required for the normal increase of the world's population. If this forecast be correct, we are on the eve of a sudden access of general prosperity, which, although not without its incidental evils, among others the depression of the English agricultural interests until the conditions of English agriculture are modified and become adapted to the new state of things, may have the effect of raising in a marked degree the general standard of well-being of the whole of Europe. It would seem, indeed, that we are about to witness the beginning of a great economical revolution, of a kind almost wholly beneficial to mankind, when the rapid extension of the cultivation of new soils on an enormous scale will stimulate in a degree never before witnessed the demand for all other kinds of production, and will put off the time of general over-production of the only possible kind—an over-production of men—into the indefinite future.

This examination into the conditions which

underlie production leads us, then, to a satisfactory conclusion. If, indeed, it were possible that a time might come when production of other things than food would be in excess of the demand to satisfy wants; if there were some definite amount of trade which the nations of the earth were scrambling for, so that what was gained by one was lost by another; if the struggle for existence was to become ever keener—then, indeed, one might despair of the future of the human race. Happily, this is not so. Subject to the condition that there should be food enough for all, the increased production of other things than food by one class or one nation renders possible increased production by all other classes and nations. There is no limit to the capacity of mankind for consumption, and therefore to the demand for productions, using the word in the widest sense. But mankind may fall short of food. And a deficiency of food would have occurred long ere this but for the continued improvements effected in the mode of transporting it from place to place by sea and land; while the danger that food might still run short—at one time a very real and pressing one—has now been staved off indefinitely by the productive power of North America.

But, although general over-production is impossible, the occurrence of cases of partial over-production—that is, of the production of some particular commodity in excess of the demand for it at the particular time or place—must still be the normal condition. The tendency of modern trade for particular industries to collect round special centers makes such cases also the more readily apparent, although, of course, the evil is not intensified on this account. The distress caused by a depression in the cotton-trade would be just as great were the mills scattered over the United Kingdom as if they were all collected at Manchester. But the conditions of modern trade, with its keen competition and the magnitude of the efforts applied to single operations, serve to aggravate the evil. The desire to take advantage of a rising market almost always results in a glut, to be followed by a period of depression, succeeded in turn by another period of excessive activity. The equilibrium between demand and supply is constantly in course of derangement. And the production of a commodity is often continued for a time after a change of fashion or taste has put an end to the demand. The remedy for the distress occasioned in this way, by the glut of labor in particular occupations, is generally stated to be the competition for labor among different trades, which should keep them at one general level of supply—the workmen are supposed to be always ready to take their labor to the rising market.

This, however, is merely a tendency, which in practice is counteracted by other causes, the most powerful arising from an inherent condition of modern industry. The combination of efforts for particular objects, which is its cardinal principle, involves also an extreme division of employments. The man who spends his life in handling one particular machine can not turn quickly to another business; he must stick to his trade, although his children may be set to a new one, because he is not fit for any other. These people are always liable to be the victims of over-productions.

But, in the majority of cases when over-production appears to occur, what has really happened is the non-production of the usual supply of food. One country grows food, and another supplies it with manufactured goods in exchange for its surplus food. If, owing to war or famine there is no surplus food, then the manufactured goods can not be taken off. The two countries stand in exactly the same position toward each other as the agricultural and non-agricultural members of our hypothetical village community. So stands Manchester toward India; so stands England toward the agricultural communities of the world. The case is complicated in appearance because Manchester does not supply only India with piece goods, but other countries as well; and further that the payment does not always come direct. India may export rice or opium to China, and China pay for it by sending tea to America, and America pay for the tea by sending bacon and wheat to England; but in this case it is still in effect the surplus produce of India which is exchanged for the Manchester goods; and, if there is no surplus produce, those goods can not be taken. Just in proportion, then, as trade becomes cosmopolitan, and one country supplies its manufactures to the whole world instead of to one country only, will the liability to this form of over-production be abated.

A few words may be added in conclusion to clear up a point which has purposely been kept in reserve. It has been already explained that the term food, as used here, must be taken to include the clothing and other provision necessary to support life; but a further qualification is needed to complete this statement of the case, the nature of which will probably have been anticipated by the reader. In laying down the general proposition which it has been the object of this paper to establish, that the productive classes may be divided into two categories—the producers of food, and the producers of all other things; and that the fund which pays for the latter is the surplus food raised by the first class—the question at once arises, What food is here

meant? Admitting the proposition to be true of corn and meat—the necessities of life—does it hold good for the luxuries of diet? Do hot-house fruits and delicate wines, for example, come under the category of food, or should they be included under the head of other products, paid for from the savings of those engaged in simpler forms of cultivation? Here the analogy of a self-contained community will again come in to help us. Let us first suppose, as before, that out of a community of one hundred persons only thirty are engaged on the tillage of land, and that they produce a sufficiency of the simplest forms of food, say wheat or rice, to keep themselves and the other seventy in health. Suppose now that the tastes of the community lead them to desire a change of diet, say to meat and cheese, involving that a portion of the land which heretofore has been growing rice or wheat shall be appropriated to pasture. Then, so far as the meat or milk now produced supplies the place of the wheat or rice heretofore grown, the economic position is not affected; but if the new diet, although more agreeable, is insufficient in quantity, the deficiency must be made good; and, there being no more land available, this can be accomplished only by rendering the existing land more productive, involving the application of more labor to the soil. A portion of the seventy persons heretofore engaged in the production of other things than food must transfer their labor to agriculture. There is still, therefore, enough food for all, and of a more agreeable kind; but there is a smaller production of other commodities. For a stationary population, therefore, the economic position is unaffected by the change. But, then, no population is stationary; and the same additional labor applied to the simpler but more productive form of agriculture would have increased the supply of food, which is the normal want in the actual state of the world with its increasing population. The condition involved is seen still more plainly if we assume that a part of the land is given up to the production of delicate fruits and wines, which tickle the palate, but are not a substitute for plainer food. In the production of champagne, for example, which requires a long time and continued attention to bring to perfection, the men engaged in the manufacture are fed from the surplus food

of the agriculturist, just as much as the men engaged in writing books or painting pictures. In this respect the growth of champagne or the rearing of pheasants stands economically on the same ground as the production of any other commodities which are not food. The effect is neither better nor worse. But in so far as the production of richer foods, by taking up a portion of the available land, displaces a larger amount of simpler food which might otherwise have been grown upon it, it disturbs the equilibrium between the production of food and that of other things on the maintenance of which depends the prosperity of mankind, and serves to intensify that struggle for the available food-supply which is always going on. Of all luxury, luxury in food is from this point of view the most baneful.

Of course this is not the only side of the question. The simplest food will not suffice to maintain a community in mental and physical health, and to produce the highest form of efforts. A people who live on rice will usually be found unfit to do anything better than grow rice. Monotony in food, as in other things, begets dullness. For all classes there must be something in life to look forward to if men are not to become soured; and, constituted as we are at present, the pleasures of the table must continue to form an important element among the pleasures available for man. But if the use of luxurious food be defensible on these grounds, absolute waste of food, at any rate, produces the ill effect pointed out, without any compensating advantage. The diner at every gluttonous city feast contributes his quota to the already existing distress in some other part of the community. So does the guest of a charity dinner. The money he subscribes to the charity is merely a transfer of wealth which leaves the world neither richer nor poorer; the dinner he eats or leaves increases the poverty of his neighbors.

It may be said, perhaps, that even waste has its uses; the spectacle of luxury enjoyed by others may give a stimulus to labor and invention. But the speculations suggested by this vein of argument carry us far beyond the scope of the present contribution to the discussion of a great subject.

GEORGE CHESNEY (*Fortnightly Review*).

## MR. CIMABUE BROWN ON THE DEFENSIVE.

OH, yes; I have the courage of my opinions, and I am not ashamed to come forward and defend them under my own name. Don't for a moment suppose that I am the least little bit afraid of Mr. Du Maurier. It is quite true that he has cut me up most unmercifully in "Punch," that he has desecrated the sanctity of private life by representing my drawing-room in public caricatures, and that he has held up the dress and personal attractions of Mrs. Cimabue Brown herself to general ridicule in his amusing sketches. But I am not at all angry with him: I really feel, on the contrary, quite grateful for his attentions. Not that I am anxious for notoriety, nobody less so; and I confess I *did* feel a little awkward just at first when everybody used to say to me every Wednesday regularly, "Well, Cimabue, my boy, I see Du Maurier has another slash at you this morning"; but now I have quite lived down all those little personal weaknesses. I have not achieved greatness, it has been thrust upon me; but I accept it quietly, with that dignified reserve which becomes a man of culture.

The fact is, you know—and I wonder people haven't seen it long ago—Mr. Du Maurier isn't really making fun of me at all: he is helping me in a roundabout way to spread my theories. Why does he love so much to represent my Japanese fans, my Oriental blue, my pomegranate dado? Do you suppose for a moment it is because he is genuinely anxious to laugh at such things? Not a bit of it. He sympathizes secretly with all my tastes, he is just as fond of good furniture and pretty things as I am, and he makes caricatures of me and my belongings because these are the subjects which he loves best to draw—and very natural of him, too. If it were his *métier* to exhibit interiors at the Academy, he would paint my little breakfast-room alcove, with Mrs. Cimabue Brown as a Florentine lady of the fifteenth century: as it's his *métier* to make us all laugh in "Punch" instead, he draws the self-same alcove, with Mrs. Cimabue Brown in her natural character—that's all. It isn't ill-natured satire, and I don't object to it. It serves to interest thousands of people, who would never otherwise have heard of the *Æsthetic Revolution* of the Nineteenth Century, in all my aims and projects. His pictures are propædæutic, as Prigsby says: Prigsby, you know, is the celebrated Oxford *æsthetic* don who collects hawthorn-pattern porcelain, and supplies us all with good Greek words, which are warranted

to be the purest Attic. If Mr. Du Maurier dared, he would laugh with us; but, as he doesn't dare, he laughs against us: and it comes to very much the same thing in the long-run.

I say thus much by way of preface, because I know you will be astonished to find me describing myself by my true name. You will say: "Why does he call himself Cimabue Brown? If he wants to defend the *æsthetics*, why doesn't he take some other name, instead of avowing himself by one which has been made ridiculous to all of us in the pages of our great national censor, Mr. Punch?" Why, my dear sir (or madam), don't you know that caricature is in its very nature exaggeration, and that neither I nor any other "*æsthete*" am one-twentieth part as ridiculous as Mr. Du Maurier makes us out to be? Do you really suppose that any one of us talks the marvelous jargon that Mr. Gilbert puts into our mouths in "*Patience*"; or that we really dress our wives in such ridiculous costumes, or worship lilies, or dedicate our days to the study of the intense? All that is just the playful nonsense of our satirists, who are as a rule our intimate friends, and to a great extent our imitators too. Therefore, in spite of all the fun which has been poked at me in "Punch" and elsewhere, I prefer to come forward under my own Christian and surname, and to brave the ridicule which will be sure to greet me when I attempt to make myself known *in propria persona*.

I venture to say that I am a typical and representative "*æsthete*." I was *æsthetic* from the very beginning. I invested in drawings by Mr. Rossetti when Mr. Rossetti's name was only known to a small clique of esoteric admirers. I bought Mr. Morris's earliest wall-papers; I led the way in introducing high dados; I collected old Japanese while all the rest of the world was still bowing down in awful idolatry to the hideous deities of Sèvres and Dresden. At last, people generally began to be more or less of my way of thinking. Society slowly came round, to start with; then the middle classes attempted feebly to *æstheticize* their Philistia; and now even seaside lodgings are trying to put on some faint semblance of decent decoration. Our principles triumphed; but with the triumph there came, of course, a little friendly chaff as well. It all means no more than that. The fun in "Punch" and at the theatres is really an indirect tribute to our victory. Nobody publishes caricatures of the highly respectable member for East Loamshire,



or of the amiably somnolent representative of King's Peddington: those obscure and well-meaning gentlemen may slumber in peace upon the back benches of the Opposition without fearing the potent pencil of Mr. Tenniel. But when a man rises to be a prime minister or a chancellor of the exchequer he may be sure that no cartoon will spare the peculiarities of his personal appearance, and that Mr. Pellegrini will duly immortalize the cut of his waistcoat and the special twist of his left whisker in a delightful sketch for "Vanity Fair." It is just the same with ourselves. I take Mr. Du Maurier's friendly sallies much as Mr. Gladstone doubtless takes his counterfeit presentment in the hands of the weekly caricaturists. When the first mention of my name appeared in "Punch," I blushed a little, it is true; but I said to my wife at once, "Linda, my dear, the revolution is accomplished, and the era of culture has at last set in."

However, I fancy I hear you saying: "This is not the real Cimabue Brown at all, but only an audacious and transparent pretender. He hasn't got the style of the original in any way. He says nothing about the utter, or the intense, or the ineffable; he doesn't even allude to the Renaissance; but he talks plain, straightforward English, just like you and me." My dear sir (or madam, once more), what else would you expect? Don't you see that you are taking your idea of me from the caricature, and then blaming the original because you don't find it so ridiculous as the acknowledged exaggeration? It is as though you expected to see Socrates in real life actually engaged in shoeing fleas, because Aristophanes chaffed him about that impossible occupation; or as though you declined to admit the identity of a peer because he wasn't wearing his coronet round his chimney-pot hat, as he always does in Mr. Tenniel's cartoons. Believe me, you will no more find me in my own home practicing all the absurdities which my genial critic pretends to observe in my conduct, than you will find Connemara wholly peopled with heavy-jawed comic Irishmen, or Paris entirely overrun with shoulder-shrugging Mossoos of the conventional English stage pattern.

Having thus, I hope, got rid of my supposed characteristics, and put myself forward in my own genuine personality, let me endeavor a little more fully to explain the real good which I hope and trust I am doing in the world. I believe I really represent the æsthetic revolution; and I hold that, in spite of "Patience" and "Punch," and all the rest of it, the æsthetic revolution is an accomplished fact. It is here, there, and everywhere, *en evidence* before our eyes. I can't walk from my club up St. James's Street without seeing it staring at me from every shop-window

in London. I can't go into a friend's house without observing it in every room, from the entrance-hall to the attics. I can't travel about the country without noticing how it pervades every village in England. I can't go to the theatre without finding it put bodily upon the stage. I can't buy a comic paper without running up against it in nonsensical misrepresentation. Say what you like of it, there it is, an unmistakable fact, growing like Jonah's gourd before our very eyes, and spreading so wide that it overshadows all the land with its sunflowers and its pomegranate-blossoms. And I say to myself all the time, with some complacency I acknowledge, "All this is the work of our set."

Fifty years ago, art in England was practically all but unknown. People generally understood that it had something to do with the National Gallery and the Royal Academy; and that it was very expensive; and that, in order to know anything about it, you must be born to the inheritance of an ancestral picture-gallery, and must travel abroad to Rome and Florence. As to the possibility of its having any connection, then or ever, with their own every-day lives, they would as soon have speculated on the possibility of every English child talking classical Latin, and every agricultural laborer spending his spare cash on the purchase of Elzevirs or Bodonis. Art meant pictures and statues; and pictures and statues were *specialités* for the same class which could afford to keep French cooks, and thoroughbred race-horses, and domestic chaplains, and a score of game-keepers. For themselves, they were perfectly content to live in ugly houses, with ugly carpets, ugly wall-papers, and ugly furniture; while the interests of literature, science, and art were sufficiently considered in three moldy-looking illustrated books on the drawing-room table, a few coarse lithographs hung upon the wall, and a squeaky piano in the corner, with an arsenic-green satin lining behind the cheap veneered fretwork which overhung the key-board cover.

It was in those hopeless and hideous days that I and my fellow-workers grew up. As young men we began to feel that this was not all quite right. We were not born to the inheritance of picture-galleries, nor were we dukes or Manchester manufacturers, that we should buy old masters, and give commissions to sculptors for preserving our own amiable features in marble busts. Most of us were decidedly far from rich; we belonged to the professional middle classes, almost without exception. I myself, as you doubtless know, began life as a Government clerk, on a salary of one hundred and twenty pounds a year. Prigsby was a fellow of St. Catherine's College, Oxford; Macmurdo, the author of those charm-

ing essays on the "Early Flemish Painters," was art critic for the "Hebdomadal Investigator"; Partington, who took at last to designing furniture, was a student at the Academy; and my dear friend Mawkins was, and is, a solicitor in Chancery Lane. We couldn't indulge in collecting pictures; we couldn't even in those days (when we were yet young and struggling) go to Rome or Florence; but we had an idea that something might be done to make English home-life a little more beautiful, a little more cultivated, and a little more refined than it used to be. We didn't see why the dukes and the country gentlemen should claim to have a monopoly of taste and culture. We determined to set to work ourselves, and to make our own homes at least as pretty and as refined as we could. Some people say we were selfish in our aims, mere cultivated voluptuaries who elevated our own personal pleasures into our one standard of action. That, I think, is a mistake. To be sure, we began our reforms at home; but then, we began them at home in the hope that our example might induce the rest of the world to follow us. We were silent preachers for years, and at last our unspoken sermons began to produce their effect upon other people.

At last the revolution came, and we felt that we had borne our part in it. I don't want you to misunderstand me: I don't for a moment suppose we did it all single-handed. Ever since the first great Exhibition—the Hyde Park Crystal Palace, I mean—we have watched a gradual struggling of the public mind upward toward some faint conception of terrestrial beauty. At first it struggled very blindly, and went worshipping all kinds of odd knobby "Gothic" chairs, and absurd Indian or quasi-medieval monstrosities. Still, it was beginning to shake itself awake, in a queer, sleepy, half-unconscious fashion. But plenty of good people kept prodding it up on every side, and helped to rouse it from its lethargy of contented ugliness. The prince himself (though he *was* a German) did something: the Schools of Art and all the South Kensington business did more. They were symptomatic of reviving life—they showed that people were getting dimly conscious of a screw loose somewhere. Then Mr. Ruskin, too, undoubtedly helped us on greatly. I don't agree by any means with all that Mr. Ruskin says—between you and me, I consider him just a trifle confused and flighty—but he did certainly set before people the supreme necessity of having decent jugs, and pots, and pans, and pipkins, and he spoke a good word in season for the pre-Raphaelites, in the days when pre-Raphaelitism was regarded as something half-way between Bedlam and heresy. Finally Mr. Morris came, and from the advent of Mr. Morris I date the year One of the Revolution.

Undeniably, he was the great prime agent in the movement. Mr. Ruskin had only preached, but our poet-artist practiced. He didn't *talk* to people about good papers, and carpets, and chairs, and sofas; he *made* them for us. Hundreds of human beings who haven't a spark of the inventive faculty in their heads have taste enough to admire such things when they are put before them; and, what Mr. Morris designed or recommended, they could buy. That, I take it, was the main step in the great æsthetic reformation of modern England.

Still, we of the Hampstead clique did something. We stood to Mr. Morris in the same relation in which a wooden dummy wearing the celebrated sixteen-shilling trousers or the famous three-guinea suit of dittos stands to Messrs. Moses & Son or to Mr. Kino. We illustrated the new style. We displayed the æsthetic papers upon our walls; we laid the æsthetic carpets upon our floors; we stuck the Japanese fans and the Oriental blue over our mantel-pieces. People came to see us, and said these things were very pretty; they went away, and bought others like them. Above all, we bore the ridicule and the odium of setting a new fashion. Many of our friends laughed at us: some of them caricatured us: all of them misunderstood our motives. They said we wanted to gain notoriety, or that we were going mad, or that our only object was social advancement. But we didn't care for that: we decorated our houses with what we thought pretty things; we dressed our wives and children in what we thought pretty colors; and we felt sure that the world at large would come round at last to our views, as you now see it practically has.

Of course, after everybody has taken really to decorating their houses just as Macmurdo had been advising them to do for twenty years, and after everybody has taken to copying Mrs. Cima-bue Brown's dresses, even so as to put plates of them in the "Gazette des Dames," there naturally arises an outcry that we, the leaders of the movement, are, after all, a very ridiculous and overwrought set of mere æsthetic prigs and posers. That is the necessary result of notoriety. Mawkins always meets this accusation in a sort of half-hearted, palliating fashion. He says that every great revolution is accompanied by some extravagances and excesses: that the Reformation had its Anabaptists and its Iconoclasts; that the Puritan movement had its fifth-monarchy men and its naked prophets. Whenever people feel and think a great deal about any given subject, there are sure to be some, he believes, whose zeal will outrun their discretion, and who will make a good cause look ridiculous by their extravagances. "Don't consider the few *outré*

enthusiasts," he says, "but consider the immense change for the better actually wrought in unpretending ways among ten thousand English households." I for my part, however, don't care to be apologetic. I *won't* apologize, so don't expect it. I boldly deny the whole accusation. I say there are *no* such aesthetes as those angular-elbowed, green-complexioned, intense young ladies and gentlemen whom popular satire represents as typical of our set. I defy you to point me out one single specimen in real life. I, Cimabue Brown, am probably at this moment the best ridiculed and most laughed-at man in all England; and yet I am not ashamed of myself. I ask you to look at us as we really are, not as you see us caricatured in Mr. Du Maurier's clever sketches or Mr. Gilbert's comic operas. Come to one of my wife's Wednesday evening At Homes, and you will see, I can promise you, all the most æsthetic people in London assembled together. I acknowledge that you will find a sunflower decoration in the hall; and very pretty it is too, for my friend Partington took as much pains with that dado as he ever took with anything he has designed. I acknowledge also that you will find old china plates put up against the wall, and Venetian glass in the cabinet, and some good Persian tiles around the fireplace, and a pretty Indian rug on the floor. I allow that you will find the girls dressed for the most part in pleasant neutral tints, not in crude and staring reds, greens, and yellows; and that you will hear more conversation about Italian pictures and Mr. Lang's last ballade than about the latest fluctuations of the Stock Exchange or about two private person's irresponsible opinions on the hundred and twentieth clause of the Irish Land Bill. But if you see anybody posing in mediæval attitudes after Fra Angelico, or attempting to assume an expression of earnest ideality after Sandro Botticelli, or talking the burlesque jargon about subtle influences and utter intensity after Mr. Du Maurier, why, then I promise you to forfeit five hundred pounds down without a murmur for the benefit of the Royal Hospital for Incurable Idiots. And I will use my first nomination as a benefactor to insure that person's immediate admission within the walls of the institution.

If you turn from fancy to fact, the real thing that we have accomplished is this: we have obtained the general recognition of culture as a distinct aim in English life. Even those people who laugh at us most have really adopted our principles and imitated our practice. There is hardly a middle-class house in England where our wall-papers and our *cretonnes* have not penetrated. The mantel-pieces which used once to be covered with blue and gold vases and ormolu clocks are

now decorated with olive-green Vallauris pottery and quaintly pretty Satsuma teapots. The girls who used once to work Berlin-wool tapestry with square mosaic pictures of ladies and lapdogs and monstrous realistic roses, now work with crewels in really beautiful decorative patterns drawn to conventionalized designs. Our women universally dress in subdued and delicate colors; even our children play with toy books made lovely for them by Kate Greenaway and Walter Crane. Some of the attempts that people make at the beautiful are still doubtless painful and ridiculous enough; but, at any rate, they make the attempt, instead of remaining as of old in a blissful and contented state of utter Philistine ugliness. To know a little about art, about poetry, about the emotional side of life altogether, has become an object and a desire with thousands and thousands of people who never felt it so before. And that result has been brought about in large part, I confidently assert, by us, the despised and much-ridiculed "aesthetes." In the proud consciousness of having played my part in a great and beneficent revolution—a revolution which has made home-life happier, brighter, purer, nobler, and in a word higher, for hundreds of thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen—I can afford, I feel, to laugh lightly at the little passing jokes and not unkindly caricatures of my good friends at the theatres and in the comic papers. After all, as I said before, in making fun of me they are really playing my game, and helping indirectly to familiarize the world with those objects and methods which seem to me most beautiful and most desirable.

There are a few other more serious objections, however, sometimes urged against the great contemporary æsthetic movement typified by my unworthy personality, about which objections I should like to say a few words in passing, now that I have got you fairly button-holed in a corner by yourself. The first of them—a very common one—is that we "aesthetes" are sworn enemies to color. There never was a greater mistake on this earth. We revel in color; we perfectly roll in it; we live in the midst of green, and blue, and scarlet, and purple, all our days. Nobody who has once seen the interior of a really good modern æsthetic house could ever afterward seriously commit such a ridiculous blunder as to say that it was "dingy," or "gloomy," or "faded-looking," as a thousand unthinking critics assert unhesitatingly every day. I think I can see the origin of this absurd misconception: it arises from looking at things piecemeal, instead of taking them in their harmonious final combination. Young ladies and gentlemen, walking down Oxford Street, glance into the windows of a famous red-brick shop near the lower end of Orchard

Street, and see there some ebony cabinets, some Persian blue and white pottery, some delicate neutral tints of carpet, some yards of dark-green velvet with an inexpressibly faint undertone of peacock-blue. They contrast these sober shades with the staring reds, and blues, and yellows in the carpets, wall-papers, satin-covered chairs, and other noisy upholsteries in various adjacent windows of the old-fashioned sort; and they come to the conclusion that æsthetic people hate color. They forget that these things are but the ground tones of the whole finished picture, and that in a fully furnished æsthetic house they would find them so interspersed with pictures, pottery, flowers, decorations, and the dresses of women and children, that the entire effect would be one of peculiarly rich, deep, and harmonious coloring.

As a matter of fact, it is the Philistine house which eschews color. There white—dead, cold, pale, cheerless white—forms the background and key-note of the total decorative effect. The ceiling is white all over. The wall-paper is white, with a few patches of regularly-disposed gold ornamentation in geometrical squares. The mantel-piece is of white marble. The carpet has a white ground sprinkled with red and blue roses. The cheap chromo-lithographs which do duty for fine art have broad white margins; and there is no deeper coloring to balance and neutralize this chilly general tone. The place of honor over the hearth is filled by a great gilt mirror, which reflects the white ceiling. The chairs and sofas are covered in pale-blue satin. The vases are in whitish glass. The ornaments are Parian statuettes, alabaster boxes, and white-spar knick-knacks. There is hardly a bit of color in the whole room; and whatever there is consists of crude masses of unmitigated blue, red, and yellow, isolated in great harsh patches amid the prevailing sea of inhospitable white. The place seems contrived on purpose to repel one by its utter unhomeliness.

Now, just contrast such a room as this with my little drawing-room in the small house at Hampstead. Our ceiling is covered with a pretty continuous distempered design; our walls are broken into a high decorative dado of storks and water-plants beneath, and a small upper piecing above with geometrical interlacing patterns in a contrasting hue. Our floor is polished at the sides, and has two or three different rugs placed about between the chairs and tables. So every bit of the framework of the room is simply full of color—subdued, pleasant, restful color for the most part, I allow, with unobtrusive patterns which do not solicit or fatigue the eye, but still most unmistakable color, as different as possible from the poverty-stricken white of utter Philistia.

Then we have a few pictures hung upon the upper piecing; a few decorative plates fastened against the wall; a cabinet with Venetian glass and good old Chinese porcelain above the dark-red mantel-piece; and a hearth set above with green and blue Persian tiles. We have chairs and sofas covered with pretty tapestry; we have a few crewel-work anti-macassars (which I myself detest, but endure for Mrs. Cimabue Brown's sake); we have flowers in abundance; and on reception-nights we have the dresses and faces of women enlivening the whole scene. If you were to drop in at one of our Wednesday evenings, I'm quite sure you would say you never saw so much color crowded into a single room in all your life before. Only, the color is not dispersed about indiscriminately in great solitary patches; it is harmonized and subdued and combined into a single decorative chromatic effect.

When I say I know you would think so, I am not speaking quite at random, but am generalizing soberly from my past experience. A great many casual acquaintances of mine, who have never been to my house, but have met me at friends' dinners, or at our office (the Secretary of State for Scotland's), have said to me: "Well, Mr. Brown, we're quite sure we shouldn't like your style of furnishing; we've heard it's so very severe and æsthetic." But, whenever I've asked them just to drop in and see it, they've almost invariably gone away, not only charmed, but with a fixed determination to furnish their own houses in the same fashion. I don't say they've all of them admired my Simone Memmi (a Saint Catherine with an expression of incomparable spirituality that very few except my intimate friends thoroughly appreciate); I won't even pretend that they always liked my Filippino Lippi, my four best teacups, or indeed several of my treasures in detail. Some of them have gone so far as to criticise severely Partington's door-panels in the breakfast-room, or to object to that exquisite peacock-feather border on the *portière* in my study. But every one of them without exception has praised heartily and sincerely the general effect. I don't expect people who can only see stiff wooden figures in a Giotto or coarse splashes of lampblack in a Dürer, to sympathize at once with my Memmi—that sort of thing only comes with study, and involves familiarity with the development of art—but I do expect them to like the look of my house as a whole, and I find I am almost invariably right in my expectation.

I'll give you just one instance. There's Theophilus Jenkins, of our office—my colleague as head clerk in the other department—whom I have known ever since we got our appointments together twenty years ago, but whom I happened somehow never to have taken home to dinner,



because he's a man of such very different tastes and habits from myself. Well, after "Punch" began to make such fun of me, Jenkins, who's a conventional frock-coat-and-tall-hat sort of person, said to me one day: "Brown, my dear fellow, there's an awful lot of talk about you and your notions in the papers. What's it all about, I wonder?" So I said to him, "Well, Jenkins, if you'll come and dine with me on Saturday next, I dare say you'll be able to judge for yourself." At first Jenkins didn't quite like it; said he was no critic, that he was sure my taste was quite above his head, and that he should offend me by his dullness and want of appreciation. However, I insisted upon his coming, and he came. As soon as he got inside my doors, he gazed about him just as if he was bewildered; and then he began to say in a low voice: "Oh, how beautiful! how very beautiful! how very, very beautiful!" and so he went on, *crescendo*, as if he couldn't recover himself, for five minutes. The fact was, he had never seen anything pretty in his life before, and it quite took away his breath at first. After he had cooled down a little, he asked leave to look at every separate object in detail, just as if the house had been a museum, and with most of them he was delighted. He didn't care for the Memmi, of course—he said it looked too like an old sign-board; and he didn't care for the Oriental blue—he said it reminded him of a common ginger-jar; nor did he care for the decorative storks, which he naively remarked were not exactly lifelike in their attitudes. But, as for the *tout ensemble*, he cordially praised it; and when he was going away he asked leave from my wife to bring Mrs. Theophilus Jenkins to see the whole thing at an early opportunity, that she might gather a few hints for her own drawing-room. Now, that, you know, from a typical Philistine, dwelling in the Gath and Askelon of Clapham, I call a very conclusive proof of genuine conversion.

There is a second objection, however, even more ridiculous than the first, which I often see urged by ill-informed writers in the daily papers. They complain that what they call æsthetic furniture is hard, uncomfortable, and knobby; that you can't sit on the chairs without twisting your back; that you can't lie on the sofas without dislocating your neck; and that you can't move across the room without imminent danger of upsetting an afternoon tea-table. They say all the furniture is designed to look artistic and graceful, but not to suit the comfort and convenience of the user. In short, they accuse us of sacrificing everything to external appearances.

How such an incomprehensibly topsy-turvy notion of our proceedings ever got about, I confess is to me as inscrutable as the ways of Provi-

dence generally are. I consider it simply and solely the exact reverse of the truth. It is in Philistia that the chairs are stiff and straight-backed, that the sofas are hard and uncongenial to the human vertebral column, that the open space in rooms is encumbered with little flimsy tables which topple over incontinently on the slightest provocation. Where these captious critics got their idea of æsthetic furniture I can not imagine—certainly not from the little house at Hampstead; for neither Mrs. Cimabue Brown nor I would ever admit anything of the sort into the place. Our easy-chairs are all large, low, and well stuffed, with sloping backs exactly adapted to the natural poise of the human body; most of them are covered in pleasant neutral shades of dark velvet or tapestry, and exactly designed to meet the comfort of those who wish to read, to work, or to converse. They are placed at convenient angles as regards the light, both by day and night; they stand neither too near nor too far from the fireplace; and they are agreeably varied in size, shape, and position, to suit the varying requirements of mankind or womankind, of grown-up people or of children—for we always love to see our children in the same room with ourselves. Our occasional chairs are low, pleasantly shaped, and with curved backs to take the natural contour of the shoulders. Our sofas are the perfection of ease for lazy people who want to lounge—my wife declares, indeed, that they encourage lounging a great deal too much, and that she will condemn me to a Philistine arm-chair, specially purchased in Tottenham Court Road, if I persist in reading my "Bimonthly Review" there after dinner. And, finally, our tables are all stoutly and firmly planted on good, solid wooden legs, so that it takes a real effort to make them topple over.

I am thus particular in describing the nature of my own furniture, because I have seen most personal and mistaken statements made about it in the public prints, where my name has actually been mentioned in full. I have seen it said that my chairs and sofas were insufferably stiff and uncomfortable, and that my guests had often to complain of permanent distortions contracted by them in the effort to accommodate their osseous substructures to my Procrustean couches. Nothing could be more absurd. I suppose I ought to know what my own furniture is like better than these anonymous critics; and I venture to say that the strictures in question were certainly never written by any person who had ever attended one of my wife's At Homes, even for a single evening. The class of people who visit at the little house at Hampstead do not care to retail tittle-tattle about the private affairs of fami-

lies as if they were writers in those well-known society journals, the "Weekly Eavesdropper" and the "Pimlico Scorpion."

Yet I fancy I can form some vague notion how so false an opinion has ever gained ground. It is based, I believe, in part upon the so-called Gothic furniture, once so largely recommended by Eastlake. Now, I believe Eastlake did a great deal of good in his own day; but I must admit that his Gothic chairs were decidedly knobby and angular. Perhaps some vague memory of these past phases in the nascent æsthetic movement may still linger in the minds of my critics and censors. But I believe the error is far more due to certain stiff, square abominations, sold by certain West End upholsterers under the absurdly incongruous misnomer of Early English furniture. Early English in this acceptance appears to mean such a style as might, if persisted in, finally produce the well-known Anglo-Saxon attitudes to be found in certain mediæval tapestries. But that any recognized leader among the "æsthetes"—myself, for example, or Prigsby, or Partington—has ever given any countenance whatsoever to these prodigious and flimsy shams, I emphatically deny. If people will go to Mr. Zachariah Moss, of Euston Road, or to Messrs. Shoddy, Shum & Co., of Mile End, for their artistic upholstery, and will take whatever cheap and nasty goods those enterprising tradesmen choose to palm off upon them as "the new æsthetic style," or "the Early English drawing-room suite," why then they must not lay the blame of their failures upon me and Prigsby. But, if they will come to us for advice and assistance, they will find that the true "æsthetic" values comfort and convenience above everything.

Last of all, there is an argument which many of my friends are fond of bringing up against me, and which Scrymgeour, of the "Weekly Bystander," never fails to air in every number. Whenever Scrymgeour meets me at the club, he says: "I tell you what it is, Brown, this thing isn't going to last. It's all very well as a passing fashion, but it won't wear. Just you mark my words, my dear fellow—it won't wear. Did you ever know any one fad or fancy last for ever? It's just like Euphuism and Della Cruscanism—it will die out and be forgotten. Once upon a time fashionable people used to play croquet; then they took to playing badminton; now they play lawn tennis. Just so, once upon a time fashionable people used to be Evangelicals and go to missionary meetings, then they took to being Anglicans, and went to matins; now they're beginning to be æsthetic, and going to afternoon teas with Mrs. Brown at Hampstead. Depend upon it, the one fad will pass away like the oth-

ers. Why, the women are beginning to wear red and blue dresses again already."

Now, all that sounds very plausible, and in a certain sense it's perfectly true. So far as this æsthetic movement is a mere fashion (as I allow it is with many people), it's a fashion that will pass away like every other. But as to the notion of a great artistic awakening like this really dying out altogether, why, it's simply absurd. People who talk like that don't know what the æsthetic movement means. They think it is something connected with sage-green dresses, and sea-green complexions, and my wife's afternoon teas. But, I tell you it is something a great deal deeper than that. In all great upheavals, there is much at which it is very easy for cheap satirists to laugh; but there is more in them, for all that, than the mere externals that the satirists seize upon. I have no doubt, when the Greek sculptors in the age of Phidias began to model their statues from the living form, there were plenty of Scrymgeours at Athens who said this new style was all very well in its way, but they had no hesitation in saying people would go back before long to the fine old archaic stiffness of the *Ægina* marbles.

Well, it will be just the same, I believe, with this modern æsthetic movement. I tell you, it isn't such a skin-deep thing as superficial critics would have you believe; it's a real genuine artistic revolution, whose effects will last long after Maudie, and Postlethwaite, and Prigsby, and Partington, and your humble servant have been dead and forgotten for ages. I don't say there will be no changes of artistic fashion hereafter; on the contrary, there will be thousands. Why, we "æsthetes" change oftener than anybody else, because we are always striving after improvement, and because our efforts are as yet for the most part purely tentative. But the great effect will remain in spite of all changes. The "Gothic" revival has passed away; but it has culminated in the æsthetic revival. The æsthetic revival itself will pass away, so far as mere accidentals are concerned; but the change which it has accomplished in all our artistic ideas will be permanent. We may get new patterns for wall-papers to replace Mr. Morris's, but we shall never return to the old crudities of ten years since. Scrymgeour says the ladies are going back to the old reds and blues already; but he is wrong: the reds and blues of the reaction, even, are such colors as we never knew before the year One of the *Æsthetic* Revolution. They have a tinge of art in them to which we never were accustomed till Mr. Morris taught us to admire it.

There, then, you have my defense. I began half in joke: I end three quarters in earnest. The principles which have been associated with

the modest name of Cimabue Brown are principles which will go on living in spite of the ridicule of Mr. Punch, perhaps even to some extent by the aid of that ridicule. I told you at the beginning that I was not ashamed to avow myself by my own name: I will add now that I am proud to have performed my little part in attun-

ing the lives of some thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen to a higher, a sweeter, and a lovelier key. And, if any of you care to drop in any Wednesday evening at the small house at Hampstead, I'm sure Mrs. Cimabue Brown will be only too delighted to make your acquaintance.

*Belgravia Magazine.*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE BORROW.

### I.

LOOKING back on my own experience, which is comparatively recent, though he was a friend of my family before he wrote "Lavengro," few men have ever made so deep an impression on me as George Borrow. His tall, broad figure, his stately bearing, his fine brown eyes, so bright yet soft, his thick white hair, his oval, beardless face, his loud rich voice and bold heroic air were such as to impress the most indifferent of lookers-on. Added to this there was something not easily forgotten in the manner in which he would unexpectedly come to our gates, singing some gypsy song, and as suddenly depart. His conversation, too, was unlike that of any other man; whether he told a long story or only commented on some ordinary topic, he was always quaint, often humorous. I was once much amused at hearing him say to my little brother, whom he called the Antelope: "Do you know how to fight a man bigger than yourself? Accept his challenge, and tell him to take off his coat, and while he is doing it knock him down and then run for your life!" His individuality was so strong and is so fully manifested in his works that this alone would establish his claim to being remembered as men become more and more alike through the influences of civilization. George Borrow, whimsical and eccentric as he appeared, was always honest, and presented a stern front to humbug and cant, but what he admired most of all things was pluck. He was a choice companion on a walk, whether across-country or in the slums of Houndsditch. His enthusiasm for nature was peculiar; he could draw more poetry from a wide-spreading marsh with its straggling rushes than from the most beautiful scenery, and would stand and look at it with rapture. But more attractive to him still was an old wayside inn. The Bald-Faced Stag in Roehampton Valley was one of his favorite resting-places. He would go in there, call for a pot of ale, and begin to dilate on Jerry Abershaw and his deeds per-

formed in the neighborhood, and would expatiate on his hanging in irons on the gallows not far off. Meantime, he would drink the beer and insist on your drinking it too, making faces at it the while and calling it "swipes." Though he loved old Burton and '37 port, he would drink whatever he came across upon the road, as if, out of perversity, to insist on his iron constitution bearing whatever work he chose to impose upon it. As another example, one day in March we were walking through Richmond Park in a bitter easterly wind, and came to the Fen Ponds, which had ice on them. Borrow stripped and jumped into the water, diving for a long distance and reappearing at a far-off spot. He was then seventy years of age.

Men of real worth had no greater admirer than George Borrow, while men of pretension, who sought him for the opportunity of displaying their own merits, found him impenetrable and often rude. He had a great facility of acquiring a sufficient knowledge of languages to make himself fully understood in the countries where they were spoken; but he never professed to be a linguist, and he heartily despised those who boasted of their ten or a dozen languages, as in the instance of the late Dr. D. Borrow, who was the son, as is well known, of a recruiting-officer who reached the rank of captain, but it is doubtful whether his father commenced his military career with a commission.

Borrow's adventures abroad pretty well came to a conclusion with his marriage. After this, the only excursion he made, so far as I know, was into Albania, through which country he rode on horseback alone, at a time when a native would take another's life to rob him of a ducat. Borrow was fortunate in his publishers; and among all the friends whom he attached to himself in life there were none whom he loved and respected so much as the elder Mr. Murray and his son, the present eminent publisher. He had many pleasant anecdotes to tell of the late Mr. Murray. One of these I remember, in which he

related how that gentleman would double his fist and exclaim: "I want to meet with good writers, but there are none to be had; I want a man who can write like Ecclesiastes!"

The property on which Borrow lived at Oulton, which consists of a good farm and farmhouse, belonged to his wife's family, a part interest in which fell to her; but the large sums of money that his early books produced him enabled him to purchase the remainder, and it was there that he wrote the greater number of his works. His home consisted of a pleasant cottage with a lawn sloping down to Lake Lothing, a fine sheet of water stretching to Lowestoft, three miles off, and was flanked by a pine-wood with a paddock in the rear for his "good horse, Sidi Habismilk." His mother lodged in the farmhouse, which was near at hand; and so important is the maternal blood in its influence that a word or two about her is not out of place. She was a lady of striking figure and very graceful manners, perhaps more serious than vivacious, though, if report be true, she was of French origin, and in early life an actress. But the subject of his family was one on which Borrow never touched. He would allude to Borrowdale as the country whence they came, and then would make mysterious allusions to his father's pugilistic triumphs. But this is certain, that he has not left a single relation behind him.

When he was in St. Petersburg he occupied himself with translating poetry from thirty languages and dialects, some specimens of which appeared there in a volume called "Targum." Of this I may speak on some other occasion, having a copy of this rare book, which, after he became famous, the Russian Government was desirous of procuring for the Imperial Library, and sent an envoy to England for the purpose. But the envoy was refused what he sought, and told that, as the book was not worth notice when the author's name was obscure and they had the opportunity of obtaining it themselves, they should not have it now. Borrow has left behind him a vast pile of similar translations, which his publishers did not encourage him to bring out, and his impression was that this was owing to Lockhart's influence, who, wishing to monopolize the field of Spanish ballads, insinuated that Borrow was no poet.

It was at Oulton that the author of the "Bible in Spain" spent his happiest days. The *ménage* in his Suffolk home was conducted with great simplicity, but he always had for his friends a bottle or two of wine of rare vintage, and no man was more hearty than he over the glass. He passed his mornings in his summer-house, writing on small scraps of paper, and these he handed to his wife, who copied them on fool-

cap. It was in this way and in this retreat that the manuscript of "Lavengro" as well as of the "Bible in Spain" was prepared—the place of which he says, "And I hastened to my summer-house by the side of the lake, and there I thought and wrote, and every day I repaired to the same place and thought and wrote until I had finished 'The Bible in Spain.'"

In this out-door studio, hung behind the door, were a soldier's coat and a sword which belonged to his father; these were household gods on which he would often gaze while composing. He read very little, and had few books except old ones in foreign tongues, and a Hebrew Bible which he studied through life. Part of his day he gave to exercise, taking very long walks or rides, making friends with odd people on the road. He used to say that the common folk talked Danish for some seventeen miles inland. Sir Morton Peto was one of his neighbors; he was the owner of Somerleyton Hall, which he had bought of Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne (the S. G. O. of the "Times"). Peto had boasted that he had made more money by the gravel he had taken out of Borrow's land, through which the railway passed, than he paid for the purchase. Borrow often met the great contractor in his walks, and on one of these occasions Sir Morton said to him, "You never come and see me!" and Borrow, who had heard of his boast, greeted the invitation thus: "I call on you! Do you think I don't read my Shakespeare? Do you think I don't know all about those highwaymen Bardolph and Peto?" Borrow was a very nervous man, and, like many who are so, when he had anything strong to say he did so in a menacing voice.

One of his delights was to show his friends the brasses in Oulton Church, one of which bears an effigy of Sir John Fastolf, a redoubtable knight whom he held to be the much be-labeled original of Falstaff in Shakespeare. Borrow always gave the gypsies leave to encamp on his land; one of my family was staying with him when a party of these nomads was there. After dinner it was proposed to go out and see the gypsies. Borrow was received with great respect; after talking with these people for some time, he began to intone to them a song, written by him in Romany, which recounted all their tricks and evil deeds. The gypsies soon became excited; then they began to kick their property about, such as barrels and tin cans; then the men began to fight, and the women to part them; an uproar of shouts and recriminations set in, and the quarrel became so serious that it was thought prudent to quit the scene. Borrow was very fond of walking over to Yarmouth, where every one knew him, and would bathe there in the sea even in the



severest weather. During the Lowestoft season he often received distinguished visitors. Among these were Baron Alderson and his daughter, the present Marchioness of Salisbury. At this time he was in his prime, and his reputation stood so high that every word which fell from his lips was repeated to others, while many ridiculous stories were circulated of his being of gypsy blood. He was extremely courteous when visiting the county families, though, if he met a "lion" at any of their houses, such a one might easily incur the risk of a rebuff. A distinguished novelist who was staying in one of the great houses met Borrow there, and, rubbing his hands, said to him, "Have you read my — in 'Punch' this week?" and got for answer, "'Punch'! it's a thing I never look at!" On a similar occasion a lady who sat by him at dinner said, "Oh, Mr. Borrow, I have been reading your books"; and his answer was, "Pray, what books, madam? Do you mean my account-books? I am at a loss to know where you could have got a sight of them." And a celebrated authoress to whom he was introduced said: "I am so pleased to meet you, Mr. Borrow. May I send you my 'Lives'?" and he replied: "For God's sake don't, madam; I shouldn't know where to put them or what to do with them." These unsocial replies indicate the proud man which he was. The fact is, he would only talk of his works to intimate friends, and when he went into company it was as a gentleman, not because he was an author.

Comparing what I have heard of him in former times with what I have seen, I think his brusqueness must have softened a good deal with years and have given way to a more quiet humor. At one time he felt almost resentment against the public when they refused to receive his fictions as actual truth; he fretted a good deal at finding that his works were less sought after as time went on. On one of us saying that his appendix to the "Romany Rye" was the strongest piece of invective since Swift, he said in a mocking manner: "Yes, I meant it to be; and what do you think the effect of it was? No one took the least notice of it!"

At the time I am speaking of, he was living in Hereford Square, where he saw such literary friends as he cared to associate with. It was here that he lost his wife, who was a most devoted and faithful partner, and seemed to have the power of taking all his cares off his hands. In return, his devotion to her was unbounded, and his loss of her was irreparable. His step-daughter had married, and he, after lingering a year or two in London, went back to Oulton alone.

If Borrow's works are forgotten in England, they are not neglected in America, which is a

sort of posterity. The English language has become so perfect now, and there are so many who can wield it, and there will be so many more, that every age will insist on producing its own literature. But there are things in Borrow which are as much deserving the attention of any age as in any of his predecessors. When people grow tired of neglecting such writers as he for the sake of their own often inane productions, the works of George Borrow will be read again.

A. EGMONT HAKE.

## II.

I HAVE just been reading those charming reminiscences of George Borrow which appeared in the "Athenæum" of August 13th. I have been reading them, I may add, under the happiest conditions for enjoying them—amid the self-same heather and bracken where I have so often listened to Lavengro's quaint talk of all the wondrous things he saw and heard in his wondrous life. So graphically has Mr. Hake depicted him that, as I walked and read his paper, I seemed to hear the fine East-Anglian accent of the well-remembered voice—I seemed to see the mighty figure, strengthened by the years rather than stricken by them, striding along between the whin-bushes or through the quags, now stooping over the water to pluck the wild mint he loved, whose lilac-colored blossoms perfumed the air as he crushed them, now stopping to watch the water-wagtail by the ponds as he descanted upon the powers of that enchanted bird—powers, like many human endowments, more glorious than pleasant, if it is sober truth, as Borrow would gravely tell, that the gypsy lad who knocks a water-wagtail on the head with a stone gains for a bride a "ladye from a far countrie," and dazzles with his good luck all the other black-eyed young urchins of the dingle.

Though my own intimacy with Borrow did not begin till he was considerably advanced in years, and ended on his finally quitting London for Oulton, there were circumstances in our intercourse—circumstances, I mean, connected partly with temperament and partly with mutual experience—which make me doubt whether any one understood him better than I did, or broke more thoroughly through that exclusiveness of temper which isolated him from all but a few. However, be this as it may, no one at least realized more fully than I how lovable was his nature, with all his angularities—how simple and courageous, how manly and noble. His shyness, his apparent coldness, his crotchety obstinacy, repelled people, and consequently those who at any time during his life really understood him

must have been very few. How was it, then, that such a man wandered about over Europe and fraternized so completely with a race so suspicious and intractable as the gypsies? A natural enough question, which I have often been asked, and this is my reply:

Those who know the gypsies will understand me when I say that this suspicious and wary race of wanderers—suspicious and wary from an instinct transmitted through ages of dire persecutions from the Children of the Roof—will readily fraternize with a blunt, single-minded, and shy eccentric like Borrow, while perhaps the skillful man of the world may find all his tact and *savoir faire* useless and, indeed, in the way. And the reason of this is not far to seek, perhaps. What a gypsy most dislikes is the feeling that his "gorgio" interlocutor is thinking about him; for, alas! to be the object of "gorgio" thoughts—has it not been a most dangerous and mischievous honor to every gypsy since first his mysterious race was driven to accept the grudging hospitality of the Western world? A gypsy hates to be watched, and knows at once when he is being watched; for in tremulous delicacy of apprehension his organization is far beyond that of an Englishman, or, indeed, of any member of any of the thick-fingered races of Europe. One of the results of this excessive delicacy is that a gypsy can always tell to a surety whether a "gorgio" companion is thinking about him, or whether the "gorgio's" thoughts are really and genuinely occupied with the fishing-rod, the net, the gin, the gun, or whatsoever may be the common source of interest that has drawn them together. Now, George Borrow, after the first one or two awkward interviews were well over, would lapse into a kind of unconscious ruminating bluntness, a pronounced and angular self-dependence, which might well disarm the suspiciousness of the most wary gypsy, from the simple fact that it was genuine. Hence, as I say, among the few who understood Borrow, his gypsy friends very likely stood first—outside, of course, his family circle. And surely this is an honor to Borrow; for the gypsies, notwithstanding certain undeniable obliquities in matters of morals and *cuisine*, are the only people left in the island who are still free from British vulgarity (perhaps because they are not British). It is no less an honor to them, for while he lived the island did not contain a nobler English gentleman than him they called the "Romany Rye." Borrow's descriptions of gypsy life are, no doubt, too deeply charged with the rich lights shed from his own personality to entirely satisfy a more matter-of-fact observer, and I am not going to say that he is anything like so photographic as Mr. Groome, for instance, or so trustworthy. But, then, it should never be for-

gotten that Borrow was, before everything else, a poet. If this statement should be challenged by "the present time," let me tell the present time that by poet I do not mean merely a man who is skilled in writing lyrics and sonnets and that kind of thing, but primarily a man who has the poetic gift of seeing through "the shows of things" and knowing where he is—the gift of drinking deeply of the waters of life and of feeling grateful to Nature for so sweet a draught; a man who, while acutely feeling the ineffable pathos of human life, can also feel how sweet a thing it is to live, having so great and rich a queen as Nature for his mother, and for companions any number of such amusing creatures as men and women. In this sense I can not but set Borrow, with his love of nature and his love of adventure, very high among poets—as high, perhaps, as I place another dweller in tents, Sylvester Boswell himself, "the well-known and popalated gypsy of Codling Gap," who, like Borrow, is famous for "his great knowledge in grammaring one of the ancientist langeses on record," and whose touching preference of a gypsy tent to a roof, "on the account of health, sweetness of the air, and for enjoying the pleasure of Nature's life," is expressed with a poetical feeling such as Chaucer might have known had he not, as a court poet, been too genteel. "Enjoying the pleasure of Nature's life!" That is what Borrow did; and how few there are that understand it!

The self-consciousness which in the presence of man produces that kind of shyness which was Borrow's characteristic left him at once when he was with Nature alone or in the company of an intimate friend. At her, no man's gaze was more frank and childlike than his. Hence the charm of his books. No man's writing can take you into the country as Borrow's can: it makes you feel the sunshine, see the meadows, smell the flowers, hear the skylark sing and the grasshopper chirrup. Who else can do it? I know of none. And as to personal intercourse with him, if I were asked what was the chief delight of this, I should say that it was the delight of bracingness. A walking-tour with a self-conscious lover of the picturesque—an "interviewer" of Nature with a note-book—worrying you to admire *him* for admiring Nature so much, is one of those occasional calamities of life which a gentleman and a Christian must sometimes heroically bear, but the very thought of which will paralyze with fear the sturdiest Nature-worshiper, whom no crevasse nor avalanche nor treacherous mist can appall. But a walk and talk with Borrow as he strode through the bracken on an autumn morning had the exhilarating effect upon his companion of a draught of

the brightest mountain air. And this was the result not, assuredly, of any exuberance of animal spirits (Borrow, indeed, was subject to fits of serious depression), but rather of a feeling he induced that, between himself and all nature, from the clouds floating lazily over head to the scented heather, crisp and purple, under foot, there was an entire fitness and harmony—a sort of mutual understanding, indeed. There was, I say, something bracing in the very look of this silvery-haired giant as he strode along with a kind of easy, sloping movement, like that of a St. Bernard dog (the most deceptive of all movements as regards pace), his beardless face (quite matchless for symmetrical beauty) beaded with the healthy perspiration-drops of strong exercise, and glowing and rosy in the sun.

As a vigorous old man, Borrow never had an equal, I think. There has been much talk of late of the vigor of Shelley's friend, E. J. Trelawney. I knew that splendid old corsair, and admired his agility of limb and of brain; but at seventy Borrow could have walked off with Trelawney under his arm. At seventy years of age, after breakfasting at eight o'clock in Hereford Square, he would walk to Putney, meet one or more of us at Roehampton, roam about Wimbledon and Richmond Park with us, bathe in the Fen Ponds with a northeast wind cutting across the icy water like a razor, run about the grass afterward like a boy to shake off some of the water-drops, stride about the park for hours, and then, after fasting for twelve hours, eat a dinner at Roehampton that would have done Sir Walter Scott's eyes good to see. Finally, he would walk back to Hereford Square, getting home late at night. And if the *physique* of the man was bracing, his conversation, unless he happened to be suffering from one of his occasional fits of depression, was still more so. Its freshness, raciness, and eccentric whim no pen could describe. There is a kind of humor the delight of which is that, while you smile at the pictures it draws, you smile quite as much or more to think that there is a mind so whimsical, crotchety, and odd as to draw them. This was the humor of Borrow. His command of facial expression—though he seemed to exercise it almost involuntarily and unconsciously—had, no doubt, much to do with this charm. Once, when he was talking to me about the men of Charles Lamb's day—the "London Magazine" set—I asked him what kind of a man was the notorious and infamous Griffiths Wainewright. In a moment Borrow's face changed: his mouth broke into a Carker-like smile, his eyes became elongated to an expression that was at once fawning and sinister, as he said: "Wainewright! He used to sit in an arm-chair close to the fire and *smile* all

the evening like *this*." He made me see Wainewright and hear his voice as plainly as though I had seen him and heard him in the publishers' parlor. His vocabulary, rich in picturesque words of the high-road and dingle, his quaint, countrified phrases, might also have added to the effect of this kind of eccentric humor. "A duncie book—of course it's duncie—it's only duncie books that sell nowadays," he would shout when some new "immortal poem" or "greatest work of the age" was mentioned. Mr. Tennyson, I fear, was the representative duncie poet of the time; but that was because nothing could ever make Borrow realize the fact that Mr. Tennyson was not the latest juvenile representative of a "duncie" age; for, although, according to Mr. Leland, the author of "Sordello" is (as is natural, perhaps) the only bard known in the gypsy tent, it is doubtful whether even his name was more than a name to Borrow; indeed, I think that people who had no knowledge of Roman, Welsh, and Armenian, were all more or less "duncie." As a trap to catch the "foaming vipers," his critics, he in "Lavengro" purposely misspelled certain Armenian and Welsh words, just to have the triumph of saying in another volume that they who had attacked him on so many points had failed to discover that he had wrongly given "zhats" as the nominative of the Armenian noun for bread, while everybody in England, especially every critic, ought to know that "zhats" is the accusative form.

I will try, however, to give the reader an idea of the whim of Borrow's conversation, by giving it in something like a dramatic form. Let the reader suppose himself on a summer's evening at that delightful old roadside inn, the Bald-Faced Stag, in the Roehampton Valley, near Richmond Park, where are sitting, over a "cup" (to use Borrow's word) of foaming ale, "Lavengro" himself, one of his oldest friends, and a new acquaintance, a certain student of things in general, lately introduced to Borrow, and nearly, but not quite, admitted behind the hedge of Borrow's shyness, as may be seen by the initiated from a certain rather constrained, half-resentful expression on his face. Jerry Abershaw's sword (the chief trophy of mine host) has been introduced, and Borrow's old friend has been craftily endeavoring to turn the conversation upon that ever-fresh and fruitful topic, but in vain. Suddenly the song of a nightingale, perched on a tree not far off, rings pleasantly through the open window, and fills the room with a new atmosphere of poetry and romance. "That nightingale has as fine a voice," says Borrow, "as though he were born and bred in the eastern counties." Borrow is proud of being an East-Anglian, of which the student has already been made aware,

and which he now turns to good account in the important business he has set himself, of melting Lavengro's frost and being admitted a member of the Open-Air Club. "Ah!" says the wily student, "I know the eastern counties; no nightingales like those, especially Norfolk nightingales." Borrow's face begins to slightly brighten, but still he does not direct his attention to the stranger, who proceeds to remark that, although the southern counties are so much warmer than Norfolk, some of them, such as Cornwall and Devon, are without nightingales. Borrow's face begins to get brighter still, and he looks out of the window with a smile, as though he were being suddenly carried back to the green lanes of his beloved Norfolk. "From which well-known fact of ornithology," continues the student, "I am driven to infer that in their choice of habitat nightingales are guided not so much by considerations of latitude as of good taste." Borrow's anger is evidently melting away. The talk runs still upon nightingales, and the student mentions the attempt to settle them in Scotland once made by Sir John Sinclair, who introduced nightingales' eggs from England into robins' nests in Scotland, in the hope that the young nightingales, after enjoying a Scotch summer, would return to the place of their birth, after the custom of English nightingales. "And did they return?" says Borrow, with as much interest as if the honor of his country were involved in the question. "Return to Scotland?" says the student, quietly; "the entire animal kingdom are agreed, you know, in never returning to Scotland. Besides, the nightingales' eggs in question were laid in Norfolk." Conquered at last, Borrow extends the hand of brotherhood to the impudent student (whose own private opinion, no doubt, is that Norfolk is more successful in producing Nelsons than nightingales), and proceeds without more ado to tell how "poor Jerry Abershaw," on being captured by the Bow Street runners, had left his good sword behind him as a memento of highway glories soon to be ended on the gallows-tree. (By-the-by, I wonder where that sword is now? It was bought by Mr. Adolphus Levy, of Alton Lodge, at the closing of the Bald-Faced Stag.)

From Jerry Abershaw Borrow gets upon other equally interesting topics, such as the decadence of beer and pugilism, and the nobility of the now neglected British bruiser, as exemplified especially in the case of the noble Pearce, who lost his life through rushing up a staircase and rescuing a woman from a burning house after having on a previous occasion rescued another woman by blacking the eyes of six gamekeepers, who had been set upon her by some noble lord or another. Then, while the ale sparkles

with a richer color as the evening lights grow deeper, the talk gets naturally upon "lords" in general, gentility, nonsense, and "hoity-toityism" as the canker at the heart of modern civilization.

BORROW could look at Nature without thinking of himself—a rare gift, for Nature, as I have said, has been disappointed in man. Her great desire from the first has been to grow an organism so conscious that it can turn round and look at her with intelligent eyes. She has done so at last, but the consciousness is so high as to be self-conscious, and man can not for egotism look at his mother after all. Borrow was a great exception. Thoreau's self-consciousness showed itself in presence of Nature, Borrow's in presence of man. The very basis of Borrow's nature was reverence. His unswerving belief in the beneficence of God was most beautiful, most touching. In his life Borrow had suffered much; a temperament such as his must needs suffer much—so shy it was, so proud, and yet yearning for a close sympathy such as no creature and only solitary communing with Nature can give. Under any circumstances, I say, Borrow would have known how sharp and cruel are the flints along the road—how tender are a poet's feet; but *his* road at one time was rough indeed; not when he was with his gypsy friends (for a tent is freer than a roof, according to the grammarian of Codling Gap, and roast hedgehog is the daintiest of viands), but when he was toiling in London, his fine gifts unrecognized and useless—that was when Borrow passed through the fire. Yet every sorrow and every disaster of his life he traced to the kindly hand of a benevolent and wise Father, who sometimes will use a whip of scorpions, but only to chastise into a right and happy course the children he loves. Apart from the instinctive rectitude of his nature, it was with Borrow a deep-rooted conviction that sin never goes, and never can go, unpunished. His doctrine, indeed, was something like the Buddhist doctrine of Karma—it was based on an instinctive apprehension of the sacredness of "law" in the most universal acceptance of that word. Sylvester Boswell's definition of a free man, in that fine, self-respective certificate of his, as one who is "free from all cares or fears of law that may come against him," is, indeed, the gospel of every true Nature-worshiper. The moment Thoreau spurned the legal tax-gatherer the law locked the Nature-worshiper in jail. To enjoy Nature the soul *must* be free—free not only from tax-gatherers, but from sin; for every wrongful act awakes, out of the mysterious bosom of Nature herself, its own peculiar serpent, having its own peculiar stare, but always hungry and bloody-fanged, which follows the delinquent's feet whith-



ersoever they go, gliding through the dewy grass on the brightest morning, dodging round the trees on the calmest eve, wriggling across the brook where the wrong-doer would fain linger on the stepping-stones to soothe his soul with the sight of the happy minnows shooting between the water-weeds—following him everywhere, in short, till at last, in sheer desperation, he must needs stop and turn, and bare his breast to the fangs; when, having yielded up to the thing its fill of atoning blood, Nature breaks into her old smile again, and he goes on his way in peace.

All this Borrow understood better than any man I have ever met. Yet even into his doctrine of Providence Borrow imported such an element of whim that it was impossible to listen to him sometimes without a smile. For instance, having arrived at the conclusion that a certain lieutenant had been cruelly ill used by genteel magnets high in office, Borrow discovered that since that iniquity Providence had frowned on the British arms, and went on to trace the disastrous blunder of Balaklava to this cause. Again, having decided that Sir Walter Scott's worship of gentility and Jacobitism had been the main cause of the revival of flunkys and Popery in England, Borrow saw in the dreadful monetary disasters which overclouded Scott's last days the hand of God, whose plan was to deprive him of the worldly position Scott worshiped at the very moment when his literary fame (which he misprized) was dazzling the world.

And now as to the gypsy wanderings. As I have said, no man has been more entirely misunderstood than Borrow. That a man who certainly did (as Mr. Groome says) look like a "colossal clergyman" should have joined the gypsies, that he should have wandered over England and Europe, content often to have the grass for his bed and the sky for his hostry-roof, has astonished very much (and I believe scandalized very much) this age. My explanation of the matter is this: Among the myriads of children born into a world of brick and mortar there appears now and then one who is meant for better things—one who exhibits unmistakable signs that he inherits the blood of those remote children of the open air who, according to the old Sabæan notion, on the plains of Asia lived with Nature, loved Nature, and were loved by her, and from whom all men are descended. George Borrow was one of those who show the olden strain. Now, for such a man, born in a country like England, where the modern fanaticism of house-worship has reached a condition which can only be called maniacal, what is there left but to try for a time the gypsy's tent? On the Continent house-worship is strong enough in all conscience; but in France, in Spain, in Italy,

even in Germany, people do think of something beyond the house. But here, where there are no romantic crimes, to get a genteel house, to keep (or "run") a genteel house, or to pretend to keep (or "run") a genteel house, is the great first cause of almost every British delinquency, from envy and malignant slander up to forgery, robbery, and murder. And yet it is a fact, as Borrow discovered (when a mere lad in a solicitor's office), that to men in health the house need not, and should not, be the all-absorbing consideration, but should be quite secondary to considerations of honesty and sweet air, pure water, clean linen, good manners, freedom to migrate at will, and, above all, freedom from "all cares or fears of law" that may come against a man in the shape of debts, duns, and tax-gatherers.

Against this folly of softening our bodies by "snugness" and degrading our souls by "flunkysm," Borrow's early life was a protest. He saw that, if it were really unwholesome for man to be shone upon by the sun, blown upon by the winds, and rained upon by the rain, like all the other animals, man would never have existed at all, for sun and wind and rain have produced him and everything that lives. He saw that, for the cultivation of health, honesty, and good behavior, every man born in the temperate zone ought, unless King Circumstance says "No," to spend in the open air eight or nine hours at least out of the twenty-four, and ought to court rather than to shun Nature's sweet shower-bath the rain, unless, of course, his chest is weak.

The evanescence of literary fame is strikingly illustrated by recalling at this moment my first sight of Borrow. I could not have been much more than a boy, for I and a friend had gone down to Yarmouth in March to enjoy the luxury of bathing in a Yarmouth sea, and it is certainly a "good while"—to use Borrow's phrase—since I considered *that* a luxury suitable to March. On the morning after our arrival, having walked some distance out of Yarmouth, we threw down our clothes and towels upon the sand some few yards from another heap of clothes, which indicated, to our surprise, that we were not, after all, the only people in Yarmouth who could bathe in a biting wind; and soon we perceived, ducking in an immense billow that came curving and curling toward the shore, such a pair of shoulders as I had not seen for a long time, crowned by a head white and glistening as burnished silver. (Borrow's hair was white, I believe, when he was quite a young man.) When the wave had broken upon the sand, there was the bather wallowing on the top of the water like a polar bear disporting in an Arctic sun. In swimming Borrow clawed the water like a dog. I had plunged into the surf and got very close to the

swimmer, whom I perceived to be a man of almost gigantic proportions, when suddenly an instinct told me that it was Lavengro himself, who lived thereabout, and the feeling that it was he so entirely stopped the action of my heart that I sank for a moment like a stone, soon to rise again, however, in a glow of pleasure and excitement; so august a presence was Lavengro's then! I ought to say, however, that Borrow was at that time my hero. From my childhood I had taken the deepest interest in proscribed races such as the Cagots, but especially in the persecuted children of Roma. I had read accounts of whole families being executed in past times for no other crime than that of their being born gypsies, and tears, childish and yet bitter, had I shed over their woes. Now, Borrow was the recognized champion of the gypsies—the friend and companion, indeed, of the proscribed and persecuted races of the world. Nor was this all: I saw in him more of the true Nature instinct than in any other writer—or so, at least, I imagined. To walk out from a snug house at Rydal Mount for the purpose of making poetical sketches for publication seemed to me a very different thing from having no home but a tent in a dingle, or rather from Borrow's fashion of making all Nature your home. Although I would have given worlds to go up and speak to him as he was tossing his clothes upon his back, I could not do it. Morning after morning did I see him undress, wallow in the sea, come out again, give me a somewhat sour look, dress, and then stride away inland at a tremendous pace, but never could I speak to him; and many years passed before I saw him again. He was then half forgotten.

For an introduction to him at last I was indebted to Dr. Gordon Hake, the poet, who had known Borrow for many years, and whose friendship Borrow cherished above most things—as is usual, indeed, with the friends of Dr. Hake. This was done with some difficulty, for, in calling at Roehampton for a walk through Richmond Park and about the Common, Borrow's first question was always, "Are you alone?" and no persuasion could induce him to stay unless it could be satisfactorily shown that he would not be "pestered by strangers." On a certain morning, however, he called, and, suddenly coming upon me, there was no retreating, and we were introduced. He tried to be as civil as possible, but evidently he was much annoyed. Yet there was something in the very tone of his voice that drew my heart to him, for to me he was the Lavengro of my boyhood still. My own shyness had been long before fingered off by the rough handling of the world, but his retained all the bloom of youth, and a terrible barrier it was, yet

I attacked it manfully. I knew that Borrow had read but little except in his own out-of-the-way directions; but then unfortunately, like all specialists, he considered that in these his own special directions lay all the knowledge that was of any value. Accordingly, what appeared to Borrow as the most striking characteristic of the present age was its ignorance. Unfortunately, too, I knew that for strangers to talk of his own published books or of gypsies appeared to him to be "prying," though there I should have been quite at home. I knew, however, that in the obscure English pamphlet literature of the last century, recording the sayings and doing of eccentric people and strange adventurers, Borrow was very learned, and I too chanced to be far from ignorant in that direction. I touched on Bamfylde Moore Carew, but without effect. Borrow evidently considered that every properly educated man was familiar with the story of Bamfylde Moore Carew in its every detail. Then I touched upon beer, the British bruiser, "gentility-nonsense," the "trumpety great"; then upon etymology, traced hoity-toitism to *toit*, a roof—but only to have my shallow philology dismissed with a withering smile. I tried other subjects in the same direction, but with small success, till in a lucky moment I bethought myself of Ambrose Gwinnett. There is a very scarce eighteenth-century pamphlet narrating the story of Ambrose Gwinnett, the man who, after having been hanged and gibbeted for murdering a traveler with whom he had shared a double-bedded room at a seaside inn, revived in the night, escaped from the gibbet-irons, went to sea as a common sailor, and afterward met on a British man-of-war the very man he had been hanged for murdering. The truth was, that Gwinnett's supposed victim, having been attacked on the night in question by a violent bleeding at the nose, had risen and left the house for a few minutes' walk in the sea-breeze, when the press-gang captured him and bore him off to sea, where he had been in service ever since. The story is true, and the pamphlet, Borrow afterward told me (I know not on what authority), was written by Goldsmith from Gwinnett's dictation for a platter of cow-heel.

To the bewilderment of Dr. Hake, I introduced the subject of Ambrose Gwinnett in the same manner as I might have introduced the story of "Achilles's wrath," and appealed to Dr. Hake (who, of course, had never heard of the book or the man) as to whether a certain incident in the pamphlet had gained or lost by the dramatist who, at one of the minor theatres, had many years ago dramatized the story. Borrow was caught at last. "What?" said he, "you know that pamphlet about Ambrose Gwinnett?"

"Know it?" said I, in a hurt tone, as though he had asked me if I knew "Macbeth"; "of course I know Ambrose Gwinett, Mr. Borrow, don't you?" "And you know the play?" said he. "Of course I do, Mr. Borrow," I said, in a tone that was now a little angry at such an insinuation of crass ignorance. "Why," said he, "it's years and years since it was acted; I never was much of a theatre man, but I did go to see *that*." "Well, I should rather think you *did*, Mr. Borrow," said I. "But," said he, staring hard at me, "*you*—you were not born!" "And I was not born," said I, "when the 'Agamemnon' was produced, and yet one reads the 'Agamemnon,' Mr. Borrow. I have read the drama of 'Ambrose Gwinett.' I have it bound in morocco, with some more of Douglas Jerrold's early transpontine plays, and some Æschylean dramas by Mr. Fitzball. I will lend it to you, Mr. Borrow, if you like." He was completely conquered. "Hake!" he cried, in a loud voice, regardless of my presence, "Hake! your friend knows everything." Then he murmured to himself: "Wonderful man! Knows Ambrose Gwinett!"

It is such delightful reminiscences as these that will cause me to have, as long as I live, a very warm place in my heart for the memory of George Borrow.

From that time I used to see Borrow often at Roehampton, sometimes at Putney, and sometimes, but not often, in London. I could have seen much more of him than I did had not the whirlpool of London, into which I plunged for a time, borne me away from this most original of men; and this is what I so greatly lament now: for of Borrow it may be said, as it was said of a greater man still, that "after Nature made *him* she forthwith broke the mold." The last time I ever saw him was shortly before he left London to live in the country. It was, I remember

well, on Waterloo Bridge, where I had stopped to gaze at a sunset of singular and striking splendor, whose gorgeous clouds and ruddy mists were reeling and boiling over the West-End. Borrow came up and stood leaning over the parapet, entranced by the sight, as well he might be. Like most people born in flat districts, he had a passion for sunsets. Turner could not have painted that one, I think, and certainly my pen could not describe it; for the London smoke was flushed by the sinking sun and had lost its dunness, and, reddening every moment as it rose above the roofs, steeples, and towers, it went curling round the sinking sun in a rosy vapor, leaving, however, just a segment of a golden rim, which gleamed as dazzlingly as in the thinnest and clearest air—a peculiar effect which struck Borrow deeply. I never saw such a sunset before or since, not even on Waterloo Bridge; and from its association with "the last of Borrow" I shall never forget it.

#### A TALK ON WATERLOO BRIDGE.

(A REMINISCENCE.)

We talked of "Children of the Open Air"

Who once in Orient valleys lived aloof,

Loving the sun, the wind, the sweet reproof  
Of storms, and all that makes the fair earth fair,  
Till, on a day, across the mystic bar

Of moonrise, came the "Children of the Roof,"

Who find no balm 'neath Evening's rosiest woof,  
Nor dews of peace beneath the Morning Star.

We looked o'er London where men wither and choke,

Roofed in, poor souls, renouncing stars and skies,

And lore of woods and wild wind-prophecies—

Yea, every voice that to their fathers spoke:

And sweet it seemed to die ere bricks and smoke

Leave never a meadow outside Paradise.

THEODORE WATTS.

*The Athenæum (London).*

## MY TROUBLES IN RUSSIA.

### TROUBLE THE FIRST.

I HAVE been traveling without intermission all night and the greater part of a day between Berlin and the Russian frontier, Verballen; and I hope to proceed "without let or hindrance" to my destination, the university town of Dorpat. It is the month of August, and blazing hot. I am in a third-class carriage, full of trading Israelites, and the air is heavy with garlic. Moreover, I have been forming part of an interesting tableau for the last six hours with one of the

chosen race, who has been falling asleep at intervals and letting his oily head slip on to my shoulder; which you may be sure I do not bear patiently. The combined result of all is, that I am hot, dusty, weary, headachy, thirsty, and cross.

I am only eighteen, and trying my wings for the first time, and need scarcely add that I am a governess; for what English mother's child would be journeying alone toward the land of barbarians but one of my profession? Not that I would draw upon the reader's pity; for I have been

very jolly and hopeful, and much amused nearly all the way; but really things have been a good deal against me those six hours. The train seems to crawl along; and the engine belches forth great volumes of stifling smoke, and makes more noise than a score of English engines. But we stop at last, and this is Verballen! I am out of the train in a trice, and surge upon the platform amid a sea of tearing, struggling, excited people, each screaming at the top of his or her voice in a different language, and frantically dragging luggage about. I am carried hither and thither, powerless, at the mercy of this human tempest, until I drift at last into a large square hall, which is station, custom-house, money-exchange, refreshment, and other minor offices all in one.

I sight my boxes with their brand-new covers, and rush upon them breathless and relieved. Piles of luggage stand about, waiting to be examined by the custom-house officers, among which a number of wild, disheveled females run riot. The men are quieter; they hold out their keys to the officers, and get served first. It is amazing the number of officials that are required for so simple a matter. There are numbers examining the boxes, numbers looking on, and numbers at a table in the center of the hall, inclosed by counters, where passports are examined. I sit down on the top of the biggest of my boxes, and wait; my turn may come some time. Not that I feel calm. I am almost blinded with excitement, feeling sure the train will move on without me in the end; but, as I can not speak Russ, I resign myself to wait until such time as I shall fall under some one's notice.

I watch my Jewish friend—he who has slept so peacefully on my shoulder—engaged in a haggling contest with officials. They splutter and hiss and scream at each other over some wares; but the Jew, of course, is worsted, and pays out some dirty paper rubles, one at a time, while his voice declines from a scream into a whine. I sit and watch from my perch with uneasy interest, taking in other scenes of like description with eyes which smart with being opened too wide, until the hubbub has almost subsided, and people are scalding their mouths with coffee and tea. Then, there being no one else, I am at length taken into consideration.

I give up my keys with trembling fingers, turn red and white and red again, and feel painfully conscious that I am looking as if I had quantities of smuggled goods concealed. Half a dozen officials have seized upon my boxes, and are tearing the strings off the covers. One, whose business it is to look on, asks me something in Russ, as the lids are raised. I look at him cringingly, feeling that I am looking more like

a culprit than ever, and mournfully shake my head. The men are beginning to search; but on a sign from their superior, the lids are slammed, and I am once more in possession of my keys.

What next? I look around bewildered; but find myself unceremoniously pushed to the counter, where a Russian hand, white and bejeweled, is held out for my passport. I keep this precious talisman in a little leather bag attached to my belt; and after much nervous fumbling at the steel clasp, which is stiff and obstinate, it is produced. Then a period of awful suspense. I watch my passport travel round the table from hand to hand; then a consultation takes place over it, and—it is laid aside! I see one passport after another signed and returned to its owner, and the owner dash off to the refreshments, but mine still lies unheeded. Now I am absolutely the last at the counter, and my breath comes short and fast. What are they going to do with it and me? An official approaches me—evidently the chief—and puts a question. I shake my head dejectedly in token of my inability to understand; and at this moment his arm is touched by a clerk in uniform, who holds my passport out, and explains something. The lump in my throat, which has been gradually swelling, now almost chokes me as I watch the two faces. The handsomest and kindest—for it is both a handsome and a pleasant face—is turned to me again, and this time its owner addresses me in good English.

"I am sorry, madam, to have detained you; but it would appear that there is some omission in your pass. You have not had it signed in Berlin?"

"No; they never told me; I did not know"—with a tearful quiver in my voice.

"Ah, it is a pity. This will occasion you a little delay; the pass must be returned to the German frontier."

"But what am I to do? Shall I not be able to go on with this train?" I ask, in gasps.

Alas! the two doors leading out to the platform are being unlocked, and already passengers are streaming forth to resume their seats. Burning tears rush to my eyes and obliterate my vision; I dash them away impatiently, so intent am I on reading the thoughtful, sympathetic face before me.

"I regret it much," he continues; "but you can not even stay at Verballen, where I should have had pleasure in waiting on you, but must return again to Edkunen."

My cup of woe is full. I lean heavily against the counter, in despair, and give myself up to dumb misery. My friend—for such he now is—lifts a leaf of the counter which divides us, and passes through to my side.



"No, no; do not be so distressed," he says soothingly. "It is nothing, I assure you—nothing at all—a mere form. You will have everything done for you; I will give special charge. You will be conducted to Edkunen, and escorted to an hotel which is comfortable, by this gentleman" (here I uncover one red and swollen eye, and behold another Russian official standing at respectful distance, cap in hand, waiting to "take me up"); "and to-morrow, at three o'clock, he will come for you again, to conduct you back. It is nothing at all, I assure you."

He says a great deal more which is very kind; and through it all I hear the engine shriek and puff away toward Plescow, leaving me behind.

When a hardship is inevitable, it becomes easier to bear; my tears already begin to stream less copiously, and at length cease altogether; and I look—still with deep dejection—away out of the window at the bright sky.

"But I am sure you have not eaten for many hours," says my friend at length; "you will take some refreshment before you set out on your little journey."

I shake my head. (To talk of eating to me!) But he leads the way to a small table, and orders two cups of tea and some cakes.

"Now, this warm tea will make you feel equal to anything; not that you have anything to trouble you," he hastily adds. "It is a mere form—a little tedious, perhaps, but nothing."

I have seated myself on the edge of a chair, and watch his busy fingers with sidelong glances. He is peeling a lemon which was served with the tea, and drops a piece of the rind into my cup.

I take up my spoon and turn it over, as I say timidly, "I can not take tea with lemon-rind in it."

"Ah, it is delightful! Try it; you will see how well it accords with the tea."

I sip a little with my teaspoon; and really it is not bad. The tea is excellent, and the flavoring, though strange to my palate, is by no means unpleasant.

He observes this at once, and smiles, well pleased. "Did not I tell you?" he exclaims.

I find, when I begin to eat, that I am indeed faint with hunger, for I have fasted many hours. True, I had sandwiches in my bag; but how was one to think of eating while breathing an atmosphere rank with garlic, and with a Jew asleep on one's shoulder? So I eat slowly and mournfully, at first under protest, one cake and even two, while my friend chats away with his melodious voice. And after the tea and cakes, I too find my tongue, and tell him, in reply to his polite, delicately worded questions, much about myself.

For some time past, my guard has stood waiting at the door leading to the platform, and toward it we now move.

"My boxes?" I suddenly recollect.

"They will be taken every care of until to-morrow."

And we proceed; and I am handed with my "escort" into an empty train—a whole long train all to ourselves!

"*Au revoir*, to-morrow," says my Russian friend gayly, with a graceful wave of the hand.

I nod, and even smile a wan smile—yes, I have arrived at that—and we creak and labor out of the station.

I record it here with pleasure—the gentleman who was courteous and kind to an English girl in distress was a Russian official! A man of cultivation and refinement, he used his power well. Alas! that in a country swarming with officials, I should have to add that he was the only civil one I ever came in contact with.

#### TROUBLE THE SECOND.

I MAKE myself as small as I can in the corner of the carriage, and my escort is in the other. The situation is awkward, and I feel embarrassed. Here I am in charge of a sort of policeman, and yet a person to whom I am indebted, who has kindly undertaken to do all he can for my comfort, and to save me all possible trouble. I should like to address a few civil words to him, but can not speak his language. He is looking straight before him, and seems, like myself, to be aware of the awkwardness of the moment. Suddenly, he turns his gray eyes on me—eyes, sleepy and languid, with an undercurrent of cunning—and addresses me in German, feeling his way by the question, "Fräulein is English?"

"Ja," I answer.

"But she speaks German?"

"A little," I again answer.

"Fräulein," he continues, "is much troubled to have to sit waiting in Edkunen for her pass; it is tedious for Fräulein. But I will do all; she need not be distressed. I know a good hotel; I will conduct Fräulein there; she has nothing to do but to wait, and all will be well."

I thank my companion cordially. It is a relief to be able to speak to him; for what is more embarrassing than to find one's self *tête-à-tête* with a stranger whose language one does not speak? "How kind and helpful Russian officials are!" I think, and already begin to regard this one in the light of a friend. But we are at Edkunen, which is only a few minutes' journey; and we alight upon the deserted platform and proceed to the hotel. It is close to the station, in what seems to be the only street—if it may be called

such—in the town. It is interminably long and straight, is planted with rows of young poplars, and the houses at the high, and, as it would appear, the German and respectable end, are clean, painted houses of wood, each standing in a little garden of its own. The hotel does not in any way differ from a private house, and looks cheerful and bright. "After all," I think, "it is not so bad; and to-morrow will soon be here. Just twenty-four hours." My escort leaves me at the door with a military salute. I am met by a pleasant, plump, little German girl, with a complexion of dazzling red and white, who shows me my room, and I am alone.

After I have examined the German beauties on the walls, and gazed out of the window, until the opposite house in its trim angularity, the straight poplar-trees, and the sandy sidewalks have ceased to be novelties, the silence and tameness of my surroundings become intolerably oppressive, so I sally forth into the stillest, brightest evening. I wander up "the street," and see more wooden houses, more poplars, and more sand, with here and there a man or woman, who stare at me curiously. Only toward the termination the scene gradually changes. The trees cease; the sand takes a dingier hue, which, as I proceed, deepens into dirty gray; and the houses become smaller, and lean their weather-stained shoulders one against another. I soon find that I am in a colony of Jews. My sudden appearance among them brings them out like a swarm of bees. It is Friday evening, and they are all unclean to a man. They will have to wash for the "Shabbat," and what would be the use of wasting soap? I pass tumble-down sheds or booths, giving forth scents that are not odoriferous; but I am buoyed up by the hope of a glimpse of the green country beyond. My hopes prove futile; for when the last little crazy hovel is passed, I find myself before a tract of sand, a veritable desert, with scarcely a blade of green grass to relieve its dreariness; so I turn suddenly on the band of little barefooted heathens who are following at my heels, and retrace my steps. I remark that the old women among the chosen people look like veritable hags, with their nut-cracker faces and yellow, wrinkled skins; and that the children almost all bear a striking resemblance to those two angels at the foot of Raphael's "Madonna della Sixtine," with their curly heads and bright, glorious eyes. It is still fair daylight as I turn into my room, and I know not how the long-drawn hours get away until the hotel-keeper's daughter puts her blonde head into the door and asks if I require supper.

I jump at the suggestion, and order coffee and eggs. Supper over, I go back to my seat on the window-niche till the daylight at last begins

to wane, and I can see the indistinct outline of the stars; and now it is bedtime!

Next morning I have the same dreary waiting till one o'clock, when I have called for and paid my bill, which I am relieved to find so trifling, and at a little past two am waiting at the station. The train does not arrive any sooner for my precipitation; it is a quarter of an hour overdue, when it comes puffing and panting up to the platform as if out of breath. There is my escort with a paper in his hand. I rush to meet him, and grasp the precious document. When we are seated in the carriage he remarks, "Fräulein has a trifle to pay."

I get out my purse with alacrity, and ask, "How much?"

"Only four rubles," is the modest reply.

It does flash through my mind that nine shillings, or thereabout, is a large sum to pay for so small a matter as getting a passport signed; but I make no comment. I find, however, that excepting a few silver coins I have no change, my total funds consisting of a note of twenty-five rubles. I explain. He is all complacency. "Fräulein can change at Verballen; there is no hurry."

Alighted on the platform at Verballen, my escort keeps close to me; but I think not of him, but of my Russian friend of yesterday. In vain do I scan each face of the uniformed group at the table in the center; he is nowhere among them; his chair is filled by another.

I am one of the first served to-day; my passport is glanced over, signed, and returned to me without comment; and I turn to a "Punch-and-Judy" box, wherein is a money-changer—a fact which he proclaims in several languages on a board above his head. He is a man of forbidding countenance—dark, sallow, gloomy-looking, with a morose, rolling eye. I hand him my note in fear and trembling, and ask, in German, to have it changed. He takes it from me, scrutinizes it, raises his eyes, and looks sternly and steadily at me—I feel that I am looking as if I had stolen it—and asks, "How much do you want for this?"

"It is a note of twenty-five rubles," I say, clearing my throat, and trying to make myself heard.

He looks at me again, and smiles—a smile such as I could fancy Macbeth to have worn when he did a murder—and threw the note down. "That is not worth twenty-five rubles [scoffingly]; it is torn!"

I literally quake in my shoes. This is all the money I have left to take me to Dorpat. What if I should run short! The idea is too appalling to be dwelt on, and my voice is a feeble, quivering treble as I inquire, "What is it worth?"

There is a lurid shade comes over his face and a light into his eyes as he deliberates a moment. It can not be knowledge of the world, born of observation, for I am just a fledgling, so it must be instinct which whispers, "This man is going to rob you!"

"I will give you eighteen rubles for it—more than it is worth," he adds, with assumed carelessness. He takes it up again as he speaks, but his eyes avoid my anxious ones.

It would be too little to take me to my journey's end, I fearfully think. Despair gives me courage; and before the man is aware I have snatched the note from his greedy gripe, and turn breathlessly away. I dart across the hall to a lady who is standing at the counter. "Do you speak German?" I ask.

"Yes; I am a German. Why?"

"Will you tell me the value of this note?" I hold it out to her as I speak.

"Twenty-five rubles," she at once replies.

"But it is torn—the man says it is torn, and only worth eighteen!" I exclaim, between hope and dread.

"What man? Where is he?" she asks, indignantly.

"There!"—I point across the hall to the culprit, who is sullenly eying us from his box—"the money-changer."

"He is telling you a lie; the number of the note is intact, and it is worth its full value."

At this moment an official calls my informant's attention to her passport, and she is at once absorbed in her own affairs.

Where my escort has been all this time, I know not; but he is now at my elbow. "Has Fräulein got change?" he mildly inquires.

"No; I can not get it," I reply, desperately, holding the note in my hand.

"Give it to me; I will get it for you."

In a moment he has snatched the note from my fingers and is gone. It happens like a lightning flash; and I stand staring blankly at the door through which he has disappeared. The first bell is ringing, and the passengers are rushing on to the platform. I try to persuade myself that it is all right. I go over to the door and wait, cheating myself with a forced calm: It will be all right; he will return presently with the change; he dare not but return. One after another passes out; the refreshment-tables are deserted; but still my gallant escort comes not. The second bell rings. My heart beats louder with every brazen stroke. The bell is rung three times with intervals of five minutes, so there is just five minutes left to get my ticket. I begin to feel rather giddy. A little matter would make me either laugh or cry immoderately; but I wait motionless and utter no sound; and still he comes

not. The third bell is ringing! It is too late! Somehow, a mist—not tears, for my eyes are dry and burning, but something which debars vision—rises before my eyes as I creep slowly, very slowly, as if dragging a heavy weight after me, to a bench against the wall, sit down, and draw my feet in under me. I make no appeal to any one; I do nothing, and think nothing. I sit still, a gray bundle of dejection. I had once read a story, called "The Iron Shroud," of a man who was shut up in an iron cell, with walls which ever, from day to day, closed in upon him, till at the last, when he could no longer stand upright, a bell was heard, and at each knell the ceiling descended lower and lower, till the victim knew and felt no more. I seem to know how that man felt as I listen to that other bell clanging forth my fate!

It has ceased, when a man rushes into the hall, looks wildly around, and discovers me. It is my escort! I spring to my feet, and rush upon him like a torrent.

"Quick, quick!" he cries. "Here is your *billet*, and here your change. The train is moving!"

Everybody's head is out of the windows as we storm on to the platform; and I am lifted, pushed, buffeted into the slowly moving train.

I come to myself with a handful of paper, and an old gentleman—certainly a German pastor—looking curiously at me over his horn spectacles. When I have got back my breath, and am a little more composed, I smooth out my notes, and wonder what my ticket has cost. There are only ten rubles left! I look across at the pastor, and, encouraged by his benign expression of face, I inquire the fare between Verballen and Plescow. I am told seven rubles. I count my change over again, and then I see how it is: my escort has kept eight rubles for his share, instead of four.

I tell my story to the pastor, and learn from him what it costs to cross the lake (Lake Peipus) to Dorpat. The sum he names is small, and I sigh a sigh of relief. I am saved!

As I jolt and rumble along—for Russian trains do jolt and rumble—and look down on the steaming marsh-land with its stunted shrubs, or up to the sun-bathed tops of the venerable pines, into whose shadow we ever and anon creep, I feel grateful—yes, humbly grateful—to my escort for his consideration in only having kept eight rubles!

#### TROUBLE THE THIRD.

BESIDES the German pastor, there are with me, in the carriage, his wife and a German spinster; and we three become very friendly over the recital of my calamities. Many are the tales of

fraudulent officials, of bribery and chicanery, which pass from mouth to mouth. The time passes so quickly and pleasantly, that I am surprised when we slacken speed, and my fellow-passengers collect their belongings. The pastor and his wife do not proceed to Dorpat; but the spinster, as she informs me, is going there to visit friends; so we unprotected females determine to keep together. We take a considerable time to gather up our scattered effects; for the spinster has handboxes, several baskets and bundles, which I hand to her out of the carriage. I wonder how she managed before she met me, for we are both laden breast-high as we enter the station-house. Here we are seen by the pastor, who is drinking tea at the refreshment-counter. He leaves his cup, and comes hastily toward us. "Ladies, I would advise you to hasten, or you will lose your chance of seats in the omnibus which runs between the station and the boat. If you do not succeed in catching it, I fear you can not get on to Dorpat to-day; the boat waits for no one."

The spinster at once drops several parcels, and loses the immediate possession of her mental faculties. "Where?—Which?—What?" she gasps.

The pastor has picked up the scattered parcels, and strides to the door. "This way!" he says. "You may catch it yet. They have carried your luggage through; it will be outside."

There stand our boxes, and also the omnibus, but crammed full of sweltering mortals; some standing with stooping heads, some sitting, huddled together, but all triumphant.

"I must go with this 'bus!" screams the spinster, frantically, and rushing to the step.

The conductor waves her off. "Can not—too late—no room!" he cries. The driver cracks his whip, and the omnibus moves away in a cloud of choking white dust. The spinster looks wildly after it, and runs a few steps; then a bundle falls, and she is herself again, and relinquishes the pursuit. I stand looking on stonily, with a feeling almost of indifference. I am beginning to be hardened to misfortune and inured to waiting. My cheeks burn a little, but it is the heat of the sun.

The pastor speaks cheerily. "Well, it is a pity you have lost it; but you must just make the best of it. You will get on to Dorpat on Monday. It only means a couple of nights at an hotel."

"All Sunday! To spend all Sunday in a place like Plescow!" exclaims the spinster. "And the expense too! Oh, to live in such a country!" She says a great deal more; and I agree to everything, but think of my ten rubles with considerable misgiving. The pastor, mean-

while, is looking about for a drosky for us, and is grumbling at the bad management which provides such scanty means of locomotion to travelers. There is, at present, not one to be obtained, and the railway-station is more than a mile from the town. Other passengers come from their tea-drinking and look anxiously down the long, straight road; but they are inhabitants of Plescow, and seem to know what to expect. They saunter back into the waiting-room, or pile up their effects outside the station, to be in readiness.

"I should recommend you to have a cup of tea or coffee," remarks the pastor. "You have no hurry; and must just wait until some of those lazy dogs turn up with their droskies. They will come in shoals when they see the omnibus enter the town."

So we take his advice, and take our time over it, till we hear the sound of wheels on the gravel outside. The spinster of course becomes frantic again, for fear we may lose this chance also, and rushes to the door, followed, more sedately, by the pastor and myself.

"Do not excite yourself, my dear lady," he says; "there will be plenty of them, no fear."

And sure enough, there they come in long file, driving furiously to outstrip each other, as they gesticulate and shout to their little rough, hardy horses. They are principally Jews, so haggling prevails for some minutes. Our share of it is kindly undertaken by the pastor; and at last we are mounted on two high-wheeled shaky vehicles, the spinster in the front, smothered in her *Handgepäck* (hand-luggage), to which she clings feverishly; and I—well, how that enterprising Jew driver managed to get to Plescow with my big box on his narrow perch beside him, will remain a mystery to me through life. I only know that extreme agitation prevents me from feeling that the skin is being slowly grated off my shins by the edge of my small box, which is wedged against them, and that we do eventually draw up before the door of the principal hotel, and that it—the big box—did *not* fall with a crash to the ground and burst, scattering my wardrobe to the four winds.

The hotel, kept by one Meyer, is over a baker's shop. We are shown into a large bare room, with yellow painted floor, and two high, shadowless windows looking on to the street. A narrow strip of the room is partitioned off by a screen, behind which are two very small, musty-looking beds, two slop-basins and milk-jugs, which I afterward discover to be intended for ablutionary purposes, and two chairs. An atmosphere of stale tobacco-smoke prevails, and the general effect is depressing. The spinster thinks otherwise; she observes on the size and airiness of



the room, becomes quite chirpy and cheery over her toilet, and washes her face energetically in one of the slop-basins, which teaches me its use. After a time, I grow restless, and propose a walk about the town.

"Oh, my dear *Mädchen*," she replies, "who would think of walking in Plescow! There is nothing to see here."

"But," I entreat, "I would like to go; it is all new to me."

But she is not to be persuaded; so I go alone. She is right. Plescow possesses few beauties; yet the novelty of everything pleases me. I wander down the principal street, and stare up at the whitewashed square houses, and into the small, scantily furnished shop-windows, where I see nothing worth looking at. But a Russian priest who passes me, with his long, waving hair, ample silk gown, and high cap, excites my interest. I stop in front of a Russian church, with light-green roof and white walls, and wonder who was the architect. The massive, clumsy tower leans all to one side. The door is open, and I peep in. A gendarme, who is standing by, invites me by a sign to enter, and I do so. Here, at least, is attraction. I can scarcely see at first for the blaze of tinsel and color; and long I gaze at the weird, brown faces of saints, which look out at me from their dazzling gilt haloes and gorgeous draperies. In front of me are golden folding-doors, closely shut; and a trellis through which I catch glimpses of greater splendor. Above me is a pale-blue dome, studded with large gilt stars. It is all so strange and fantastic, that it is only when the woman who has been dusting the church touches my arm and says something, pointing to the door, that I awake to the fact that it is getting late, and she wants to lock up. So I go back to the hotel, still awed by what I have seen, and burst upon the spinster with many questions and exclamations.

Then we have supper, which is not bad. The bread is excellent, and made up into fanciful shapes, which please my youthful imagination. But my enjoyment is marred by the dense vapors of the apartment. Matters have not improved during my absence; tobacco has been coming up through the floor in clouds, and is still doing so. And oh, my readers, have you any knowledge of the properties of "*Karria Yaak*"? Have you ever received one whiff of it into your nostrils? If you have not, you can not sympathize, nor can I describe. It is a thing to be smelled, not described. There is, moreover, a scraping of fiddles, a shuffling of feet, and a confused din below, which grows and increases as the hours wear on. The waiter invites "*Fräulein*"—meaning me—with a smile to join the ball, which he

informs us is going on down-stairs in the *salon*. The spinster throws up her hands; but she need be under no apprehension. "*Fräulein*" feels no disposition to join the rabble rout, who would seem to dance with noxious tobacco-pipes in their mouths. At what appears to me an unreasonably early hour, the spinster proposes retiring to rest; and, as she complains of fatigue and a desire to sleep, I have no alternative but to lay my unwilling head upon my dirty pillow, after first spreading a clean handkerchief over its sullied purity. Our candles are snuffed out; but, alas, "*jocund day*" does not "*stand tiptoe on the misty mountain-top*." I wish she did! In vain I toss and turn, making the wooden bedstead creak and groan dismally. The spinster snores—happy spinster! The fiddles squeak; the tobacco-smoke rises around me; the din increases. I feel deeply melancholy. I can not describe the miseries of that night and that bed. Before I have fallen asleep, I am glad to desert it—for, to my horror, I find it is being invaded! Putting on my clothes, I resolve to sit up—much to the annoyance of the spinster, who has not apparently the objections to a populated bed that I have. To have her night's rest disturbed in this way is hard. She is sure there is no vermin; it is all my own imagination. A strange thing that *she* is unmolested. She hopes I do not intend burning a light all night?

"No," I sorrowfully reply; "I will sit in the dark, and be quite still."

I draw a chair to the table, blow out the candle, spread out my arms before me, and rest my aching head upon them. The leaden minutes creep on, and I listen in semi-stupefaction to the din below; then, I believe, from sheer exhaustion I fall into a doze, and dream many uncomfortable things, out of which I start at intervals. Suddenly, whether sleeping or waking, I become conscious of a renewed sensation. I raise my head, and my blood curdles. Something is slowly crawling over the back of my hand! I forget the spinster's anger. I lose all self-command, and, shaking my hand wildly, I utter a scream of horror. I hear the complaining voice of the spinster again; but I am desperate. I grope for and grasp the match-box, strike a light, and look fearfully around me. There the thing is—and another, and another on the table and floor! The room is swarming with black beetles from the bakery down-stairs!

Now, if there is a living thing I abhor, it is a cockroach. I love mice, and could make pets of spiders; but at sight of a bloated, crawling cock-roach my flesh quivers. And here are thousands! I shake myself convulsively and groan.

"I think, *Fräulein*, you might show some lit-

tle consideration for others," I hear the spinster say in a deeply injured tone.

"It's no use—I can not bear it," I cry. "This is worse than the Black Hole of Calcutta. I would rather be in a vault with dead bodies all night" (borrowing the idea from the unparalleled sufferings of Sindbad the sailor), "or—or anything horrible, than be in this place!"

The spinster raves on, wobbling her nightcap-frills at me; but I heed her not. I can bear no more, and lift up my voice and weep. After this, I obstinately refuse to put out the candle—the light scares away my foes—and retire to the far window-niche, gather myself together with my feet up, and wait, like a veritable Patience on a monument, for the dawn. I watch the flutter of her pearly skirts over the opposite chimneys, and catch her first rosy blush with fresh amaze at her mysterious beauty. The fiddles have stopped at last, the doors have ceased to slam, and a Sabbath calm reigns within and without. My weary head falls back, and I slumber sweetly in the face of the rising sun.

The spinster is stirring when I awake. Confused and dazzled with the full light, it is some moments before I can collect my scattered wits; but such is the elasticity of youth that, after wetting my hands and face in my slop-basin, and laughing at the wry face which the crazy-looking glass reflects back to me, I feel as fresh as a daisy and ready for anything. I have a burning desire to go to the service in the Russian church; but herein I meet with opposition. The spinster is scandalized at the suggestion; and after breakfast, I am walking sedately, with the spinster at my side, to the Lutheran church. I find it a dreary business. The slow, drawn-out hymns, so unlike our more lively church music, seem to me to savor of funereal music. Of the long sermon, I understand nothing; and I am glad when we can go forth once more into the bright sunlight.

At dinner, the waiter informs us that the band will play to-day in the Tivoli Garden. My heart gives a bound; but my English prejudice quickly repels the contemplation of such wickedness. To my surprise, however, when I have

settled down at the window some time later to watch the people pass, the spinster herself suggests a walk in that direction; and, I blush to acknowledge it, I respond forthwith. So we go; and I hear a Russian provincial military band, to which I listen with bated breath as I try to follow the wraith of a tune which now and again struggles through the din of the big drum, to be speedily smothered by rebellious instruments. Yet withal, I enjoy myself under the lime-trees of that Tivoli Garden, though it looks more like a poor, neglected demesne than a pleasure-ground. Flowers there are none, and the grass is trampled and patchy; but there are the officers with trailing swords; there are Russians, Poles, Letts, and Esthonians in their characteristic dresses. I could sit and watch till darkness fell; but the spinster has had enough of dissipation, and in an hour or two we turn our steps hotelward.

Another night with the cockroaches; but I am prepared, and that is half the battle. I persistently decline to go to bed, and refuse to be a single instant without a light. The spinster may grumble; in all other matters I knock under, but here I am firm. I again mount the window-niche, in which spot alone I feel safe; and with a rug for my pillow, I doze and start and slip into painful attitudes, until my last night in Plescow is of the past. I am up with the lark in the morning, and am ready to start for the boat, hours too soon. When at last our luggage is packed and ready to be borne away, and our bill is paid, which is moderate beyond all expectation—the one relieving feature of the Plescow hotels—the spinster shows the practical greatness of her German nature: she opens the jaws of a carpet-bag and deliberately empties the contents of the sugar-basin into it; then she possesses herself of the candle-ends, and drops them also in among the sugar-lumps. "It would be a shame to leave them," she explains. "We have paid for them. Will you take the half?"

I decline, with thanks.

In another hour we are actually in the boat, Plescow is left behind, and we are on our way to Dorpat; my fare is paid, and I am the happy possessor of half a ruble!

*Chambers's Journal.*

## ELECTRICITY AS A FACTOR IN HAPPINESS.

PERHAPS the most marked feature of the hour, outside politics, is the anxious and hopeful attention paid to applications of electricity. Investigation and experiment have been going on for years, hundreds of minds have given themselves to the subject; in one department, telegraphy, great results have been achieved and great fortunes made; but this explosion of interest in the matter is new. The world, as sometimes occurs to it, is on intellectual tiptoe. The terminology of the science is novel and unusually abominable, the difficulty of showing experiments is considerable, and the reporters constantly misunderstand alike what they hear and what they see; but the interest of the public overcomes every obstacle. At the meeting of the British Association, nothing attracted like electricity, the papers even republishing long discourses which, for most of their readers, might as well have been written in Greek; while no telegrams are read so eagerly as the excessively crass ones in which the wonderful show of electric appliances now going on in Paris is so dully described. The special correspondents are shown everything, and not only understand nothing, but seem to lose their control of their art, and can not even describe. The interest is the more noteworthy because it is the interest of expectation, rather than the interest of assured faith. The electric *savants*, unlike most men of science, are doing their thinking aloud, performing experiments in public, talking to each other across continents and in the ears of half mankind, showing instruments which they confess are imperfect, exhibiting processes which are acknowledged to be merely tentative, securing patents which are defended as only "precautionary," and in many instances letting drop hints as to the methods by which they are inquiring, and the results they barely hope to obtain, which on other subjects would arouse in their hearers a sense of angry tedium. The public, however, is tireless upon electricity. It has one big fact to go upon, the electric telegraph—the one thing, perhaps, which Friar Bacon, if he could come back for a week, and talk to the luminaries of science, would admit to surpass his reveries—and in spite of the doubts of the scientific, who are excited, too, and see their way to many things, but do not yet see their way to a lot of electric force cheap, the public persists in believing that steam is played out, and that the world is about to have a greater, less cumbrous, and more universally applicable force placed at its disposal. Thousands who know no more what

an "Ohm" is than they know what Arius taught are the happier for that belief, and hold it fixedly. The world may be wrong, as it was wrong when it fell into a similar condition of excitement about Montgolfier's balloon. There was the balloon, and it did go up, and better balloons were made, and have been going up ever since from dancing platforms, and besieged cities, and battle-fields, and all manner of places; but the world is not flying, for all that, national boundaries have not disappeared, and there are custom-houses still existing. The world, however, this time does not think itself wrong; the scientific men, though not quite certain—being worried in their minds, as we said, as to where that cheap lot of force is to come from, unless they can previously accomplish the task of controlling Niagara, or passing the Atlantic tide through a stopcock, or utilizing the earth's rotation—are inclined to agree with the world; and the mechanics point, with a sort of awed laugh, half-triumph, half-puzzlement, to what has already been done.

That is really very surprising in its suggestiveness. No electric appliance not intended for the transmission of messages is as yet perfect, or rather, we should say, complete; but still the first idea of impossibility has, in many departments of work, been finally removed, and that is a great step. Electricity—we shall want a shorter word very soon, O philologists! and a better one, "amberishness" being a stupid description, and the proper one, if you knew it, would be "Indra"—can already be made to do many things, though it does them all imperfectly, expensively, or with a certain uneasy hesitation, as if some Demiurgus did not quite know whether he was justified in giving such power as that to such a race as man, and every now and then held his hand. Man may—and man will, if ten more years are given him—use his new slave upon his favorite work, the only work he permanently and always admires, that of killing his brothers wholesale; and Demiurgus may be worried about that. Still, electric work is done, and work greater than ringing angry little hotel-bells. There is, to begin with, always the telegraph, which does take messages across the Atlantic ahead of time. Then, though the big electric lights flicker and go out unexpectedly, and the little lights are not as bright as they should be, and all the lights are more or less disagreeable in color, and nobody will give you the least dependable hint about cost, and everybody tells a different story about the distance at which the

force begins to tire and slacken, there is certainly light—light, if you will pay the money, almost limitless in quantity, and in practice able to go all the distance from the generator that is wanted. And, slowly, slowly, but quite visibly, the obstacles to the use of that light pass away. Subdivision, the old difficulty, considered insuperable, has been mastered; a measuring instrument for the light consumed has been invented; yesterday, some weeks ago, the color of light that human eyes find easiest was secured; to-day—this very week—the flicker has been conquered by an application of Faure's accumulator; and to-morrow, perhaps, the easiest, cheapest, and handiest generator of the force will be shown to a Parisian audience, anxious chiefly to know if with electricity substituted for gas, theatres will not light up very well indeed. There is light, and, moreover, movable light, which seemed impossible. On Monday, while the British Association were discussing the use of the light in mines, and lamenting the chance of explosion at the point where the wire enters the lamp, Mr. Swan produced a lamp which, by the aid of Faure's secondary battery, dispenses with the wire. It will only burn six hours, but it can be carried about, and refilled at will from the wire connected with the central generator. That lamp next year will burn twenty-four hours, and then we have a lamp universally useful for domestic purposes. Again, though no great feat of hauling, or heaving, or pushing has yet been performed by electricity, we know the force can be made to push and haul and heave. A man has driven about Paris in an electric tricycle; a girl has sewed a shirt with a sewing-machine moved by the same power; a bit of rock has been attacked by an electric borer; a toy boat runs about in a lake, driven by electricity; and, best of all, Messrs. Siemens are now carrying passengers in a "tram," which has no other motor than the electric "fluid," or modification of motion, or whatever it ought to be called. It is not only probable, but certain, that many of the difficulties now impeding the application of the force to heavy work will be dissolved, under the pressure of the brain-power now applied to them from every corner of the civilized world; and quite possible that in a year or two a cheap method of generating electricity will be applied—not discovered, for we know already that falling water, in governable masses, is what is wanted—and that the storage of the force will not only be a credible, but an easily accomplished, process. That is not supposing more than has occurred in the application of electricity to message-sending, and that accomplished, and cost reduced, as science always reduces it, we should have from the new agent

at least two things—a light full, permanent, and cheap, to be used wherever wanted, in the street, workshop, and house, as in the mine; and a motor, manageable, tireless, light, and as effective for small work in the hands of the individual as for great work in the hands of a mighty company. That which will drive a railway-train will drive a girl's sewing-machine or a boy's mechanical horse; that which will urge a rock-borer will help to carve a sixpenny bloodstone seal. Indra chained can be made to perform all tasks that can be performed by unintelligent force.

And these things gained, what will be the addition to human happiness? It is always necessary to ask that question, for, as a rule, the grand prizes of human intelligence, the additions to human knowledge of which we are so proud, have added little to the happiness of the millions who, and not the few rich, constitute man. The growth of wisdom, especially of political wisdom, has probably, by abolishing slavery and diminishing terror, whether proceeding from kings, or armed enemies, or domestic criminals, done more to increase the happiness of the race than all that science, usually so called, has ever achieved. Freedom from oppression has secured more for Englishmen, measured directly in happiness, than steam, just as security from robbers has done more for their wealth than the electric telegraph. It would be difficult, indeed, to prove that any great scientific discovery—except the Lucifer-match, which made light and heat, as it were, portable; chloroform, which extinguished some forms of pain; and vaccination—has ever done very much to reduce the mighty sum of human misery. There would seem, however, if all hopes be justified—even excluding these hopes raised in a somewhat dim way by Dr. Siemens's strange experiments with plants, experiments which somehow raise in minds not usually fanciful a sort of sympathy with plants, as if they must suffer, instead of benefiting, as they appear to do, from the sleeplessness to which he condemns them—to be good omens for man in electricity. Light in the bowels of the earth, permanent, pellucid, and safe, must indefinitely diminish the terror and the toil of those who work there, even if it does, as we fear it will, protract the hours of labor; and miners of all kinds are many, and we want more from inside the world. Bright light, indeed, if it can but be carried about, must relieve man at least of the terror of darkness; and terror, not pain, is for humanity—which is in the aggregate timid, but healthy—the master-evil. Then it would seem probable that in electricity we have a motor which will do what steam has not done, add to the strength and freedom of the individual; and that must be a gain. The



instinct of luxury is rarely wrong when it is permanent, and the desire of the rich for horses and carriages must, if realized by the poor, increase their happiness. Rushing about is not happiness, but freedom of locomotion is an element in it, and in the electric tricycle there is a probability of that for all healthy men. The power of working a machine which will do almost all labor must be, one would think, to man a gain almost equivalent to increased health, or a doubled strength of muscle. The peasant may have no more land, but the electric plow will do his spade-work as well in less time and with less expenditure of vital energy—for of all classes, it

is not plowmen who live longest, as, in the idyllic theory, it should be, but gamekeepers and clergymen—and the additional force gained in agriculture will be gained also in every department of human labor, the weaver guiding without stooping an electric loom, while the shoemaker orders the fluid to perfect his stitches. Electricity is force without the limitations which make cumbersome steam comparatively so useless; and if anything can make man happier, except more resignation, it must be an increase of force granted to every one for the battle with the blind powers of earth, which yield only to compulsion his food and drink.

*The Spectator.*

## BRIGANDAGE IN MACEDONIA.

CONSIDERING the pitch at which brigandage has arrived in the East, and the number of cases that have lately occurred of Europeans and others being captured and kept in captivity until some fabulous amount has been paid as a ransom, I feel sure that a short account of the daily life and mode of existence of these outlaws can not fail to be interesting. The following facts are gathered from the experiences of a late captive, at the paying of whose ransom I chanced to be present:

There is no doubt that brigandage will have a tendency rather to increase than to subside, as long as Turkey remains in its present unsettled condition; and little else can be expected when one finds nearly everybody, be he pasha, priest, or peasant, either from fear or pecuniary motives, in league with the bands whose headquarters are nearest their respective homesteads; and one can not shut one's eyes to the fact that bribery and corruption compose the system on which is based the government of a country which, if properly looked after, might be one of the finest in the world.

To begin with, one must know that there are two distinct classes of these men who earn their livelihood by pillage, robbery, and, if necessary, murder: viz., the brigand proper, of whose career I shall chiefly speak, and who very often, notwithstanding his bad reputation, possesses one or two good qualities, among which may be mentioned his strong sense of honor as regards keeping his word after giving it; and an inferior kind of robber who is called by a Greek word signifying "sheep-stealer," and who lives by committing petty larcenies, or intimidating, perhaps killing, poor villagers and small land-owners, but has neither the pluck nor the organization to

make any grand *coup*, such as carrying off a European or some wealthy merchant. To show in what contempt this latter class is held, I may state that no greater insult can be offered to the brigand proper than that of applying to him the epithet of sheep-stealer (*κλεπτοβάλος*).

As soon as the spring is sufficiently advanced to allow the mountains to be traversed without too much discomfort from cold, several bands are formed, consisting of Albanians, Greeks, and Armenians, varying in numbers from twenty to forty, the majority of whom are soldiers, well drilled, and accustomed to hard work and long marches, who have deserted from the armies of their respective countries, and determined to pursue a more exciting and lucrative calling. A chief is selected by vote, a Greek generally being chosen, and one who has been at the trade before; also two or three captains, according to the number of the band, who assist in organizing the recruits, the chief always having complete control over the movements of the band, and settling any disputes that may arise among its members. The next thing to do is to take the necessary oaths, each man swearing not to desert, betray his fellows, or ever assist in any way in a prisoner's escape, the last oath being that, should they be attacked, the captive, if they have one at the time, must not be recaptured alive. This finishes the preliminaries, and the work of cruelty, bloodshed, and pillage commences thence, and lasts until the winter snows leave the mountain-sides no longer habitable, when they disperse and enjoy themselves on their ill-gotten gains till the following spring comes round.

The dress worn by the brigands is much the same as that of Albanian peasants, consisting of a short sleeveless jacket, coarse gaiters and shoes,

the national *fez*, and a very short *fustanella* or petticoat, the latter being made of very coarse material, instead of white calico, and soaked in oil, so as to keep the insects, or at all events a certain percentage of them, from annoying the wearer, as they wear the same one for month after month; and living day and night in the bushes, some precautions seem necessary, and the only course pursued is to take off the *fustanella* about once a week, and shake it over a fire, the heat causing the lice and other insects to drop out. This is the extent of their ablutions, if such a term may be applied, sometimes for weeks. Across their chests they carry a cartridge-belt, and round their waists a girdle containing a revolver, knife, and in fact all their worldly possessions; while by their sides hang their yataghans or curved swords, with which they behead their captives when not ransomed. The rifles vary in kind, but are all very good; I think the Winchester repeating rifle seemed to be the favorite, although a great number are armed with the weapons in use in their own armies at the time they took French leave. It is perfectly astonishing what good marksmen they are, and how ammunition is obtained is a mystery to the uninitiated; but I know for a fact that within the last few weeks a brigand chief ordered and received eight thousand rounds of ball-cartridge, of different descriptions, in the middle of the mountains, miles away from any town.

It is unnecessary to detail their plan of attack when determined to carry off a captive, as they all resemble each other, and several accounts have appeared in the papers of those which have most recently occurred. It is a great mistake to think that brigands ill-treat their captives during negotiations; it is just the reverse: all share and share alike, the preference being always given to the prisoner when it comes to the last loaf of bread or the last glass of wine. At the same time it can hardly be called an enviable experience to pass night after night in fair weather and foul with no bed but the mountain-side, and no shelter but the canopy of heaven. The routine of one day is so much like that of another during the wandering in the mountains, that a description of one twenty-four hours will, I think, be sufficient. Soon after dark the whole party start, the prisoner having his arms tied loosely behind him by a single piece of small rope, leaving the end trailing behind. This, I may here mention, is simply used as a sign of captivity, and not as a precaution against an attempt to escape, two of the band being sentry over the captive at a time, the remainder dispersing slightly so as to have due notice of any danger that might be close by. After traveling several miles, through

valleys and over mountains, a halt is made about sunrise in some well-wooded and secluded spot; the prisoner is then left in charge of three or four men, and the remainder, excepting of course the chief, proceed with their various duties, some lighting a fire, others preparing the morning meal, which generally consists of bread, coffee, and perhaps a bit of lamb or goat, and another party go off to get their next day's food from accomplices and spies who have been warned two or three days previously where to bring the provisions. So suspicious are they of treachery that no member of the band is allowed to eat any food brought by a spy until the bearer has tasted it to see if it contains poison. The way in which the fire is lighted is well worthy of notice. Having collected some dry sticks, not large in circumference, and about eighteen inches in length, a square heap is built by laying them across each other at right angles, and at the same time leaving lots of air-space in the center. The top stick is then lighted, and the fire burns downward; by this means a very hot but perfectly smokeless fire is obtained, which of course prevents their locality being discovered from the smoke. When all is prepared, breakfast is heartily welcome after the night's journey, but no one thinks of partaking of any food until a short prayer has been said by the chief and all have crossed themselves three times. I have omitted to mention that every band of brigands has a tame ram which is used to lead any sheep they steal from out-of-the-way villages, thus saving one man having the trouble of doing duty as shepherd. During meals every topic is discussed, no distinction being made between captor and captive, nor restriction placed on the latter as long as he does not broach the all-important subject of his own release. On that subject they are perfectly reticent; and one never knows from the day of one's captivity till within a few hours of one's release how negotiations are proceeding, nor how one's chances of life and death fluctuate according to the temper of the brigands and the communications brought by the spies.

During the first week or so after taking a prisoner the camp is moved every night; but, as soon as a safe distance is reached and it is known that there are no troops in pursuit, four or five days are often spent in the same spot. On week-days, as soon as breakfast is finished, all the arms are cleaned, knives and yataghans sharpened, and a sheep or goat killed and skinned for the mid-day meal, which generally takes place about eleven o'clock. It is curious to watch the process of cooking the sheep. As soon as the skin is removed, a small portion of the intestines is taken and placed over the eyes and face of the animal, being secured behind the ears by a small piece

of stick. This, as well as one or two other internal portions, is looked upon as a great delicacy, and always reserved for the chief. No portion of the sheep or goat is thrown away, every particle being eaten after being roasted slowly over the camp-fire, by being placed horizontally on a long stick and slowly turned round by him whose duty for the day includes cook. Wine takes the place of coffee, but in other respects there is little difference between the mid-day and morning meals.

The first thing to be done, as soon as the appetite is satisfied, is to take the shoulder-blade of the animal just devoured and examine the marks on the flat portion of it. Should there be a small hole, it represents the grave of the prisoner, and signifies that the ransom will not be paid; if there appear small lines running in the direction of the leg bone, it denotes that everything will go satisfactorily and the money be paid; but, should the lines run at right angles, then pursuit and perhaps capture will be the result of their enterprise. This, among many others, is one of the superstitions in which the brigands put most implicit faith, and by which they profess to be able to discover any news in regard to their success or failure about which they have any doubt.

The afternoon passes much the same as the morning, each taking his turn at preparing food, keeping guard over the captive, and any other little duties that may be required, the remainder sleeping and smoking cigarettes alternately until dinner-time comes round. After their evening meal, all sit round the fire, some playing cards; but the majority seem to find most pleasure in recounting to their captive the most atrocious and brutal deeds of which they have been guilty—the greater the barbarity the more welcome the opportunity of bragging about it. Before repeating one or two of their confessions, I must not omit to say that, although cards are allowed, no gambling, not even of the mildest description, is permitted. It may also appear strange that these ruffians took the most vivid interest in hearing all about the telephone, phonograph, and other new inventions. A late captive informed me that, by giving lectures on different subjects nearly every night for six weeks, he had quite educated his "hosts," and considered the "Turkish School Board" ought to give him some compensation. N. B.—It has not done so as yet.

On Sundays, prayers are repeated and psalms chanted during the forenoon; the routine after the mid-day meal being to hang up several sheepskins and practice cutting them in two with their yataghans. This is done, as they calmly acknowledge, to keep their hands in, as, should it become necessary to behead the prisoner, the man to whose lot it falls to deliver the blow is

looked down upon if he does not perform his duty neatly, i. e., sever the head from the body with one cut.

The system of espionage employed is simply perfect; every movement of troops for miles round is known almost as soon as it takes place, and the state of the negotiations being carried on for the captive's release is immediately and almost daily communicated to the chief. Should any news be sent by the officials, the usual plan is to send word to the town from which he is coming to say by what road he is to go; then, suddenly, at some unexpected spot, a brigand appears from behind a wall or some other hiding-place, receives his information, and returns; the place of rendezvous being generally four or five hours' ride from the camp, so that no clew should be given as to their whereabouts. It is a law among the bands that no member shall accept a present from a captive; and it is also the custom, on the release of a prisoner, for the chief to make him a present of fifty pounds or so. At the same time, should he have a watch or any other article for which the robbers have a desire, it is bought and paid for, the last ceremony being the taking off of the rope which has bound the prisoner's arms ever since his capture, which once more proclaims him a free man.

To show how little regard is shown to the Turkish authorities, I may here mention that, during my last fortnight at Salonica, a well-known merchant showed me a letter he had just received, the contents of which were to the effect that, unless one thousand pounds were sent at once to a place about three hours' journey distant, all his property, consisting of two houses and a lot of timber, would be immediately burned. This interesting but disagreeable communication was not signed by hand, but had a large seal at the bottom, like an official document, on which was printed in Greek "Captain Kakuni." I need hardly say that troops were dispatched in place of the money, but, alas! with the usual result. On another occasion, and within four or five days of the above-mentioned event, I went to the Turkish theatre to see an Armenian company perform a comedy, and passed a very pleasant evening in the box belonging to the commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces. On meeting him the following day, he inquired if I knew who was at the theatre with us the previous evening. I replied in the negative; whereupon he produced a small note, in which was expressed the writer's appreciation of the performance, and congratulating his Excellency on the state of his health; but judge of my surprise when I saw the signature "Captain Niko," the chief of the band of brigands who last year captured Colonel Synge! Of course by that time he was probably miles

away; but it appears he had donned European costume for the occasion, and quite made an impression with his gloves and small silver-mounted cane. I only know of one decisive step having been taken to suppress brigandage, and that took place a week after the release of Mr. Suter. Salyk Pasha, in command of the troops at Salonica, heard there was a band of brigands in the neighborhood, and immediately took steps to discover their whereabouts, which he succeeded in doing. Troops were at once dispatched to surround the band, and an engagement took place so near the town that the shots could be distinctly heard. The soldiers having previously received orders that they might loot any men they killed gave a greater impetus to the whole proceeding; and before dark, out of a band of thirty brigands, twenty-three heads were brought in to the Pasha, and the remaining seven taken prisoners. One sergeant shot five himself, and took two hundred pounds from one man, but he was unfortunately wounded in the affray. However, on his arrival at the military hospital he was promoted to lieutenant on the spot, and every hope is entertained of his speedy recovery. I only regret I was unable to see the head of the rich brigand, so as to discover if it were one of those who received the ransom for Mr. Suter, to the handing over of which I was a witness.

In conclusion, I think that the old motto "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*" should have due weight with any Englishmen who are purposing to visit the interior of Turkey either on business or pleasure; and I think nothing will give greater emphasis to the advice it contains than giving an idea of the outrageous brutality of those into whose hands they would probably fall, as gathered from the stories told round the camp-fire to pass the time over the after-dinner wine in the mountains.

On one occasion the chief of a band succeeded in capturing a young Armenian whom he suspected of having given information to the authorities as to the whereabouts of his band;

whereupon he sent a message to his mother, who lived in a village near, telling her that if she wished to see her son alive she must come at once to a certain spot. Fearing to disobey, the poor woman hurried to the place named, where she met the brigand chief, who immediately said, "I have sent for you to show you the way I treat traitors"; and, drawing his yataghan, he cut the wretched man into four quarters before his mother's eyes, adding, as he wiped the blood off his weapon, "Now I am going to the top of that hill. Before sunset you will tell all the inhabitants of your village that they are to come out and see what I have done; should you not obey—and, mind, I shall be watching—I shall come and burn the whole village." Of course, there was no choice but to carry out orders, and come and see the ghastly spectacle.

Another instance, of the effects of which I was also a witness, was that of a villager in the town of Teronda, who, when the village was attacked by brigands, gave up all his property but a small silver cross which he stoutly refused to part with. Whereupon he was stripped, rubbed over with petroleum-oil, and then a match applied. It so happened that this did not prove fatal, but the state of agony of the poor man some days afterward was something piteous to see.

I think these few stories will suffice to show the character of the Greek brigand; and, although as many more and even worse could be repeated, I will only add one which is rather amusing. A band, having captured a Turkish priest, used, when in want of a small amount of amusement, to make him climb up to the top of a tree, and there continue shouting out, "calling the people to prayer," as is their custom from the minarets of the mosques at sunrise; the only difference being that, whereas the real ceremony occupies only a few minutes, this wretched priest had to continue until he was unable to speak from hoarseness and want of breath.

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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

WITHIN a period of seventeen years two Presidents of the United States have fallen by the hands of assassins. The full significance of the fact will be more completely realized when it is remembered that, during the fourteen hundred years that have elapsed since the foundation of the French kingdom under Clovis, but two of her sovereigns have fallen by assassination, and that in England, from the time of Egbert, who was the first to bear the title of King of England (in 827), to the present, but one case of unmistakable, open assassination has occurred. Edward the Martyr was stabbed in the back while drinking a cup of mead on horseback. William Rufus, it will be remembered, was pierced by an arrow while hunting in the forest, but it is uncertain whether the arrow was discharged accidentally or intentionally. Even if we give the worst interpretation to the death of the latter, we have but two cases of assassination in a period of some thousand and fifty years. Others of the English sovereigns, however, fell by violence. Edward II and Richard II were secretly murdered after being deposed. Henry VI died in the Tower after the accession of Edward IV, but in what manner is not known. Young Edward V was smothered in the Tower by order of Richard III, before, however, his reign fairly began. This record is bloody enough, and to it should be added, perhaps, the instance of Spencer Perceval, First Lord of the Treasury and Premier, who was shot down in the lobby of the House of Commons in 1812; but we find only four monarchs perishing from unlawful violence in more than a thousand years of English history, and two rightful rulers in the short period of seventeen years in our own history struck down by assassins! When it is remembered that English and French history covers many periods of great disorder, that there were numerous wars, rebellions, and contentions for the crown, and that the age of political violence is now commonly supposed to have gone by, the contrast between the two records is startling, and full of matter for reflection.

This contrast is rendered more surprising from the fact that both France and England have frequently suffered from the despotic rule of their sovereigns, from which there was no relief but by the death of the despots, while with us our chief magistrate can not, if he would, be despotic, has little power of any kind, and in a very short period must cease to exercise the limited sway which the Constitution reposes in him. In one case there are many reasons why an assassin might be supposed to have good reasons for acting, in the other there are absolutely none. All the conditions with us naturally exclude assassination as a likely crime, while abroad in times past all the conditions were of a kind to excite assassination. When Mary was burning and hanging Protestant heretics, a sudden blow from an

infuriated zealot would have been perfectly natural, and would find even to-day many apologists. When Cromwell was persecuting Churchmen, and standing between the rightful heir and the throne in the estimation of so many thousands, it is fairly surprising that the pistol was not summoned to promptly remove the supposed usurper. Perhaps it will be said that rulers in those times were more guarded and consequently less accessible than with us. To this it can be said that whoever had diligently searched for an opportunity would have found one. Jacques Clément succeeded in reaching the presence of Henri III, and Ravaillac forced himself to the side of Henri IV; and other men equally determined would have encountered no serious obstacle to their purpose. Last month we made some remarks about the current mania for the pistol, and asserted our belief that this had something to do in prompting Guiteau to shoot down the President; but in former turbulent periods the people were more used to weapons than now, and very much more familiar with the idea of violent death. Killing by war, by the executioner, by roadside violence, or in turbulent contests, was a daily matter, and cutthroats were as common as thieves are now. In fact, there is no period in the past in which all the conditions for an act of the kind did not exist; there were partisan hatreds, oppressed classes and greatly wronged individuals, ambitious aspirants, embittered enemies, the spirit of turbulence, great personal ends to be served, and other provocatives to action. Judging by our own recent history, the wonder is that assassination has not been the peculiar and common rather than the exceptional fate of kings or other arbitrary rulers.

The reader must see that, viewed from the point of history the fate of Lincoln and Garfield is simply astounding. Judging by comparisons and conditions their deaths by the violent hand is about the last thing in the world that should have occurred. This is more notably the case with Garfield than with Lincoln, of course, as in the latter's case a bitter war had just ended, and fierce hatreds abounded; but, compared with the violence of passions in many historic periods, and all that defeated partisans then suffered, these features of Lincoln's murder weigh but little.

Looked at thus historically, assassination in our age and in this republic is wholly anomalous. It is inexplicable by any obvious logic or train of reasoning, for it is in contradiction to every apparent tendency, to every traceable condition. How is it, then, that our people have been twice plunged in grief by this great crime, this anachronism of blood? We ask this question, but we do not know that we can answer it. We have presented the problem in this form as a view of the case that intensifies the crime, and one likely to awaken a closer philosophical study

of its significances. There is, we fear, but one direction in which we need look. We must search for the causes of the crime in undercurrents of national character not yet perhaps fully known, in certain growths of recklessness and self-will, in a popular disposition to political fermentation and exaggeration, in the revival of an inclination to settle disputes by personal force, in the subtle influence of lawlessness on our borders, in the passions excited in certain large groups by a widespread literature of blood, and doubtless in other tendencies which the thoughtful will be able to discover. Anomalous as these assassinations may seem, they have scarcely come upon us without sufficient philosophical reason, for all things are distinct products of antecedent causes, and hence it behooves us to study the problem well, and discover if we can all the significance that lies hidden in it.

ONE of the most passionate desires that animate the hearts of men is fame. It is possible that the love of power may be more widespread and intense than the thirst for fame, but with men of imagination, at least, no passion transcends their desire for the good-will of their fellow-men. But how strangely and unexpectedly it often comes! Our martyred President, whom we have lately so reverently and tearfully laid in the grave, could never in his wildest dreams have imagined the measure of the fame he was destined to win, or the means which would prove most effective in carrying his name with words of admiration and sympathy to the uttermost places of the earth. That a poor, unknown, struggling boy should reach a place so exalted, and come to his death under circumstances so remarkable, that not only fifty millions of people in his own land should unite without a shade of difference in expressions of passionate grief at his fate, but that in foreign lands an almost equal sympathy should be manifested; that a queen should painfully watch the vicissitudes of his sick-bed, utter at his death words of earnest condolence, and cause flowers to be placed on his coffin; that the court of a great empire should go into mourning at his demise; that emperors, kings, and potentates of all kinds should declare their grief, and parliaments, assemblies, municipal corporations, and various bodies stop in their busy doings to express their earnest sorrow; that in the churches of foreign lands memorial services should be given, and bells toll at his parting hour; that as far as civilization extends his name should be on every tongue, accompanied with expressions of affection and sympathy—that he should win a fame so immense, so immeasurable as this could never have been imagined, for it outdoes all experience, it goes beyond the boldest conceptions of the possible. The world was more startled at the death of Lincoln, and the intensity of feeling was great, but there was not that unanimity of sympathy for his fate that has been manifested for Garfield's, for the reason that with our President just dead no political passions complicated the subject. Garfield died

with the whole world as mourners, with one universal outburst of sorrow, and this never occurred before, we may safely say, in the history of the world.

But the greatness of the fame thus attained is not more remarkable than the circumstance that made it possible. Passionately as Garfield may have loved fame, the last thing that would have occurred to him is the fact that the best way to achieve fame is to perish by the hand of an assassin. Thoroughly as every American must be gratified by the intense sympathy awakened the world over, the philosopher can but speculate on the perversity of things by which an accident accomplishes so much more than services. Let us admit, in passing, that it was not wholly a death by violence that enlisted the sympathies of the world for Garfield, but the heroic fortitude with which he endured his long sufferings; but with this conceded it still remains evident that calamity is more powerful in stirring public affection than even devotion to that public's welfare. A life of duty well performed and services beneficently rendered could never have won the measure of esteem that the world hastened to render to our dead President. People feel rather than think; their emotions take possession of them; and they often render a passionate and generous devotion to a suffering hero while remaining indifferent to the merely intellectual services of persons whose lives and energies have been wholly devoted to them. There must be something dramatic in one's career ere the passions and sympathies of the multitude can be fully aroused. Sometimes this public response rewards brilliant successes, and sometimes, as in Garfield's case, it is awakened by misfortune. How many times has it been said that the people are enlisted solely by means of great achievements—that the world is prostrate before success! And yet we have just seen it more united in its sympathy for misfortune and in its admiration for heroic fortitude, than it has ever been for brilliant triumphs of any kind. It must be remembered, however, that misfortune makes no enemies. The wisest President that imagination could conceive of would be sure to excite opposition and enmity in some quarters; there would be factions that would deny his wisdom and even question his probity; but a hero dying by mischance silences factions, subdues enemies, and even touches the hearts of the wicked as well as the good. The conclusion, then, that is forced upon us is, that nothing conduces so much to fame as some great misfortune, especially if attended by dramatic circumstances—that the most strenuous exertion, the profoundest devotion, the most brilliant attainments, and the highest character, are less in the world's eyes than some direful mischance. Of course, this mischance must befall a worthy subject; not misfortune even in the most dramatic form can enlist popular sympathy for a man without acknowledged virtues; but given a leader with a good reputation, and all that is necessary to make him a popular hero is a martyrdom of some kind. We do not quarrel with this phase of human nature. It is excellent to see

the human heart touched, to discover the universal oneness of human affection, and every American must feel his heart thrill at the testimonials of sympathy that every people hastened to offer us in our great national sorrow. The wide expression of foreign feeling was, indeed, a great surprise to everybody, and, although we have paused a moment to consider the causes that produced so profound a manifestation of sympathy, it must not therefore be assumed that we are insensible to it, or recognize in it anything that is not wholly gratifying to our national pride.

*RUIN* and *ruins* are two words that off-hand may convey a similar meaning, but very great is the difference between them. England, for instance, is a country of many ruins, but ruin is less frequently observable there than in almost any country of the world. Ruins in that land are guarded and preserved; they are highly valued as historic mementoes, and every pains taken to keep them intact. Once, it is true, they represented ruin in its worst form; but now they are simply valued records of ancient combat and destruction. The wounds are healed, the suffering is long past, and they remain like the scars of a hero, as admired testimonials of strange and stirring events long since enacted. Ruins of this character do not, with a few exceptions, exist in this country; but, unfortunately, we have another class of ruins, ruins that are simply examples of dilapidation, without historic reminiscences or weird beauty, and which too often tell a story of recent ruin. Our country is considered a new country; our friends in Europe speak of it in this way, and we use the term ourselves whenever we want to excuse a deficiency of some kind. But for a new country there is with us an immense deal of the worn-out, the abandoned, the dilapidated, and the decayed. Apart from those treasured historic ruins which we have mentioned, one sees in England very few neglected structures. Everything there is kept in trim order, is guarded against decay, and has a prosperous, well-kept air. There is no dilapidation or slovenly neglect; one does not encounter mills and factories and farmhouses left to go to wreck, as he does so frequently with us. There are not nearly so many structures abandoned, so many signs of bad ventures, so many instances of change of fortune as with us. One can find in a day in the vicinity of New York more old, abandoned, or half-ruined buildings than he could in England in a month. Old mansions there are well preserved, and bear their marks of age gracefully; here half the old mansions are tumbling down upon their occupants. Looking

at the country in this way—that is, apart from purely historic records—this land of ours is old and England is young. Here, and not there, decay abounds; here one finds in every direction things left to go to wreck; here conspicuously are conditions that look like decrepitude and old age; here are ruins that really mean ruin.

All this is not pleasant to hear nor pleasant to say. But, if it is true, we must not shrink from it because it is unpleasant, but rather inquire as to the cause. It can not be said that the dilapidation to which we refer is due to a general decline of prosperity, but, then, it would scarcely exist if prosperity were altogether the rule. We are actively building new cities and extending old cities in the face of the facts we have pointed out, and it is possible that one reason of the evil lies in our restless abandonment of old fields of endeavor for new ones that are more promising. We are not well settled in our purposes, nor forced to concentrate our efforts within a narrow field, nor induced by the uncertainty of new ventures to follow up in preference those we have begun, nor much held to old paths by tradition or association, so that there are always seductive chances offering that divert our enterprise and draw off our resources. These facts may have something to do with the conditions we have described. But, doubtless, there are other reasons, especially so far as regards our residences. Old mansions and homesteads are not valued with us to the extent they are in England; they are not retained in our families so long, and there is not an equal interest in their preservation. The sons all wander from the family roof-tree; the daughters marry and go to the cities; and by-and-by the old homestead begins to go into decay, eventually to be abandoned altogether or transferred to some other use. The great inducements that the West holds out have always been an injury to the Atlantic States; they have drawn off our capital and population; they have made it comparatively unprofitable to thoroughly cultivate land and follow many pursuits here; and hence they are the causes of many a neglected farm or an unroofed and tumbling homestead on our highways. Perhaps when we become an older country we shall put on a better seeming of youth. There will come in time a surplus wealth, which will delight in restoring the old places, which will reconstruct the mansions, replace the fences, set abandoned mills in operation, and give to all the land that air of neatness and finish that characterizes old England. This is greatly desirable. But, meanwhile, the fact remains that young America is apparently more ragged and out-at-elbows, more battered and worn, than old but lusty England.

## Notes for Readers.

IT can not be denied that a generation is growing up which knows not Emerson—that is, knows him not in the intimate and familiar manner of those who drank in his first utterances, and who accepted his voice as that of a prophet and divinely accredited leader of thinking men. To all such, and to many more who will be glad to refresh their memories without too much expenditure of effort, Mr. Alfred H. Guernsey's little book on "Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Poet" (Appletons' "New Handy-Volume Series"), will render a very valuable and much-needed service. In the compass of but little more than three hundred small pages, Mr. Guernsey has managed to give a satisfactory sketch of the main facts and incidents of Emerson's life, to convey a tolerably vivid idea of his personality, to measure his work as essayist, lecturer, and poet, and to indicate the leading features of his philosophy. More important than all, as regards the general interest of the volume, he has garnered such a sheaf of Emerson's best thoughts, and of the finest and most discriminating things that have been said about him, as has not hitherto been attempted, and as could hardly be surpassed in a work of such moderate dimensions. For such a task, indeed, Mr. Guernsey seems to be peculiarly well qualified, both by competence of knowledge, and by the attitude of his mind. With a warm admiration for Emerson, and entire faith in the sincerity and worth of his teaching, he is not blind to the difficulties which confront those who would accept Emerson as a guide in the practical conduct of life; and, by bringing out the inconsistencies and contradictions in which Emerson often involves himself, puts the devotee on his guard against the illusions of enthusiasm. Considering the frankness with which Emerson himself repudiates any claim to logical consistency, we are inclined to think that too much is made of these occasional (and often only apparent) contradictions; but it is always instructive to compare utterances which are given forth upon the same topic but in different states of feeling, and, as used by Mr. Guernsey, they subserve the good purpose of reminding us that, in spite of the dogmatic precision of his pronouncements, much that Emerson says is to be taken *cum grano salis*.

Of Emerson's philosophy as a whole, Mr. Guernsey remarks that it is in its main aspects most essentially practical. "Using the word in a good sense, it is wholly a 'this world' philosophy. Of the future life, as future, he takes little account. He finds the universe thus and so. Nature is what it is; man is what he is. All are but parts of one mighty whole; and it is man's place to know nature and to put himself into harmony with it. In his view, the life that now is, and each day of it, is a part of the eternal now; not merely a preparation for some unknown future. Youth exists for itself, manhood for itself, age for itself. There never will

be a day longer than the one which is now passing; there will never be a moment more full of duty and obligation than the one in which we are drawing our present breath. To be at this moment, and at all future moments, what he ought to be, that is, in other words, to live in perpetual harmony with the immutable laws of nature—laws which are, because they could not be otherwise, being the outgrowth of the inmost being of the Divine Mind—this, in our view, is not only the central core but the sum and substance of Emerson's entire philosophy, no matter in what varying forms it may clothe itself, or how it may be tinged with hues reflected from Buddha or Plato, from Swedenborg or Confucius, from Zoroaster or Jesus." Of Emerson's right to be ranked among true poets, he thinks it indisputable. "Most likely his audience at any one time will be comparatively small. In a single half-generation the platitudes of a Tupper found more admirers than Emerson will have found for ages. But be his auditors many or few, they will surely be 'fit.' If voters were to be weighed, not counted, his would be a heavy vote. And, in the long result, it will be weight, not numbers, which will decide the final issue."

Though his work is in the main expository and interpretative, Mr. Guernsey now and then diverges into comments and reflections which have a wider significance than the thought which may happen to serve as a starting-point; and these are to be ranked among the most striking and eloquent passages in the volume. Here, for example, is one in which he balances the respective claims of the past and the present, and suggests considerations which are surely worth keeping in mind: "The trouble with most earnest men, when they compare the present with the past, is, that they overlook the immensity of the past; they put ages at one beam of the scale and years at the other. The good in the one scale is but dust when weighed against that in the other. Half unconsciously, they overlook the fact that the good of the past is the net sum and residue of all that countless generations have achieved; while the good in the other scale is just that which has been achieved by the men of a single generation. And still again, the folly of past generations, their manifold stupidities and unbeliefs, have all gone the way to dusty death; they offend us no more, and we only know that they ever existed when we grope amid the dead ashes in their sepulchres; while, on the other hand, the follies and stupidities of our own day confront us at every turn; like the frogs of Egypt they come up into our bedchambers and our kneading-troughs; like the locusts, they seem to be devouring every green thing. But the frogs die, the locusts are driven away; and Nature retains no token that they ever were. To the widest observation all evil is transient and perishable; the good only survives, and is immortal. To the thinking



man of no age has his own generation seemed an heroic one. Most turn to the far past for the golden age; some look for it in the far or near future; few in the immediate present. But if there be an all-wise, an all-good, an all-powerful Creator and Ruler of the universe, then it follows as a matter of certainty that the course of things must be ever tending toward the better, not toward the worse. Rather than believe otherwise, I would be an atheist. If we read history with open eyes, we shall see that such is the case. The world does move, and moves in the right direction. Doubtless there are periods when the movement seems checked, or even apparently reversed. Trace the Mississippi from its sources downward, and here and there it seems to the voyager that its course is checked or reversed, and that the current is flowing back to its fountains. But all the while the waters are circling around some obstacle which they will in the end either elude or sweep away. Could one mount high enough, and with sure vision survey the whole course, all these petty divergences would vanish from the view, and he would perceive that the whole mighty flood is all the while moving onward to the ocean."

THE brief and compendious treatise on "The Sun," which Professor C. A. Young has contributed to the "International Scientific Series" (Appletons), is a model of what such a book should be, and will probably prove to be one of the most acceptable of the many useful works contained in the series to which it belongs. It is designed, he says, "neither for scientific readers as such, nor, on the other hand, for the masses, but for that large class in the community who, without being themselves engaged in scientific pursuits, yet have sufficient education and intelligence to be interested in scientific subjects when presented in an untechnical manner; who desire, and are perfectly competent, not only to know the results obtained, but to understand the principles and methods on which they depend, without caring to master all the details of the investigation." Some portions of the exposition can only be comprehended fully by those who are familiar with the higher mathematics; but even here the general result and implications of the reasoning are not difficult to make out, and, in general, there is an admirable clearness, simplicity, and lucidity of expression. In scope, the treatise aims to present a convenient summary of all that is known and believed about the sun, particular care being taken to keep distinct the line between the certain and the conjectural. The chapters deal successively with the sun's relation to life and activity upon the earth; the distance and dimensions of the sun; the methods and apparatus for studying the surface of the sun; the spectroscopic and the solar spectrum; sun-spots and the solar surface; the periodicity of sun-spots, their effects upon the earth, and theories as to their cause and nature; the chromosphere and the prominences; the corona; the sun's light and heat; and the constitution of the sun. The special value of the book for students lies in the fact that it is not a stale repetition of familiar

facts and threadbare illustrations, but is based throughout upon the latest discoveries and investigations, and represents adequately, so far as it can be done in so brief a treatise, the present state of astronomical science. For the general reader its interest is greatly enhanced by the clearness and precision of the author's style, which rises at times to a strain of lofty and majestic eloquence befitting the magnificence of the theme.

Particularly impressive are the facts and examples by which Professor Young endeavors to convey to the reader some idea of the prodigious forces and activities with which the student of the sun is confronted. Speaking of the outflow of solar heat, he says: "The quantity of heat emitted is enough to melt a shell of ice ten inches thick over the whole surface of the sun every second of time: this is equivalent to the consumption of a layer of the best anthracite coal nearly four inches thick every single second." In regard to the distance of the sun from the earth, he says: "Though the distance can easily be stated in figures, it is not possible to give any real idea of a space so enormous; it is quite beyond our power of conception. If one were to try to walk such a distance, supposing that he could walk four miles an hour, and keep it up for ten hours every day, it would take sixty-eight and a half years to make a single million of miles, and more than sixty-three hundred years to traverse the whole. If some celestial railway could be imagined, the journey to the sun, even if our trains ran sixty miles an hour, day and night without a stop, would require over one hundred and seventy-five years. Sensation, even, would not travel so far in a human lifetime. To borrow the curious illustration of Professor Mendenhall, if we could imagine an infant with an arm long enough to enable him to touch the sun and burn himself, he would die of old age before the pain could reach him, since, according to the experiments of Helmholtz and others, a nervous shock is communicated only at the rate of about one hundred feet per second, or sixteen hundred and thirty-seven miles a day, and would need more than one hundred and fifty years to make the journey. Sound would do it in about fourteen years if it could be transmitted through celestial space; and a cannon-ball in about nine, if it were to move uniformly with the same speed as when it left the muzzle of the gun. If the earth could be suddenly stopped in her orbit, and allowed to fall unobstructed toward the sun under the accelerating influence of his attraction, she would reach the center in about four months." As to the attraction between the sun and earth: "It amounts to thirty-six hundred quadrillion of tons—in figures, 36 followed by seventeen ciphers. . . . We may imagine gravitation to cease, and to be replaced by a material bond of some sort, holding the earth to the sun and keeping her in her orbit. If, now, we suppose this connection to consist of a web of steel wires, each as large as the heaviest telegraph-wires used (No. 4), then to replace the sun's attraction these wires would have to cover the whole sun-

ward hemisphere of our globe about as thickly as blades of grass upon a lawn. It would require *nine* to each square inch." There are many other facts and illustrations as striking as these, and the chapters on the corona and on the solar prominences are fine examples of descriptive writing.

It is difficult to fix the precise date at which M. Edmondo de Amicis's "Spain and the Spaniards" (Putnams) was written; but we conjecture that it was written before either the "Constantinople" or the "Holland," and it certainly antedates the "Studies of Paris." It exhibits, indeed, all the characteristics of an early work. Most of M. de Amicis's distinctive qualities are found in it, it is true—his surprising opulence of language and vivacity of style, his wonderful power of vivid and picturesque description, his aptitude for picking up stray bits of interesting knowledge, his frank willingness to amuse and be amused, and his *naïve* habit of self-revelations; but there are obvious a crudeness and immaturity of manner and a deficiency in the art of arrangement and selection which are not observable in his other works, and which seem to mark his tentative or experimental stage. A portion of the difference, no doubt, is due to the relative unskillfulness of the translation, which is very much inferior to that of either the "Constantinople" or the "Holland"; but, while this would account for the inferior charm of the style, it hardly explains the chapters that read like the stale itineraries which every trained journalist easily manufactures for his newspaper. In spite of its defects, however, there are passages in the book which for picturesque vigor and animation equal anything that the author has ever written. Among these is the description of a bull-fight at Madrid. As to the morality of these spectacles, the author, curiously enough, declines to express any decided opinion; yet his account of a cock-fight is one of the most revolting things of the kind in literature, and no words seem intense enough to express his abhorrence of its barbarity. One topic upon which he is inexhaustibly eloquent is the beauty of the Spanish women, and some of the little descriptive episodes will be apt to send the reader's blood tingling through his veins. His descriptions of pictures, statues, architecture, theatres, processions, and displays, are nearly always remarkably good; and altogether, summoning up in retrospect the meritorious features of the book, we are inclined to retract our strictures, and to commend it warmly to the attention of all intelligent readers.

THOUGH possessing none of that grace and vivacity of style which imparts a charm of their own to M. de Amicis's books of travel, Mr. Frank Vincent, Jr., usually manages to secure novelty of topic and freshness of material. His aim, as he himself says, has always been "to write only of the less-frequented and consequently the less-known countries, whether or not they offered the most romantic opportunities for picturesque description"; and in the case of his new volume on "Norsk, Lapp, and Finn" (Put-

nams), as he remarks, not only are the places and peoples he describes but little known, but the novelty also of customs and manners leaves him no excuse for being dull. The travels whose principal incidents are here recorded embrace a journey through Denmark and a stay of considerable length in Copenhagen; visits to Christiania, Bergen, Trondhjem, and other important places in Norway; a coasting voyage to "Farthest Thule" and "A Day at the North Cape"; a tour through Lapland, affording him an opportunity to see both the Sea-Lapps and the Mountain-Lapps; a journey partly by water and partly by land through Sweden to Upsala and Stockholm; and a final excursion to the Grand Duchy of Finland. No previous writer who has attempted to convey his impressions of the High North has seen so much of the country; and, as Mr. Vincent is a trained observer and a practiced writer, he has produced a book which is as valuable as it is interesting. His endeavor has been "to present not only the latest but also the most authentic information obtainable, together with such statistics, facts, and details as seemed necessary to furnish a clear idea of the intellectual, industrial, and commercial conditions of these countries, always bearing in mind that Man is vastly more important than Nature." One of the principal objects of his visit, as he explains, was to study the Lapps as they are in their own homes and at their every-day labors and occasional recreations, and the chapters in which he describes that curious people are the most entertaining in the volume.

Of the special chapters in Mr. Sully's book on "Illusions" (which was noticed in the preceding number of the "Journal"), those on "Dreams" and on the "Illusions of Memory" are the most popularly interesting, but throughout the work many novel facts and amusing anecdotes are used to illustrate special points in his exposition. For example, in illustrating the nature of dream-intelligence, he tells how he once "performed a respectable intellectual feat when asleep." He put together the riddle, "What might a wooden ship say when her side was stove in? Tremendous (Tree-mend-us)!" In another dream he imagined himself at Cambridge, among a lot of undergraduates, and saw a coach drive up with six horses. "Three undergraduates got out of the coach. I asked them why they had so many horses, and they said, 'Because of the luggage.' I then said, 'The luggage is much more than the undergraduates. Can you tell me how to express this in mathematical symbols? This is the way: if  $x$  is the weight of an undergraduate, then  $x + x^2$  represents the weight of an undergraduate and his luggage together.'" Among the facts with which he shows how sensation is sometimes overpowered by mental imagery or suggestion—thus producing an "illusion of perception"—is one which may be placed beside Mr. Lockyer's discovery concerning the height of mountains in the landscape-pictures of the National Gallery: "It is found that the degree of luminosity or brightness of a pictorial representation differs in general enor-

mously from that of the actual objects. Thus, according to the calculations of Helmholtz, a picture representing a Bedouin's white raiment in blinding sunshine, will, when seen in a fairly lit gallery, have a degree of luminosity reaching only to about one thirtieth of that of the actual object. On the other hand, a painting, representing marble ruins illuminated by moonlight, will, under the same conditions of illumination, have a luminosity amounting to as much as from ten to twenty thousand times that of the object. Yet the spectator does not notice these stupendous discrepancies. The representation, in spite of its vast difference, at once carries the mind on to the actuality, and the spectator may even appear to himself, in moments of complete absorption, to be looking at the actual scene." In exemplifying illusions of memory, he touches upon that supposed recollection of pre-natal events which forms the subject of Wordsworth's noble "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," and makes the following interesting suggestion: "May it not happen that, by the law of hereditary transmission, which is now being applied to mental as well as bodily phenomena, ancestral experiences will now and then reflect themselves in our mental life, and so give rise to apparently personal recollections? No one can say that this is not so. When the infant first steadies his eyes on a human face, it may, for aught we know, experience a feeling akin to that described above, when through a survival of dream-fancy we take some new scene to be already familiar. At the age when new emotions rapidly develop themselves, when our hearts are full of wild romantic aspirations, do there not seem to blend with the eager passion of the time deep resonances of a vast mysterious past, and may not this feeling be a sort of reminiscence of pre-natal, that is, ancestral, experience?" The book is full of such facts, anecdotes, and suggestions, and is noticeably free from those technicalities of language which so often repel and bewilder the non-scientific reader.

WHETHER Mr. Henry P. Johnston's volume on "The Yorktown Campaign and the Surrender of Cornwallis" (Harpers) is to be regarded as an expansion of his recent article in "Harper's Magazine," or the article was merely a *rechauffé* of the book, it may be said that they are both characterized by the same qualities of perspicuity and exactness, and that the book will probably be accepted as among the permanently valuable results of the Yorktown Centennial celebration. The story of the surrender has been frequently told, and its significance as marking the real close of the American Revolution has been fully appreciated by historians; but it has never been made the subject of a literature as the battle of Bunker Hill has, for example, or the campaign on Long Island, and Mr. Johnston's is almost the first monograph in which complete justice is done to the entire campaign, of which the surrender was merely the culminating phase. In preparing it, while availing himself unreservedly of all that has been done by previous writers, Mr.

Johnston has based his work largely upon new and hitherto unpublished materials, so that it possesses a freshness and value that could not be ascribed to a mere compilation. He remarks in his preface that the quite recent publication of Washington's manuscript journal, covering the operations of 1781, would alone furnish a temptation to restudy that period; but in addition to this he has been fortunate enough to secure a number of unpublished letters of Lafayette, the letters and journals of several French officers, scattered manuscript letters of American officers who served in the campaign, and a number of official documents that have long been accumulating dust in the archives of the Department of State at Washington. With the aid of these and such materials as were already in print, he has constructed a remarkably interesting narrative, which, with its ample equipment of maps and illustrations, will furnish a worthy and appropriate memento of an anniversary, to the right comprehension of which it will so largely contribute.

MUCH more interesting than its title would suggest at first glance is "Domestic Folk-Lore," by the Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, M. A. (Cassell's Popular Library). Embracing in its significance the traditions, proverbial sayings, superstitions, and customs of the people, "Folk-Lore" has become an important branch of antiquarian research, and probably there is no department of *quasi*-historical investigation which carries us nearer to that original fountain-head whence modern nations have drawn their ideas, sentiments, and beliefs. The special aim which Mr. Dyer keeps in view in the present volume is to show that "superstition, in one form or another, dwells beneath the surface of most human hearts," and that this rule applies even to the daily routine of domestic life. Birth and infancy, childhood, love and courtship, marriage, death and burial, each has its own folk-lore; and there is a series of chapters containing many curious facts and interesting anecdotes about superstitions connected with the human body, articles of dress, the table, furniture, the household, popular divinations, and common ailments. Around every stage of human life and every incident of human experience, a variety of customs and superstitions have woven themselves, most of which, apart from their antiquarian value, as having been bequeathed to us from a far-off past, are interesting in so far as they illustrate those old-world notions and quaint beliefs which marked the social and domestic life of our forefathers. The more striking and characteristic of these Mr. Dyer has brought together in his little book, and the result is both amusing and instructive.

THE reader who takes up Mr. De Forest's "The Bloody Chasm" will discover before he opens the volume that the story is not one "of guns, and drums, and wounds," notwithstanding the threatening nature of the title. The binder has stamped upon the cover the figure of Cupid dropping flowers into a chasm, in which lies a sword, and from which project

several bayonets. Love is filling the chasm and burying the implements of war with its graceful emblems of peace. The binder had read the story, and the design prefigures the consummation to which it leads, but it does not give token of the many bitter passions that sway the characters of the story before the flowers begin to fall and fill up the chasm. The story opens in Charleston just after the close of the war, and has for its hero a colonel of the Federal army, and for its heroine the last survivor of one of the great Charleston families. We shall not forestall the reader's interest in the book by relating the plot. It turns, as he rightly supposes, upon the antagonisms of the two sections of country then so rife. It portrays the intense bitterness which animated the hearts of Southern women, depicts the sufferings that befell them in the general destitution that followed the war, and brings into sharp contrast the virtues and the errors of the class. The story is very ingenious, and although one important incident, upon which all the action of the latter half of the story turns, is scarcely credible, still the reader is disposed to accept it on account of the fresh and dramatic situations that follow it. One great quality of the story is its eminent readableness. It is simply impossible for any one who gets fairly started not to finish it. The action is always rapid, the descriptions terse and to the point, the dialogues crisp and dramatic, and every instant almost the aspect of the story changes. It consists of a well-defined, dramatic plot, rather than a collection of portraits, but there does not lack some good character-painting. The hero is not very distinct, but the heroine has the warm Southern blood and the impulsive passions of her class. The old negress, Aunt Chloe, is capitally drawn, and many of her sayings are likely to pass into the vernacular. There is an old Confederate, General Hilton, who is a perfect study; and a couple of happily touched female characters who afford the reader no little amusement. The novel is really a very good one.

THOSE of our readers who have seen the announcement of a volume entitled "Bachelor Bluff: His Opinions, Sentiments, and Disputations," will understand why any expression of opinion in these pages in regard to the work would be improper, but we may be permitted, perhaps, to copy here the kindly comments of our contemporary, "The Literary World," of Boston:

"The Mr. 'Bachelor' Bluff of the thoughtful but sly and penetrating essays which compose this volume is in reality Mr. O. B. Bunce himself, the somewhat spare and undemonstrative editor of 'Appletons' Journal';

but to the imagination, as here depicted, he is a portly gentleman of perhaps sixty, with a scantily silvered head, a generous brow and chin to suit, bright eyes, a mouth indicative of positive opinions, and a free and open manner of expressing them. Bachelor Bluff has read, traveled, and observed; has something to say on almost all topics of the time, and says it in a way worthy of attention. If he is slightly oracular, that is what we expect of well-informed gentlemen of his age; and it must be confessed that his confidence in himself begets confidence in his listeners. He is a good talker, and finds plenty of interlocutors. With Young Carriway, who has a weakness for sentiment, and Mr. Auger, a grave doctor of laws, he converses characteristically on domestic bliss. With a poet—who, his disguise thrown off, is no less a person than Mr. Edgar Fawcett—he disputes as to the true theory of poetry. With a 'dreamer,' who is carried away by the fancies of modern art, he contests for the true ideal of a house which shall be a home. With the insinuating Miranda he assumes a judicial tone on the subject of feminine tact. With another lady he discusses the privileges of women. To a politician on the train he unfolds his political notions. In the laboratory, with a believer in 'infinitesimal doses,' he amuses himself by some curious arithmetical calculations as to the value of homeopathic dilutions. In the art-gallery, solitary and alone as befits the place, he muses on the work of the painter and sculptor in its elements and effects. On a yacht, of a moonlit evening, with the sentimental Miranda again and her sympathetic companion Oscar, he prescribes a cure for melancholy. And so on, concerning 'Morals in Literature and Nudity in Art,' on 'Dress,' on 'Holidays,' on the 'Country,' on 'Modern Fiction,' and on a few minor topics falling within the same general circle.

"The reader will see at once what manner of volume he has before him, and, when he is told that Mr. Bluff does most of the talking, as he should do, he will be prepared to be amused, instructed, contradicted, and set to thinking by turns. He will find himself in company of a very entertaining and profitable conversationist who thinks for himself—and what is more edifying and delightful than conversation with such a man, who is not always of your mind?—and he will be led through a succession of living topics of more or less practical interest, always approached in a serious and earnest mood, and handled with a certain contravention of existing opinions and a subtle penetration of joints and marrow which will kindle his attention at the outset, and keep his interest alive to the end. He may recognize some passages that he has met with before in the editorial pages of 'Appletons' Journal,' but will find them often touched up afresh, and accompanied with much that is new. He will be enriched with new ideas, some of which are striking; will be gratified with pleasing and ennobling sentiments, and supplied with many new keys to the mysteries of life, and with new helps to the doing of duty; and, if he take Mr. Bluff's philosophy to heart, will be a sunnier and more sensible man for it.

"We wish there were more Bachelor Bluffs in the world, and that they did more of the talking."